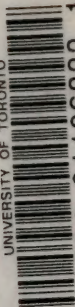


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ELIZABETH BARRETT  
BROWNING'S  
COMPLETE  
WORKS



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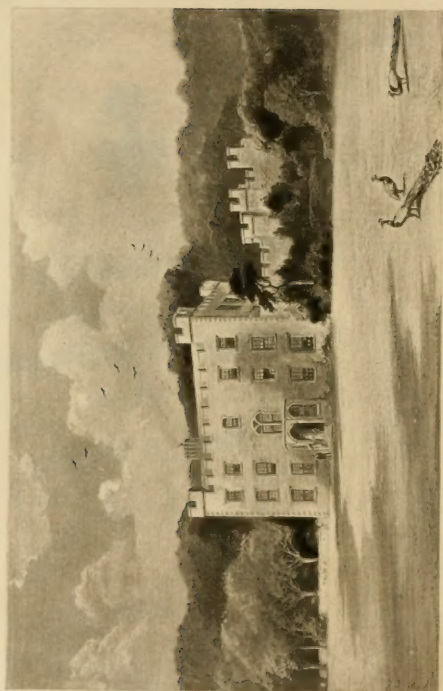




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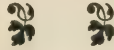


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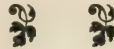
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF  
MRS. E. B. BROWNING

EDITED BY CHARLOTTE PORTER AND  
HELEN A. CLARKE ❁ VOLUME I. ❁ ❁



THE BATTLE OF MARATHON  
AN ESSAY ON MIND  
JUVENILIA  
THE SERAPHIM  
AND OTHER POEMS



NEW YORK ./. GEORGE D.  
SPOUL ./. MDCCCCI



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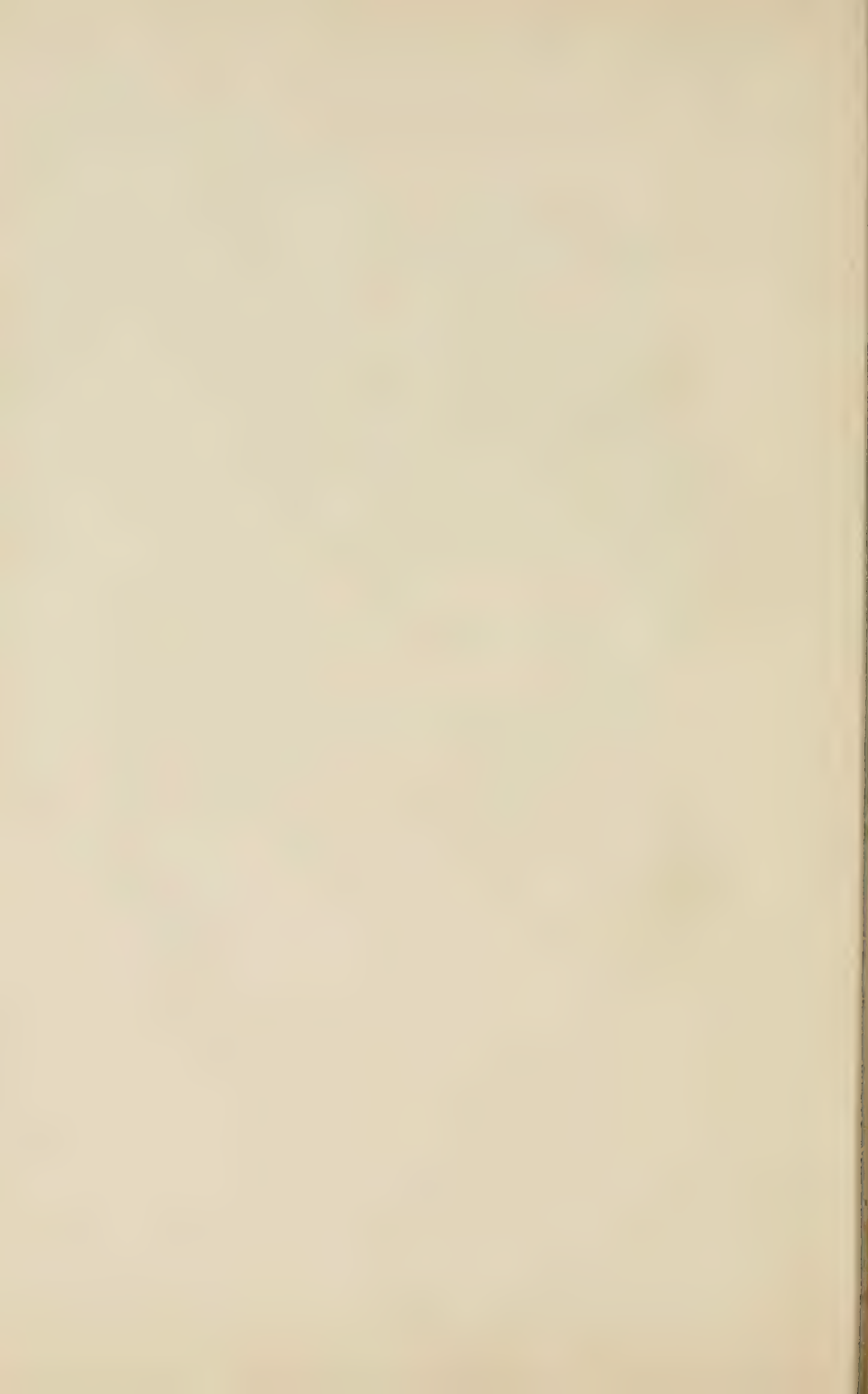
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## EDITORS' PREFACE.

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IN preparing this first fully annotated edition of the complete works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, upon the same general plan as their edition of Robert Browning, the editors have found a virtually unbroken field, so far as notes or explanatory comment upon the allusions employed in the poems are concerned. These allusions are drawn from a wide range of book-culture and a lively acquaintance with the political history of Italy, France, and England. This mass of underlying knowledge is touched upon lightly but constantly by the poet and woven into her work, now by one strand, now by another, as suits her poetic purpose. The result is that her allusions are often blind, but distinctive and interesting, and it is hoped that the elucidation of them here given will be found useful.

The text is based, primarily, upon the author's latest revision appearing in the six-volume edition published after her death under the authority of Robert Browning. For the *Juvenilia* and scattered poems not included in that edition, the text is based upon the collection and chronological arrangement of Mr. F. G. Kenyon.

To the translations and prose essays collected in the last volume are added, for the first time in any edition, Mr. Horne's account of "*Psyche Apocalypté*," a drama projected by the poet, the translations from

Gregory Nazianzen, and the brief prose pieces upon Carlyle and Tennyson, upon Italy and America, and "A Thought on Thoughts."

The Chronological Bibliography will be found completer than any preceding one, including the entry of the various poems first published in America and not recorded in British or other editions earlier than this.

While acknowledgment is given with pleasure of indebtedness to the work of preceding biographers and to the various collections of the letters of the poet, to the "Browning Love Letters," the best commentary on the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the editors feel peculiarly indebted for light upon the "Sonnets" and on the poet's life; and they desire especially to thank the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of these "Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," for their courteous permission to make quotation from them.

To the Boston Browning Society, whose valuable collection of first editions was consulted, thanks are also due most cordially, and to its president, Mr. Prentiss Cummings, who has authorized the photograph, taken for this edition, of one of the Society's treasures, the bronze cast, by Harriet Hosmer, of the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Browning.

The marble bust of Mrs. Browning, by W. W. Story, adorning the Wellesley "Browning Room," has also been photographed, for the first time, for this edition, and it is a pleasure to the editors to record here their appreciation of this privilege granted them by Miss Caroline Hazard, the President of Wellesley College.

BOSTON, July 15, 1900.

## BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

---

"This bosom seems to beat still, or at least  
It sets ours beating: this is living art."

—*Aurora Leigh*, v., 220.

WHEN and where Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born were details of her life in dispute some time after her death. The uncertainty betokens the greater interest she attracted as a living personality, within an absorbing present environment of thought and action, than as a mere creature of antecedents. To this dwarfing of preceding facts, doubtless not concealed but simply lost sight of, the conditions of her life in Italy during its last rich fifteen years contributed. Each new day's brightness there outshone the first pale English dawn.

The date and birthplace given by Mrs. Ritchie in the Dictionary of National Biography, like those recorded in various earlier accounts, are incorrect. And one of the first of our poet's biographers, Mr. Ingram, although set right as to date by Robert Browning himself, clung with pertinacity to the idea that a notice, unearthed by him in a contemporaneous newspaper, of the birth of a daughter to Mr. Edward Moulton Barrett, at London, in 1809, must needs refer to Elizabeth, instead of to one of her sisters.

That Elizabeth, the oldest child, was born at Coxhoe Hall, five miles south of Durham, is now estab-

lished, however, and Browning's testimony for 1806, instead of 1809, is substantiated by the discovery in the parish register of Kelloe Church, Durham county, of the following entry :

Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett, daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, of Coxhoe Hall, native of St. James's, Jamaica, by Mary, late Clarke, native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was born, March 6th, 1806, and baptized 10th of February, 1808.

Coxhoe Hall was the residence of Mr. Barrett's only brother, Samuel, at one time member of Parliament for Richmond, Mr. Barrett himself having married before he was twenty-one and not having established himself independently as yet in a land whereto he was not born.

England's New World colony of Jamaica, with its slave-holding customs and a measure of the affluence and command of opportunity belonging to landed proprietorship in tropical seas, — a commingled good and ill to a poet-soul, — lay in the immediate background of Elizabeth Barrett's family as also in that of Robert Browning's. He it is who tells how his wife's father, the heir to estates bequeathed from his grandfather, whose name of Barrett he added to his own, was brought to England on the early death of his father, as the ward of the late Chief Baron Lord Abinger, then Mr. Scarlett, whom the boy frequently accompanied in his post-chaise when on circuit, and by whom he was sent to Harrow, and at sixteen to Cambridge. Thence he went to Northumberland, where he married Miss Mary Graham-Clarke, of Fenham Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Durham apparently counted for little in Elizabeth's life, since the family was living in London shortly after



she was born, and early in 1809 her father bought the country-seat in Herefordshire called Hope End.

It is the "first holy poet-ground" of England, therefore, the beautiful Malvern Hills, the hills of Piers Plowman's Visions, the heights of Langland's early dream of an ideally humane and regenerated society, that may be associated happily and most fitly with the dewy impressions of the growing girl whose ethical fervor and large-minded political interests were destined to animate her poetic expression with a potency as peculiarly vital and exalted as that inherent in her lovely lyrical creative gift. She herself said that the hills which "loom a-row, keepers of Piers Plowman's Visions through the sunshine and the snow," always seemed to her to be her native earth, because, although she was born in Durham county, she came as an infant to the Malvern neighborhood and lived there till past twenty.

At eight and earlier she wrote verses, her susceptible fancy speedily turning into a will, and making poetry, as she puts it, "an object to read, think, and live for." Into the eager craving of her spirit to be and to see as an artist, from the first she poured in a concentrating stream all the random flowings of her sense-impressions.

During her child-life she was exuberantly well and active. The delights of a healthy and sensitive nature in the out-of-doors world; her congenital precocious hungering for books, books, books; and her daily family relationships — surely anything but meagre with one who rejoiced in two sisters and eight brothers — were all lavished upon the inner being. She became rather the resultant of such outside influences than their absorbed enjoyer. In her thoughts, she con-

## x BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION.

fesses, most of the events of her early life and nearly all her intense pleasures took place.

Save toward one, in her own house, she told Robert Browning long afterward, her sympathies were untrained, and only from the habit of self-consciousness and an intuitional experience backed by books, did she make her "great guesses" at human nature. That one in her own house toward whom she opened her emotions was her brother Edward, a close yoke-fellow in study and in play.

With him, of her own motion, and because she was drawn to Homer through Pope, she read Greek under Mr. MacSwiney, the tutor. He was putting Edward through the usual school allotment of the classics, and in writing of her share in this instruction to Mr. H. S. Boyd she says it was rather "guessing and stammering and tottering through parts of Homer and extracts from Xenophon than reading." She adds that she studied hard by herself afterwards, and that to no other is she so indebted as to Mr. Boyd for the Greek reading in which he assisted her at Malvern. This he did as a friend and Greek enthusiast, pleased with so disinterested an explorer of his specialty, and not professionally as a tutor, although in setting down her gratitude to him again, in a later letter, she accounts him as "in a sense" her "tutor," since no other ever taught her so much. She herself, she says, would have turned to the Greek dramatists, poets, and philosophers by "love and instinct," but the Greek Fathers would have stayed in their tombs for her without him. Such gratitude as this is sufficient sign of her unusual independence. Obviously, from her own and all other reports, her proficiency in Greek was both deeper

and less exact in small external details — accents among these, be it admitted — than that of most Greek students. She was drawn to the language solely as a means to the contents and artistic stimulation of its literature. Her wide self-culture in other languages, — and Hebrew, German, French, Italian, followed the Greek in due time, — and also in other subjects, — philosophy, political history, above all, poetry and poetics, — was carried on by her at her own sweet will, with the same devouring eagerness to get at the marrow of the knowledge she desired and to leave its bones alone.

In such preoccupations with the past as she began to enjoy, even thus early, present domestic life, she acknowledged afterwards with some misgiving, “only seemed to buzz gently around like the bees.” Warm-hearted records of this life of the hive remain, however, in the *Juvenilia* of 1826, in the verses “To my Brother,” and “To my Father on his Birthday.” Even these show how at home her heart was in poetry, how prone to make excursions into family incidents the occasion for trial flights of song.

She liked to ride Moses, her black pony, but he was less to her than the Agamemnon of her dreams. Greek gods and heroes clanged their spears, and echoed Homer’s haughty phrases in her youngest poetic adventurings. Among these resounding odes and epics, “The Battle of Marathon,” written at fourteen, and fifty copies of it printed by her proud father, is the only example of this epoch now extant. It probably best represents its forgotten fellows.

Even childish sports, like flower-bed making, assumed a shape heroic. The gigantic form of “Hector, son of Priam,” sprawled visibly in the earth of

the flower-bed which she modelled in his image, and bizarre enough is the contrast he makes with the prettiness and favor of the little girl's gamesome idea, and the dainty expression she gave it in the poem "Hector in the Garden" :

" With my rake I smoothed his brow,  
Both his cheeks I weeded through,

" Eyes of gentianellas azure,  
Staring, winking at the skies :  
Nose of gilly-flowers and box ;  
Scented grasses put for locks,  
Which a little breeze at pleasure  
Set a-waving round his eyes :

" Brazen helm of daffodillies  
With a glitter toward the light ;  
Purple violets for the mouth,  
Breathing perfumes west and south ;  
And a sword of flashing lilies,  
Holden ready for the fight.

" And who knows (I sometimes wondered)  
If the disembodied soul  
Of old Hector, once of Troy,  
Might not take a dreary joy  
Here to enter — if it thundered,  
Rolling up the thunder roll?

" Who could know? I sometimes started  
At a motion or a sound.  
Did his mouth speak — naming Troy,  
With an *ὀτοτοτοτοί* ?  
Did the pulse of the Strong-hearted  
Make the daisies tremble round? "

From the phase of fantasy into the moulds of verse were poured all warm and true the real wan-

derings of the poet-child, dowered with the freedom of a large country seat in a beautiful region, where she could busy herself with pleasures as leisurely as the day was long. "The Deserted Garden" expresses the joy she actually found in a nook where the trees were wildly enough interwoven "to keep both sheep and shepherd out," but not this happy child. She read minstrel stories there until "the breeze made sounds poetic in the trees," whereupon she did indeed "shut the book," but only in order to make of these sounds the mind stuff for a new book quite her own. Of this one she says :

"If I shut this wherein I write,  
I hear no more the wind athwart  
Those trees, nor feel that childish heart  
Delighting in delight."

Thus upon the inward-drawn page, made tributary to the fresh writing, was the real eventfulness continually written.

Another such poetic matrix of her impressional youth was formed, she tells us, on an incident that happened in the wood just beyond their garden. "The Lost Bower" keeps the dint of the hot heart and intrepid soul that were native to her. Veils of invalidism later cloaked and almost masked her natural vehemence that chorded in so richly with her delicate lyrical sensitiveness, but never could they stifle it. Robert Browning found it out later within the veils, and rightly called her "Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun." And here in like fashion, albeit in childish guise, her character appears in this poem which tells how the "fair walk and far survey" toward the Malvern hill range, considered the charm of the

garden at Hope End, were little prized by her in childhood.

"'Twas a straight walk unadvised by  
The least mischief worth a nay;  
Up and down — as dull as grammar on the eve of holiday," —  
in comparison with the wood at the end of the  
garden, —

" . . . the wood, all close and clenching  
Bough in bough and root in root, —  
No more sky (for overbranching)  
At your head than at your foot, —  
Oh, the wood drew me within it by a glamour past dispute!

"Few and broken paths showed through it,  
Where the sheep had tried to run, —  
Forced with snowy wool to strew it  
Round the thickets, when anon  
They, with silly thorn-pricked noses, bleated back into the  
sun.

"But my childish heart beat stronger  
Than those thickets dared to grow:  
I could pierce them! I could longer  
Travel on, methought, than so:  
Sheep for sheep-paths! braver children climb and creep  
where they would go."

There, best of all, was a magical bower where, musing,  
she sat listening to her "fancy's wildest word."

"On a sudden, through the glistening  
Leaves around, a little stirred,  
Came a sound, a sense of music which was rather felt than  
heard.

"Softly, finely, it inwound me;  
From the world it shut me in, —  
Like a fountain, falling round me,  
Which with silver waters thin  
Clips a little water Naiad sitting smilingly within.

"Whence the music came, who knoweth?  
 / know nothing: but indeed  
 Pan or Faunus never bloweth  
 So much sweetness from a reed  
 Which has sucked the milk of waters at the oldest river-head.

. . . . .

"I rose up in exaltation  
 And in inward trembling heat,  
 And (it seemed) in geste of passion  
 Dropped the music to my feet  
 Like a garment rustling downwards — such a silence followed it!

"Heart and head beat through the quiet  
 Full and heavily, though slower:  
 In the song, I think, and by it,  
 Mystic Presences of power  
 Had up-snatched me to the Timeless, then returned me to the Hour."

Then, with the recognition of the hour, in rushed the factitious facts of life, and the "bower" was lost. Though hunted for with faith and fervor, the wood nevermore surrendered it, but held it apart forever, "safe as *Œdipus's* grave-place 'mid *Colonos's* olives swart."

For her in this poem its loss symbolized other more or less subtle losses:

" . . . the dream of Doing,  
 And the other dream of Done,  
 The first spring in the pursuing,  
 The first pride in the Begun,—  
 First recoil from incompleteness, in the face of what is won."

And among these losses it records for us also her own mention of her loss of "studious health and merry leisure," from a disease accidentally incited.



Everybody prominently associates illness now with her, but it properly should seem to be no essential part of her real self, and it was not ushered in until she was fifteen. It came with a violence of which she nearly died, yet it was a slow foe afterwards, as if reluctant to crush so bright and dauntless a soul. According to all accounts it was traceable to an over-strain connected in some dim way with an impatient attempt she made to saddle her pony in the field herself. Her son, Mr. R. Barrett Browning, says that the injury she then received was not due to a fall, as the story of it goes, related by Mrs. Ritchie, but to a strain sustained in tightening the saddle-girths. Wherever the root of the difficulty lay, "the strong leaping of the stag-like heart awake," which, in "The Lost Bower," she herself tells us was apt to find the pale too low "for keeping in the road it ought to take," was disciplined now into a cruel quiet. It was held in leash henceforth by a gradual weakening of lungs and nervous force which never entirely released its grasp. The volume of 1826 followed the illness, however, and showed no pause in the leading and the light her constant mind held in view.

With the death of her mother, Oct. 1, 1828, the Malvern period of her life drew near its close, sadly, and four years later it was cut short by the sale of Hope End.

The diminution in the household scale of living indicated by this sale, and the removal in 1830 to a temporary home by the sea in Sidmouth, Devonshire, was probably a result of the agitation of the bill for the abolition of slavery in the colonies. Two references to it in Elizabeth's letters to Mrs. Martin, a Malvern neighbor and family friend, make it about certain.

The fact is comparatively unimportant, and it was apparently not so overwhelming to the finances of the numerous and doubtless expensive Barrett family as the head of it feared it would be ; but it is of interest to know what the young poet's point of view concerning it was. Did the mature poet of "The Run-away Slave at Pilgrim's Point," wherein she condemned American slavery so forcibly in the *Boston Liberty Bell* of 1848, now, in her young womanhood, with some prospect of a personal pinch ahead, look upon Jamaican slavery as more excusable ?

Her first mention of it in a letter of May 27, 1833, is in relation to her father's uncertainty as to their future abode. If they did leave Sidmouth, her correspondent knew as well as she whither it would be. If the bill passed, the West Indians were "irreparably ruined," and she quotes her father as saying that, in case it passed, nobody in his senses would think of planting sugar, and the administration might as well sink Jamaica into the sea at once ; but she adds, for her own score, that she is more sorry for poor Lord Grey "who is going to ruin us, than for our poor selves who are going to be ruined." Evidently she appreciated the difficulties involved in a good measure having trying consequences. Again, early in September, she writes that the late bill has ruined the West Indians. It is settled, and the consternation here is very great, nevertheless she is glad, and "always shall be," that "the negroes are — virtually — free !"

This gray interlude of life, while her household was experiencing the "Pleasures of Doubt," as she says, following upon the sorrows of her illness, her mother's death, and the removal from the old home,

was brightened for her by her joy in the sea at green and bowery Sidmouth, and the return to health it brought her, and also by the appearance of her third book, the first version of the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus. It was struck into too rapid English at Sidmouth in twelve days, as she afterwards told Mr. Horne, "and should have been thrown into the fire afterwards, the only way to give it a little warmth." With it were published the miscellaneous poems appearing in the present edition under the title, "Poems, 1833." \*

The needs and conveniences of her brothers' future careers dictated a removal to 74 Gloucester Place, London, in the summer of 1835. She tells Mrs. Martin, gayly and pluckily as usual, how she is trying, while longing for the sea, to change her taste and her

---

\* To this Sidmouth interval, or earlier still, belongs, if it belongs anywhere, a time spent in France, according to Mr. Ingram, where, he says, she pursued her studies and "contracted at least one strong friendship." But apart from a conjecture, also of Mr. Ingram's, that the verses in the volume of 1833 addressed "To Victoire on her Marriage" refer to a French girl she met in Paris, there is no evidence of such a sojourn in France, and there is some evidence against it in a letter she wrote in 1838 to Mr. John Kenyon. She speaks in it of a friend (Miss Thomson), who has been in Paris, and then, with lively metaphor, she compares England's barbaric pride in its old-time conventions, its nose rings and tattooing, with the thinner rind and livelier sap she attributes to life on the continent. "That," she says, she can see "in the books and the traditions," and hence can understand people who like living in France and Germany, and she believes she should like it herself. It is not easy to believe that a discrimination so alert as hers would not have added more direct observations if she had had any such even small chance, as Mr. Ingram asserts, to make any at first hand. Again writing, in 1845, to Robert Browning of the signal disadvantages she labored under in her art through her seclusion in the country and ignorance of aught but books, she calls herself a "blind poet," since her "brothers and sisters of the earth were names" to her, and she "had beheld no great mountain or river, nothing, in fact." Travel, even across the channel, then, seems unlikely; and as for "Victoire," may she not have been known through either Miss Thomson or Mrs. Martin, both of them friends whose travels she could make something of by proxy?

senses enough to appreciate the town, wrapped up like a mummy in yellow mist. Town life launched her now into physical discomfort, and turned her incipient difficulties into acknowledged invalidism; still, it also lent a more favorable wind to the development of her mind and heart. Her first poetic work to be ventured in the ordinary professional grooves, "The Romaunt of Margret," was now submitted through a friend to the critical judgment of Mr. R. H. Horne, who thence became her friend, co-worker, and correspondent. Passing muster beneath the eyes of the editor, the "Romaunt" appeared in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* for July, 1836. It was the entering wedge cleaving a way for "The Poet's Vow" in the October number; for distinctive praise and an open door in *The Athenæum*; for contributions to Miss Mitford's annual; and for the appearance of "The Seraphim and Other Poems," in 1838, justly regarded by its author as actually "more of a trial of strength" than either of her preceding volumes.

Whenever London seemed particularly disagreeable, she reminded herself, she said, of its many advantages, reckoning highest among these, as an offset to sooty leaves and sparrows, real live poets with heads full of the trees and birds and sunshine of paradise, and she tells her Malvern correspondent how she has stood face to face with Wordsworth and Landor and has come to count Miss Mitford as a dear friend.

Miss Mitford's various descriptions of Miss Barrett as she looked in 1836 show unmistakably that the pallor and frailty belonging to her in later years had not yet effaced her native vividness:

She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. . . . A slight girlish figure, very delicate, with exquisite hands and feet, a round face with a most noble forehead, a large mouth, beautifully formed and full of expression, lips like parted coral, teeth large, regular, and glittering with healthy whiteness, large dark eyes, with such eyelashes, resting on the cheek when cast down, when turned upwards touching the flexible and expressive eyebrow, a dark complexion, literally as bright as the dark china rose, a profusion of silky dark curls, and a look of youth and of modesty hardly to be expressed. . . . I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, authoress of the "Essay on Mind," was old enough to be introduced into company—in technical language was "out." . . . This, added to the very simple but graceful and costly dress by which all the family are distinguished, is an exact portrait of her.

The cough which London made persistent did not long permit her to enjoy the new permanent abiding-place at 50 Wimpole Street, moved into in 1838, where she could, at last, have all her own books about her again. The rupture of a blood-vessel made the moving to a softer climate a condition of her staying in the flesh at all, the doctors said, and so for the three next years 1 Beacon Terrace, Torquay, was her place of exile, her beloved brother Edward accompanying her, and her father and sisters visiting her from time to time.

While here the shadow over her did not lift. It thickened to its darkest. In 1840 her brother went for an afternoon's sail in Babbicombe Bay with two friends, and none of them were heard of again until news was brought of their foundered boat. After

three days' suspense the mocking sea gave up its playthings. The influence of this upon the invalid was not only shocking and heart-rending, it was self-torturing to an irrational degree. A letter to Robert Browning, written five years later, reflects the strongest light on this harrowing experience. Her father's rigid nature, his inconsistently mingled affection for his children with tyranny over their most personal desires, were constituents of an atmosphere increasingly unfriendly to our poet's health and happiness. They are not agreeable to analyze, yet needful to reckon with, if the intolerable weight they added to the peculiar woe she felt, now, in the cutting off of her tenderest natural tie, and the harassments they beleaguered her with later, in the otherwise miraculously fortunate relationship she came to have with Robert Browning, are to be understood at all intimately.

When weak with illness Elizabeth was sent to Torquay to her aunt there, and the hour drew near for her cherished brother against his own desire to leave her, the aunt, compassionately realizing all the separation meant to them at that time, interpreted her desires for her, and, taking upon her stouter shoulders the burden of it with Mr. Barrett, wrote to him that he would break his daughter's heart if he insisted on Edward's leaving her. He answered that he would not refuse to suspend his purpose, but that he considered it very wrong in Elizabeth to exact such a thing. How bitter such a kindness must have been to her! His notion of family headship and unquestioning loyalty to its authority, for whatever he considered it his duty to exact for the common good, warped his heart into such self-contradiction that he



could not see this, nor understand what a clog it must put on his daughter's sensitive chances of health and uplift. On top of this now came Edward's death. The crown of his house had fallen. Yes, the first-born was dead, the eldest son of a man who did not count his daughters at all in his line of eight boys, the last two of whom he ended by naming with Latin numerals, Septimius and Octavius. Only the stiffest sense of the patriarchal duty to rule by divine right could have then made his prostrate daughter feel, as she did feel, that she must be grateful to him for not reproaching her because through her this evil had struck his door-posts. Only a "good" man, stiffened by an evil system, could have been so bad. And yet, from his point of view, — the point of view of a conscientious slave-holder, an upright family man, — what other way of thinking was there? His daughter was right. It was generous and forbearing in him not to reproach her. It was inevitable that she should silently reproach herself. And the fact that, after the first agony, she had the liberty of a less grinding point of view than his, so that, as she said, her thoughts were no longer "acrid," *remorse*, at least in its full sense, not being precisely the word for her, — this could nowise divest her of a loving, imaginative daughter's knowledge of the narrower outlook of her next dearest heart. It was not an experience to get well by. To make a poet by? That is another question. Under this "hard, bleak steel" small "sign of the leaf" was left on the "patient reed" destined to make still sweeter music, like the pipe Pan hacked and hewed in her poem "A Musical Instrument."

The "De Profundis," afterwards included in the



“Last Poems,” cries out in mournful beauty from the ashes of this sad year at Torquay. Still her days did “go on;” and finally, in September, 1841, the risk of a journey back to the London house was accomplished in one of the newly patented carriages on springs.

Thenceforward, for five years she scarcely left the darkened room where still she wrote, read, corresponded with many and saw a very few privileged friends — chief among these, Harriet Martineau, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Jameson. “Part of me is worn out,” she wrote Mr. Boyd on her return, “but the poetical part — that is, the *love* of poetry — is growing in me as freshly and strongly as if it were watered every day.” This the volume of 1844 attested. The Chaucer transcriptions of three years before, the two series of papers on the Greek Christian poets and on the English poets, contributed during 1842 to *The Athenæum*, bore further witness to the marvellous vigor of spirit bearing up the fainting body. And all the time the reading of the wide world, reading of all sorts, — classic, erudite, contemporaneous, ephemeral, — fed the sources of her high activity. It is said she had Plato bound like a novel in order to let her soul have its will without bothering unnecessarily the anxieties of her doctor. But novels were not amiss to her hospitality, either; and how one likes this commiserated invalid for her mere humanness, when one reads her frank declaration that she loves a story for the story’s sake yet, and that French romances “kept the color of life in her” during the pallid hours of her entombment! All the sheaves of the world’s harvesting bowed to her sheaf, growing golden in this unearthly sunless light of genius.

No wonder now that the tomb proved to be a chrysalis, and that a heart of hearts among men and poets flung itself as open as a rose to let her poise her wings upon it. The man whom the author of "Our Village" called "the pleasantest man in London," John Kenyon, the West Indian of taste and means, who was a cousin of the Barretts and a family friend of the Brownings, came near to bringing Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett together some time earlier, but their hour had not yet come, and now, when it did come, happily none but they themselves could say of this, "I did it."

The history of this renaissance period of Elizabeth Barrett's life generally begins with a reference to her compliment to Robert Browning in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" of the volume of 1844, where, in singling out the poems Bertram read aloud, she puts in her graceful list some "Pomegranate" from Browning, "which, if cut deep down the middle, shows a heart within blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." This allusion is assumed to be the irresistible appeal to Browning and the secret spring to all the portals they opened together. It must have been justly pleasing to him, but, after all, such a man's vanity does not eat him.

In "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett," 1845-1846, their love story may now be read by the discerning, and one of its goodnesses to the soul is that this mere incidental sign of a sympathetic attraction, vitally based on the intrinsic natures of the two, receives no emphasis — is not even mentioned. The love he feels for her "great living poetry," for herself through that, and the unpushed just perceptible question, "Is he ever to see her?" touch the right

preluding notes in the first letter in the love-correspondence of the two subtlest of England's poets.

They were in tune from the first, and, underneath, they both knew it. Robert scarcely withheld it from plain sight, until he first saw his "chapel-sight" 'one late May day after five months of well-nigh daily exchange of self-revealing letters upon their work, and all that was close and dear to them. Then there was an explosion. It came bursting out in a letter he sent to her the next day after that first meeting. He recalled this letter later, and then they agreed to ignore it. It is the only letter that does not appear in black and white in these two rich volumes, but it avenges itself for that by pervading all the other letters with the sense of its dangerousness.

Later on, when letters, and weekly and bi-weekly visits, and, as she says, the very uncommon affection of a very uncommon person, had reasoned out to her the great fact that love makes its own level, and proved to her, moreover, that it would not be ungenerous in her to give what she could give, then she asked him to grant her a boon. She kept him wondering what it could be for some time, and then asked for that dangerous letter. He had burned it. This letter is the key to these Love Letters. Who does not guess what was in it knows nothing about any of them. So much is plain.

Otherwise it may be seen in them, aside from the inward sympathies, — literary, critical, creative, inherent, cultured, all and more than it becomes us to tally and check, — that it was the very fact of her invalidism, which Elizabeth, in her unselfish solicitude for him, thought should separate them, that most helped to bring them together. It so came about,

moreover, through Mr. Barrett's peculiar nature and ideas.

With the oncoming of the winter of 1845 physicians again advised the necessity of a warm climate for Elizabeth, and encouraged her in the hope that air and warmth would restore her. As she had settled upon her from a relative an income of four hundred pounds a year, she was apparently quite free to do what was good for her. Still she could not go alone. She wanted a sister and a brother to go with her, and they also wished to go, but Mr. Barrett set his foot against the whole scheme. Elizabeth would not then involve any others of the family than herself in his displeasure by going with them. She was forced to wait, and besides the blow to her newly-incited hopes of health, and her fear of the usual winter inroads upon her little store of strength, she suffered the wound of virtual proof that her father's decision was not due to affection or reluctance to have her leave him. Cast off sternly on one side, she was invited on the other, driven as surely to Robert Browning's arms as his Pompilia was to Caponsacchi's help. For this, Mr. Barrett, when he came to know all that was pending, had reason to thank himself. The God of Nature smiled cynically on Mr. Barrett, so ignorant yet not innocent of the deed, and gently on the lovers, sleekening that particular winter of 1845-46 into preternatural mildness. The downward pull of the season left her not so prone as usual when the spring returned, and hope and joy and love put all their arms around her, and lifted her up in the summer of 1846 into a degree of health unknown before. Wherefore, when the autumn came again with the old query, Shall a chance of health be found for me in Italy? she answered it by

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quietly slipping out of the house, and privately getting married to Robert Browning, in Marylebone Church, September 12. A week later, accompanied only by her maid and Flush, — the Flush of her poem, — the much-cherished dog given her by Miss Mitford, without entangling any friends or relatives in the troubles of the secrecy they disliked, but felt to be forced upon them by circumstances, — the wedded poets crossed the channel to Havre, and passed thence by gradual stages to Paris and Pisa, and finally to Florence, and so entered upon the final fifteen years of a more real life in Italy.

Her father's stony resentment hung heavily over these brightening after years. If she had forewarned him of her intentions his displeasure certainly would not have been modified, and it would have made it impossible for heart and nerves so susceptible as hers to carry out the plan of escape. Under the smoothest guise such a project could be arranged to wear, that escape was risky for her. To have given her father the opportunity to "curse" the step she then proposed to take, not merely as a personal right, but as the one means to save her life, — this, she felt, was, virtually, to place a knife in his hand. Her secrecy toward the rest of her family grew out of the same restriction, laid upon her by her father's peculiar nature. It was due precisely to her affectionate consideration for all the members of her household that she did not involve them in her difficulties. This her sisters at once appreciated. Her brothers were more obtuse. Ultimately they understood, or had evidence enough in the similar displeasure their father showed toward the marriages of his other children, to assure them that not in any assigned objection, but in his own nature

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and outlook, lay the obstacles to frank and rational family relationships.

In the unexacting affection, the generous sympathy of Robert Browning's family, the two poets had most grateful solace. They frequently met Robert Browning, senior, and his daughter in Paris, later, as well as in London, and they were always in the closest accord.

Mrs. Jameson, whom the two poets found in Paris, and who, after a week spent there, accompanied them to Pisa, hit the right phrases when she called them "wise people, wild poets or not," and "children of light." Their flight was toward the undisturbed sunshine of their souls, within whose smiles welfare and happiness were bound to grow.

Their life could not but be clouded with the pitiful unyieldingness Mr. Barrett silently nursed within him till his death, in 1857; but one is tempted by so otherwise auspicious a marriage to indulge a superstition like that of the antique Greeks, and be wary of wishing that such favorable conditions were absolutely perfect, purged even of the human blemish, lest the power of the gods had shown envy in some harder way.

At Pisa, where they settled themselves early in October for the winter, Mrs. Browning sent off to America her anti-slavery poem, "The Runaway Slave," and to her husband she gave her glowing "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The impersonal fire of the one, the personal exaltation of the other, unite their twin peaks of flame to show how ardent a heart was now released by love into broader life and deeper poetic mastery. A marvellous degree of health, too, waited upon the lovers' good faith in each other



and in Italy. Rough donkey rides in the Appenines became possible to the London invalid, and sun-tan, "one of the words of poems," as Whitman says, grew to be a familiar word in our poet's new vocabulary.

Florence was their next abiding-place. Thither they went in April, 1847, and that summer the Casa Guidi knew the Brownings for the first time. Within the Casa Guidi environment not only her "Casa Guidi Windows," but her "Poems before Congress," and most of her "Last Poems," are set like gems mined from the rich-veined earth of historic Italy. She cut these gems into deep-hearted facets with an idealism freshly evolved from humanitarian politics and altogether new in poetry.

If Italy and Robert Browning gave her the needed impetus to joy and a renewed life, with both Italy and Robert Browning she has mixed fresh fame forever. And the hearth and home of the rekindled fire is one with Casa Guidi. Here she looked out upon the stirring events of the revolutionary years of 1847, '48, and '49, that sowed blindly yet surely the seed of the united Italy not consummated until after her death. Here, March 9, 1849, her son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, was born, and a devoted motherhood was superadded to her spiritual enrichment. Here "Aurora Leigh," the largest if not the latest fruitage of her artistic life, was ripened.

A group of foreign residents made up around the Brownings a permanent social circle, and with Italians such as Azeglio, Dall' Ongaro, Pantaleoni, Mazzini, they were not unfamiliar. Among the English and American residents were Landor, Frederick Tennyson, Miss Isa Blagden, the Florentine circle of Amer-



ican sculptors, Harriet Hosmer, Hiram Powers, and W. W. Story, and their families, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the American consul, Mr. Kinney and his family. And besides these more or less fixed stars there were many passing lights,—their old friends Mrs. Jameson and Mr. Kenyon foremost among these,—the Hawthornes, the Carlyles, the Thackerays, Rossetti, Fanny Kemble and her sister, Mrs. Sartoris, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Cushman, George William Curtis, the young Earl Lytton, Dr. and Mrs. Emil Braun, Sir Frederick Leighton, Val Prinsep, Kate Field—indeed, all the artists, writers, and pleasant people sojourning in Italy made the Casa Guidi daily orbit breezy with breath from other rounds of life.

Journeyings, also, were made from time to time, as cash accounts admitted, closely-reckoned before Mr. Kenyon left his legacies to the two poets,—to Vallombroso, Lucca, Siena, Venice, Milan, Rome, Paris, and London. The first of the wider pilgrimages, as far as Paris and London, took place in the summers and the winter of 1851-'52; the second in 1855-'56; the third and last only so far as Paris and Havre, in 1858.

The excitement of political and artistic life in Paris charmed them, the danger of revolutions did not daunt them, and the spectacle of the entry of Napoleon III. as Emperor interested them peculiarly. Friendships and acquaintanceships were formed in Paris, too, with Madame Mohl, Lady Elgin, M. Milsand, Jadin, the friend of Alexandre Dumas, Lamartine, George Sand, Ary Scheffer, the De Mussets, Madame Viardot, the heroine of George Sand's "Consuelo."

In London, whereto each time they went they

carried manuscripts to their publishers' hoppers, friends old and new crowded increasingly about them.

In both London and Paris the stir of political life during Mrs. Browning's last years was closely related with that of Italy; and during their visits to both cities as well as while at home in the Casa Guidi, no statesman with the reins of responsibility pulling against his grasp was keener eyed for every whiff of change and influence in European affairs than she was. Her partisanship with Napoleon III. in his deeds and in his difficulties, her repulsion toward England's heavy-witted, belated, not to say cowardly, accommodation to the turning of the tide in Italy, were largely the results of disappointed pride in her native land, and concern for her adopted country.

Her letters as well as her Italian poems show this vividly, and with an emphasis and reiteration in strong contrast to her light and humorous sallies on other themes, strewing grace and brightness like flowers along the pathway of her prose. The combination of sunny wit with keen intensity hitting the meaning she aims at with irresistible images and unexpected analogies is perhaps the secret of the witchery of her prose style.

In the Letters, again, comes out another characteristic personal interest — her stanchless curiosity concerning spiritualistic phenomena throwing ever so faint a light on the psychical world within or beyond the world of matter. She was fain to find facts in any such phenomena to bear witness to the eternal verities of which her own nature often gives her readers better proof. Whether her tendency to accept such evidence too easily be thought Elizabeth Barrett Browning's only intellectual weakness or not,

as evidently Robert Browning did think it, it is a tendency quite in accord with her adventuring, subtle temperament.

Most of her English public was less indulgent to her political ideas and interests. Yet these belong still more properly than her spiritualism to the enduring side of her mental influence upon men. And as time clears the historic air of local prejudices this mundane phase of her intellectual activity is likely to be held in increasing honor for its breadth, independence, and acuteness.

The merry gentleness, the playful loyalty, and wise affection of her nature as friend, wife, and mother flowed peacefully to the end, alongside of the more agitating political sympathies. But the very alertness and intensity of her sympathies in events she could so indirectly affect wore steadily upon her frail body. And the last years of suspense and complication in Italy over Venetia, the Southern provinces, and the Papal States fretted sorely an adroit intellectual idealist ill able to bear the clumsy botching of earthly progress.

From the bars of the flesh she escaped finally, June 29, 1861, after only a week's illness, not so severe as preceding attacks, with a peace almost serene. "After the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her," wrote her husband to their friend, Miss Blagden, "smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's, and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek. . . . God took her to himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark uneasy bed into your arms and the light. Thank God!

"Annunziata thought by her earnest ways with me, happy and smiling as they were, that she must have

been aware of our parting's approach, but she was quite conscious, had words at command, and yet did not even speak of Peni, who was in the next room. The last word was when I asked, 'How do you feel?' 'Beautiful.' "

The words of her own poem, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," were spoken by her husband over her open grave in Florence. Although, upon her husband's death and his burial in Westminster Abbey, it was proposed to lay her body there, beside his, this was not done, and at Florence, in a sarcophagus designed by Sir Frederick Leighton, hers still rests.

On the walls of Casa Guidi the town of Florence placed a marble slab inscribed by Tommaseo, the Italian poet, thus :

QUI SCRISSE E MORÌ  
ELISABETTA BARRETT BROWNING  
CHE IN CUORE DI DONNA CONCILIAVA  
SCIENZA DI DOTTO E SPIRITO DI POETA  
E FECE DEL SUO VERSO AUREO ANELLO  
FRA ITALIA E INGHILTERRA.  
PONE QUESTA LAPIDE  
FIRENZE GRATA  
1861.

Alluding to this rare gold ring of verse linking Italy and England, Robert Browning added the crowning memorial in 1868-1869 when he dedicated "The Ring and the Book" to his "Lyric Love," praying that his ring of verse might render hers duty and lie outside hers in guardianship.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.  
HELEN A. CLARKE.



## CRITICAL INTRODUCTION.

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“How proud we are, in daring to look down upon ourselves !” cries Aurora Leigh, when she is rejecting her past work. Such pride spoke in Miss Barrett’s opposition, as early as 1844, to the reissue of any of her *Juvenilia*. It was the pride of the glowing aim and growing power that made all her young accomplishment look not merely immature and weak, but also imitative beside the dim outline of work peculiarly her own and yet to be.

In those upon whom the mass of her later work now looms imposingly, carrying the delighted eye up to many a sudden peak of skiey rapture, the pride of looking back and down upon the early poems collected in the first volume of this edition will be a pride of another kind. It will be the pride of affectionate interest in tracing out in the lowly plains and pasturelands of the *Juvenilia* the roots of the mountains that soar against the sun.

Justice to the unequivocal self-criticism of the poet demands, however, that the eyes resting upon this work so nearly forbidden to the public regard it with affection and without servility.

A blushless imitation belongs to page after page of “The Battle of Marathon,” re-echoing the Homeric echoes of Pope ; but bold and spiritedly well done it undeniably is.

Is it dreary comfort that it is "a book of surface pictures the worse done," as Aurora says again, "for being not ill done?" Then take the spirit and dash animating the boldness, the skill in the tool's true play so early manifest in the little aping hand busied in shaping out the pygmy epic, and the dreary comfort has in it a heart of cheer. It is clear, none the less, that in metrical form, poetic diction, material, and structure there is not in it that "true expression of a mind" without which, our poet herself said, she disesteemed "everything bearing the shape of a book." In it she "went away among the buried ages," and laid the pulses of her heart beneath the touch of a borrowed minstrelsy.

Disesteem of it on this account, however, implies the trying of this poet in her teens by a higher standard than that by which many a mature one is praised. It is the standard of originality in genius which "The Battle of Marathon" does not satisfy. It is the vigor and success of the workmanship which leads the attentive reader to look at the next production for a plainer indication of the individuality behind those qualities.

The "Essay on Mind" is even more thoroughly book-begotten. It is "pedantic and in some things pert," says the author's best critic — the author herself — in a letter to Robert Browning, "such as, to do myself justice, I was not in my whole life."

It follows Pope's lead again in theme and manner both, but it carries in its catholic embrace a library far beyond his easy-going classic ruts. The comprehensive grasp gives a sense of thorough-going power; the incisive criticisms convey conviction not only of alert intelligence but of rapidly unfolding independence. It is not surprising, therefore, that towards the close



of the poem, beginning distinctly with line 1133, "I love my own dear land," etc., that there is an outbreak of individual poetic expression. The line of thought is no longer limited to the verse, or to the couplet, but overflows the Popian measure, and breathes and pants with the impetus of a sustained personal idea throbbing towards a form of expression more nearly its own.

It is ill differing from the saints in religion or the poets in poetry, Joubert well cautions, and our poet's criticism of herself as well as of other poets is so acute that it may be dangerous not to follow her when she declares that "The Seraphim," despite its shortcomings and obscurities, is "the first utterance of my own individuality." So, as an unfettered whole, it is, doubtless; yet here, on the edge of her "Essay on Mind," is, seemingly, her very first start aside from leading-strings in pursuit of the starry beckonings of her own poetic personality. The life and light and heat of it can be felt at once, stirring brightlier within the ties of the established metre of the piece up to the end.

Among the miscellaneous poems following the "Essay," "Song," "The Dream," "The Vision of Fame," and, among the poems included in the discarded "Prometheus" volume, "The Tempest," and "The Vision of Life and Death" give out fugitive gleams of that contagious ardor mixed with a subtle exaltation of pure spirit, which characterize Elizabeth Barrett Browning as a poet.

Those who take pride in her genius may descry here, in the lowly pasture-lands of the three early volumes she dared to look down upon, the bulge of the ground where the blind roots of the mountains are feeling their way toward the glittering summits.

In the closing passage of the "Essay on Mind" there may be seen inside the more noticeable change of verse-effect the appeal to a more mystical conception of the theme. The verse-change is but the outward sign of it. Each thought she dwells upon, now, is inhabited, as it were, by a suggestive light. Her love for her own dear land, into which she flings herself with an unaffected personal realism reflected instantly upon the artificial verse, is deepened with the advance of her thought towards a wider patriotism for Græcia, as her "other country, the country of my soul." And in the flaming torch of a passage that follows, she imparts vaguely to the storied Greek enthusiasm for liberty a far wider-wheeling influence, sweeping minds of unknown countries and days yet to come within its unitary flow. Byron, whose death for Greece she next celebrates, is a link in this golden chain of dauntless souls with which she would wind about in brotherhood the times and lands she sings. Finally, she glorifies in the human mind capable of the unrewarding deeds of history and feats of intellectual or artistic accomplishment, a continuing life, in face of earthly death, "on mind's lone shore." Famous graves, and names, and words, she concludes in her last paragraph, are but the footprints of this mystical body of mind.

It is beyond her poetic powers, as yet, to make her pathway light with the light irresistible. It is to be followed feelingly. But there is no groping or fumbling, no mistaking the fact that this girl-sprite is flitting guidingly through the woods of contemplative idealism, and beckoning with airy fingers that promise the highest potency of poetic insight.

The "Song," before singled out, is but a lyric

trifle, not to be made too much of for its frailty's sake, although conspicuously happy in spontaneity and the fitness of its parts; but the balance of "sorrow" in the first two stanzas with the twin-pair following devoted to "joy" makes it not merely a tiny cameo of artistic cut, but a little living thing with movement in it and a shining glance toward an eye of inward meaning. These qualities do not belong to the merely imitative lyrist.

"The Dream," "The Tempest," and "The Vision of Death" are kindred pieces touching, like the conclusion of the "Essay," upon the meaning of death to the soul not only of the single life of a human being, but to the soul of the historic or the cosmos-girt life of social humanity. In them are to be seen the breadth and fire of a lyrical brain getting hold of gifts of sight and poetic modes peculiar to itself.

Like "The Vision of Life and Death," the "Vision of Fame" is couched in the free ballad form which belongs to many of the popular poems of the succeeding volumes. They mark the cut adrift from pseudo-classicism and the swing into a current more congenial with her essentially modern trend of thought. The "Vision of Fame" reveals something of the quaint image-finding faculty and the siren music with which she renders her mystical meanings alluring; but it is especially interesting as a sort of understudy for a riper poem, "A Vision of Poets," one of the shining shafts bringing fame to her feet, later, in London.

The air of "The Seraphim" is rare, almost too lofty for mortal breath. The subject was a daring one, as this wise young poet knew and said better than any of her critics, — a subject almost beyond human

sympathies, and therefore almost escaping beyond the sphere of human poetry. Such lyrical dreaming over angels' converse was bound, she feared, to push all her tendencies toward mysticism to the fore and take her expression of her subject outside the pale of ready apprehension.

Neither has she eluded these dangers — the defects of her subject and the qualities belonging to it. But the etherialness of her design called out a corresponding delicacy of handling. The poetic art of the whole is shaped so that it is wondrously at home in so unimaginable a realm. The rhymes sing. The strophes are made up irregularly of measures varying from four to three and two beats in the verse, following flexibly the flow and pause of the sensitive seraphic thought portrayed, and a supernal light seems to be flung out as if from the focus of all the heavens in such images as glisten in this passage :

“ Beneath us smiles the pomp angelical,  
 Cherub and seraph, powers and virtues, all, —  
 The roar of whose descent has died  
 To a still sound, as thunder into rain.  
 Immeasurable space spreads magnified  
 With that thick life, along the plane  
 The worlds slid out on. What a fall  
 And eddy of wings innumerable, crossed  
 By trailing curls that have not lost  
 The glitter of the God-smile shed  
 On every prostrate angel's head !  
 What gleaming up of hands that fling  
 Their homage in retorted rays,  
 From high instinct of worshipping,  
 And habitude of praise ! ”

and in this :

“ Upon the glass-sea shore,  
 There the Shadow from the throne  
 Formless with infinity

Hovers o'er the crystal sea  
Awfuller than light derived,  
And red with those primæval heats  
Whereby all life has lived."

The poem opens with a dialogue between the contrasting seraphim representing one the strength, the other the tenderness of angelic wisdom ; and in the repetitions by Zerah of the burden of the words of Ador the effect of a sad echo-song of some lapsed glory is attained. Heaven is empty. The news of a mysterious woe to come to God himself through the dimly understood abasement of his love for humanity has drawn all the angels down to earth, save these two. And they, true to the mediæval conception of the seraphim, whose intelligences most closely reflect the infinite in its loftiest attribute of the knowledge of Love proceeding from Love, are seeking to fathom the significance of this new strange manifestation of Supreme Love in its correspondency with human love and sin and suffering. These two exalted ones also follow to witness the Crucifixion, and they are at once so pure and so sensitive to the subtleties of the things of the Spirit that they shrink, like little children keeping close together for the comfort of love, in their dread of this attractive awful secret of the humanized love of God, while yet they are keenly appreciative of its unveiling.

The climax of their awakened knowledge in the first part of the poem is the understanding they attain of the greatness of the heart of man made so holy by the indwelling of God that their own old-time heavenly calm must be henceforth forever abashed by a sense of the potential spiritual superiority of earth and pain, and death :

"O heart of man — of God ! which God has ta'en  
 From out the dust, with its humanity  
 Mournful and weak yet innocent around it,  
 And bade its many pulses beating lie  
 Beside that incommunicable stir  
 Of Deity wherewith he interwound it."

And the second part of the poem, through its picturing of the last scenes of the Crucifixion as their angel eyes behold it, lights up the ineffable inward beauty of the indignity of the Incarnation and Crucifixion, the physical anguish, humiliation, treachery, — and fills them with a reverent melancholy of content, transcending the old-time rapture of their praise :

"O crownèd hierarchies that wear your crown  
 When His is put away !  
 Are ye unshamèd that ye cannot dim  
 Your alien brightness to be liker him,  
 Assume a human passion, and down-lay  
 Your sweet secureness for congenial fears,  
 And teach your cloudless ever-burning eyes  
 The mystery of his tears?"

The lofty symbolism of this lyrical masque is brought down to earth in "The Poet's Vow." In the seraph dialogue the poet had derived a myth of her own from the most elusive Christian material — the clashing of the infinite mind with the mortal life — and put it on the plane of a seraphic comprehension.

In "The Poet's Vow" she applies the unenlightened seraphic idea of a pure adoration of God, unmixed with any alloy of human imperfection, to a poet, and shows in the sequel how vain and mistaken a part a mortal plays who seeks as his ideal aim to cease to be human and to praise God in the seraph's way instead of the human way of love, in which every human



soul is knit with every other in a unity, God-sanctioned.

The story is unfolded in a narrative ballad-form curiously reminiscent of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," yet free of it, following a more varied strophe with richer internal rhyme-effects. It belongs to the totally modern class of symbolic ballads, of which "The Ancient Mariner" is one of the first but not of the purest of types.

These two original mystical pieces, opening the volume of 1838, which our poet would like her public to reckon as her first serious independent work, are happily, as it seems to us, included in the first volume of this edition, because they combine with the *Juvenilia* to show the wide range of her early poetic tastes and sympathies.

Greek and Gothic culture alike fed the sources of her imagination, and in the early work and in "The Seraphim" and "The Poet's Vow" these twin fountain-heads appear. The Hellenic fire and glory of the will to live among men, to be free and nobly active, nourished the political interests that are the core of substance in her work. The Christian essence, sweetening and controlling aspiration to a loving human service patiently waiting upon incompleteness, animated her subtle lyrical symbolism.

These two streams flowing out of the life of the past to yield her genius tribute are blent more perfectly in her later work. There they are poured forth in a new poetic wine distinguished for body and bouquet both.

CHARLOTTE PORTER.

HELEN A. CLARKE.





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| <p>1862. Psyche and the Eagle.<br/>         Psyche and Cerberus.<br/>         Psyche and Proserpine.<br/>         Psyche and Venus.<br/>         Mercury carries Psyche to Olympus.<br/>         Marriage of Psyche and Cupid.<br/>         Paraphrases on Nonnus —<br/>         How Bacchus finds Ariadne sleeping.<br/>         How Bacchus comforts Ariadne.<br/>         Paraphrase on Hesiod —<br/>         Bacchus and Ariadne.<br/>         Paraphrase on Euripides —</p> | <p>1862. Antistrophe.<br/>         (Troades, 853.)<br/>         [Aurora and Tithonus.]<br/>         Paraphrases on Homer —<br/>         Hector and Andromache.<br/>         The Daughters of Pandarus.<br/>         Another Version.<br/>         Paraphrase on Anacreon —<br/>         Ode to the Swallow.<br/>         Paraphrases on Heine.<br/> <br/>         1863. The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets.<br/>         By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. London : Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly, 1863.</p> |
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THE CLERICAL HANDS OF ROBERT BROWNING AND FRIENDS

ROBERT BROWNING

*See Original from the New York Historical Society*









# THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

## A POEM.

1820.

TO HIM,  
TO WHOM "I OWE THE MOST,"  
AND WHOSE ADMONITIONS HAVE GUIDED MY YOUTHFUL  
MUSE  
EVEN FROM HER EARLIEST INFANCY,  
TO THE FATHER,  
WHOSE NEVER-FAILING KINDNESS,  
WHOSE UNWEARIED AFFECTION I NEVER  
CAN REPAY,  
I OFFER THESE PAGES,  
AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF THE GRATITUDE  
OF HIS AFFECTIONATE CHILD,  
ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

HOPE END: 1819.

## THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

"Behold

What care employs me now, my vows I pay  
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth!"

— *Akenside.*

"Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,  
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?  
Gone — glimmering through the dream of things  
that were.

First in the race that led to glory's goal,  
They won, and passed away." — *Byron.*

## PREFACE.

THAT Poetry is the first, and most celebrated of all the fine arts, has not been denied in any age, or by any philosopher. The culture of the soul, which SALLUST so nobly describes, is necessary to those refined pleasures, and elegant enjoyments, in which man displays his superiority to brutes. It is alone the elevation of the soul, not the form of the body, which constitutes the proud distinction; according to the learned historian, "*Alterum nobis cum diis, alterum cum belluis commune est.*" The noblest of the productions of man, that which inspires the enthusiasm of virtue, the energy of truth, is Poetry: Poetry elevates the mind to Heaven, kindles within it unwonted fires, and bids it throb with feelings exalting to its nature.

This humble attempt may by some be unfortunately attributed to vanity, to an affectation of talent, or to the still more absurd desire of being thought a *genius*. With the humility and deference due to their judgments, I wish to plead not guilty to their accusations, and, with submission, to offer these pages to the perusal of the few kind and partial friends who may condescend to read them, assured that their criticism will be tempered with mercy.

Happily it is not now, as it was in the days of POPE, who was so early in actual danger of thinking himself "the greatest genius of the age." Now, even the female may drive her Pegasus through the realms of Parnassus, without being saluted with the most equivocal of all appellations, a learned lady; without being celebrated by her friends as a SAPPHO, or traduced by her enemies as a pedant; without being

abused in the Review, or criticised in society ; how justly then may a child hope to pass unheeded !

In these reading days there need be little vulgar anxiety among Poets for the fate of their works : the public taste is no longer so epicurean. As the press pours forth profusion, the literary multitude eagerly receive its lavish offerings, while the sublimity of HOMER, and the majesty of VIRGIL, those grand and solitary specimens of ancient poetic excellence, so renowned through the lapse of ages, are by many read only as school books, and are justly estimated alone by the comparative few, whose hearts can be touched by the grandeur of their sentiments, or exalted by their kindred fire ; by them this dereliction must be felt, but they can do no more than mourn over this semblance of decline in literary judgment and poetic taste. Yet, in contemplating the Poets of our own times — (for there are real Poets, though they be mingled with an inferior multitude of the common herd) — who, unsophisticated by prejudice, can peruse those inspired pages emitted from the soul of BYRON, or who can be dazzled by the gems sparkling from the rich mine of the imagination of MOORE, or captivated by scenes glowing in the descriptive powers of SCOTT, without a proud consciousness that our day may boast the exuberance of true poetic genius ? And if criticism be somewhat too general in its suffrage, may it not be attributed to an overwhelming abundance of cotemporary Authors, which induces it to err in discrimination, and may cause its praises to be frequently ill-merited, and its censures ill-deserved ; as the eye, wandering over a garden where flowers are mingled with weeds, harassed by exertion and dimmed by the brilliancy of colors, fre-

quently mistakes the flower for the weed, and the weed for the flower.

It is worthy of remark, that when Poetry first burst from the mists of ignorance — when first she shone a bright star illumining the then narrow understanding of the Greeks — from that period when HOMER, the sublime Poet of antiquity, awoke the first notes of poetic inspiration to the praise of valor, honor, patriotism, and, best of all, to a sense of the high attributes of the Deity, though darkly and mysteriously revealed; then it was, and not till then, that the seed of every virtue, of every great quality, which had so long lain dormant in the souls of the Greeks, burst into the germ; as when the sun disperses the mist cowering o'er the face of the Heavens, illumines with his resplendent rays the whole creation, and speaks to the verdant beauties of nature, joy, peace, and gladness. Then it was that Greece began to give those immortal examples of exalted feeling, and of patriotic virtue, which have since astonished the world; then it was that the unenlightened soul of the savage rose above the degradation which assimilated him to the brute creation, and discovered the first rays of social independence, and of limited freedom; not the freedom of barbarism, but that of a state enlightened by a wise jurisdiction, and restrained by civil laws. From that period man seems to have first proved his resemblance to his Creator, and his superiority to brutes, and the birth of Poetry was that of all the kindred arts; in the words of CICERO, "*Quò minus ergo honoris erat poetis eò minora studia fuerunt.*"

It is no disparagement to an historical poem to enlarge upon its subject; but where truth is materially outraged, it ceases to be history. HOMER, in his

Iliad and Odyssey, and VIRGIL, in his *Æneid*, have greatly beautified their subjects, so grand in themselves, and, with true poetic taste and poetic imagery, have contributed with magnificent profusion to adorn those incidents which otherwise would appear tame, barren, and uninteresting. It is certain, however happily they have succeeded, their Poems cannot be called strictly historical, because the truth of history is not altogether their undeviated form. VIRGIL, especially, has introduced in his *Æneid* “an anachronism of nearly three hundred years, Dido having fled from Phœnicia that period after the age of *ÆNEAS*.” But in that dependence upon the truth of history which I would enforce as a necessary quality in an historical Poem, I do not mean to insinuate that it should be mere prose versified, or a suspension of the functions of the imagination, for then it could no longer be Poetry. It is evident that an historical Poem should possess the following qualifications : — Imagination, invention, judgment, taste, and truth ; the four first are necessary to Poetry, the latter to history. He who writes an historical Poem must be directed by the pole-star of history, truth ; his path may be laid beneath the bright sun of invention, amongst the varied walks of imagination, with judgment and taste for his guides, but his goal must be that resplendent and unchangeable luminary, truth.

Imagination must be allowed to be the characteristic, and invention the very foundation, of Poetry. The necessity of the latter in all poetic effusions is established by that magnificent translator of the greatest of Poets, POPE, in this beautiful passage : “It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses : the utmost extent of human study,

learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgment itself can but steal wisely ; for art is only a prudent steward, who lives on managing the riches of nature." And in this ingenious note the editor, Mr. WAKEFIELD, elegantly exemplifies it : " For Poetry, in its proper acceptation, is absolutely creation, *Ποιησις* or invention. In the three requisites prescribed by HORACE of poetic excellence, ' *Ingenium cui sit cui mens divinor atque os magna sonaturum.*' The first, 'ingenium,' or native fertility of intellect, corresponds to the 'invention' of POPE."

The battle of Marathon is not, perhaps, a subject calculated to exercise the powers of the imagination, or of poetic fancy, the incidents being so limited ; but it is a subject every way formed to call forth the feelings of the heart, to awake the strongest passions of the soul. Who can be indifferent, who can preserve his tranquillity, when he hears of one little city rising undaunted, and daring her innumerable enemies, in defence of her freedom — of a handful of men overthrowing the invaders, who sought to molest their rights and to destroy their liberties ? Who can hear unmoved of such an example of heroic virtue, of patriotic spirit, which seems to be crying from the ruins of Athens for honor and immortality ? The heart, which cannot be fired by such a recital, must be cold as the icy waters of the Pole, and must be devoid at once of manly feeling and of patriotic virtue ; for what is it that can awaken the high feelings which sometimes lie dormant in the soul of man, if it be not liberty ? Liberty, beneath whose fostering sun, the arts, genius, every congenial talent of the mind, spring up spon-



taneously, and unite in forming one bright garland of glory around the brow of independence ; liberty, at whose decline virtue sinks before the despotic sway of licentiousness, effeminacy, and vice. At the fall of liberty, the immortal Republics of Rome and Athens became deaf to the call of glory, fame, and manly virtue. “ On vit manifestement (says MONTESQUIEU) pendant le peu de temps que dura la tyrannie des decemvirs, à quel point l’agrandissement de Rome dependoit de sa liberté ; l’état sembla avoir perdu l’âme qui la faisoit mouvoir.” And BIGLAND thus : “ It was not till luxury had corrupted their manners, and their liberties were on the eve of their extinction, that the principal citizens of Athens and of Rome began to construct magnificent houses, and to display their opulence and splendour in private life.”

It may be objected to my little Poem, that the mythology of the Ancients is too much called upon to support the most considerable incidents ; it may unhappily offend those feelings most predominant in the breast of a Christian, or it may be considered as injudicious in destroying the simplicity so necessary to the epic. GLOVER’s Leonidas is commended by LYTTLETON, because he did not allow himself the liberty so largely taken by his predecessors, of “ wandering beyond the bounds, and out of sight, of common sense in the airy regions of poetic mythology ;” yet, where is the Poet more remarkable for simplicity than HOMER, and where is the author who makes more frequent use of Heathen mythology ? “ The Heathens,” says ROLLIN, “ address themselves to their gods, as beings worthy of adoration.”

He who writes an epic poem must transport himself to the scene of action ; he must imagine himself pos-



sessed of the same opinions, manners, prejudices, and belief; he must suppose himself to be the hero he delineates, or his picture can no longer be nature, and what is not natural cannot please. It would be considered ridiculous in the historian or poet describing the ancient manners of Greece, to address himself to that Omnipotent Being who first called the world out of chaos, nor would it be considered less so if he were to be silent upon the whole subject; for in all nations, in all ages, religion must be the spur of every noble action, and the characteristic of every lofty soul.

Perhaps I have chosen the rhymes of POPE, and departed from the noble simplicity of the Miltonic verse, injudiciously. The immortal Poet of England, in his apology for the verse of *Paradise Lost*, declares "rhymes to be, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight." In my opinion, humble as it is, the custom of rhyming would ere now have been abolished amongst Poets, had not POPE, the disciple of the immortal DRYDEN, awakened the lyre to music, and proved that rhyme could equal blank verse in simplicity and gracefulness, and vie with it in elegance of composition, and in sonorous melody. No one who has read his translation of HOMER, can refuse him the immortality which he merits so well, and for which he laboured so long. He it was who planted rhyme for ever in the regions of Parnassus, and uniting elegance with strength, and sublimity with beauty, raised the English language to the highest excellence of smoothness and purity.

I confess that I have chosen HOMER for a model, and perhaps I have attempted to imitate his style too often and too closely; and yet some imitation is authorized by poets immortalized in the annals of

Parnassus, whose memory will be revered as long as man has a soul to appreciate their merits. VIRGIL's magnificent description of the storm in the first book of the *Æneid*, is almost literally translated from HOMER, where ULYSSES, quitting the Isle of Calypso for "Phæacia's dusty shore," is overwhelmed by Neptune. That sublime picture, "*Ponto nox incubat atra*," and the beautiful apostrophe, "*Oh terque quaterque beati*," is a literal translation of the same incident in HOMER. There are many other imitations, which it would be unnecessary and tedious here to enumerate. Even MILTON, the pride and glory of English taste, has not disdained to replenish his imagination from the abundant fountains of the first and greatest of poets. It would have been both absurd and presumptuous, young and inexperienced as I am, to have attempted to strike out a path for myself, and to have wandered among the varied windings of Parnassus, without a guide to direct my steps, or to warn me from those fatal quicksands of literary blunders, in which, even with the best guide, I find myself so frequently immersed. There is no humility, but rather folly, in taking inferiority for a model, and there is no vanity, but rather wisdom, in following humbly the footsteps of perfection; for who would prefer quenching his thirst at the stagnant pool, when he may drink the pure waters of the fountain head? Thus, then, however unworthily, I have presumed to select, from all the poets of ancient or modern ages, HOMER, the most perfect of the votaries of Apollo, whom every nation has contributed to immortalize, to celebrate, and to admire.

If I have in these pages proved what I desired, that Poetry is the parent of liberty, and of all the fine arts,

and if I have succeeded in clearing up some of the obscurities of my little Poem, I have attained my only object ; but if on the contrary I have failed, it must be attributed to my incapacity, and not to my inclination. Either way, it would be useless to proceed further, for nothing can be more true than the declaration of BIGLAND, "that a good book seldom requires, and a worthless never deserves, a long preface."

# THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

## BOOK I.

THE war of Greece with Persia's haughty King,  
No vulgar strain, eternal Goddess, sing !  
What dreary ghosts to gluttoned Pluto fled,  
What nations suffered, and what heroes bled :  
Sing Asia's powerful Prince, who envious saw  
The fame of Athens, and her might in war ;  
And scorns her power, at Cytherea's call  
Her ruin plans, and meditates her fall ;  
How Athens, blinded to the approaching chains  
By Vulcan's artful spouse, unmoved remains ;      10  
Deceived by Venus thus, unconquered Greece  
Forgot her glories in the lap of peace ;  
While Asia's realms, and Asia's lord prepare  
T' ensnare her freedom, by the wiles of war :  
Hippias t' exalt upon th' Athenian throne,  
Where once Pisistratus his father shone.  
For yet her son Æneas' wrongs impart  
Revenge and grief to Cytherea's heart ;  
And still from smoking Troy's once sacred wall,  
Does Priam's reeking shade for vengeance call.      20  
Minerva saw, and Paphia's Queen defied,  
A boon she begged, nor Jove the boon denied ;  
That Greece should rise, triumphant o'er her foe,  
Disarm th' invaders, and their power o'erthrow.  
Her prayer obtained, the blue-eyed Goddess flies  
As the fierce eagle, thro' the radiant skies.  
To Aristides then she stood confessed,  
Shews Persia's arts, and fires his warlike breast :  
Then pours celestial ardour o'er his frame

And points the way to glory and to fame. 30  
Awe struck the Chief, and swells his troubled soul,  
In pride and wonder thoughts progressive roll.  
He inly groaned and smote his labouring breast,  
At once by Pallas, and by care opprest.  
Inspired he moved, earth echoed where he trod,  
All full of Heaven, all burning with the God.  
Th' Athenians viewed with awe the mighty man,  
To whom the Chief impassioned thus began :  
"Hear, all ye Sons of Greece ! Friends, Fathers, hear !  
The Gods command it, and the Gods revere ! 40  
No madness mine, for mark, oh favoured Greeks !  
That by my mouth the martial Goddess speaks !  
This know, Athenians, that proud Persia now  
Prepares to twine thy laurels on her brow ;  
Behold her princely Chiefs their weapons wield  
By Venus fired, and shake the brazen shield.  
I hear their shouts that echo to the skies,  
I see their lances blaze, their banners rise,  
I hear the clash of arms, the battle's roar,  
And all the din and thunder of the war ! 50  
I know that Greeks shall purchase just renown,  
And fame impartial, shall Athena crown.  
Then Greeks, prepare your arms ! award the yoke,  
Thus Jove commands" — sublime the hero spoke ;  
The Greeks assent with shouts, and rend the skies  
With martial clamour, and tumultuous cries.  
So struggling winds with rage indignant sweep  
The azure waters of the silent deep,  
Sudden the seas rebellowing, frightful rise,  
And dash their foaming surges to the skies ; 60  
Burst the firm sand, and boil with dreadful roar,  
Lift their black waves, and combat with the shore.  
So each brave Greek in thought aspires to fame,

Stung by his words, and dread of future shame ;  
 Glory's own fires within their bosom rise  
 And shouts tumultuous thunder to the skies.  
 But Love's celestial Queen resentful saw  
 The Greeks (by Pallas warned) prepare for war ;  
 Th' indignant Goddess of the Paphian bower  
 Deceives Themistocles with heavenly power ; 70  
 The hero rising spoke, " Oh rashly blind,  
 What sudden fury thus has seized thy mind ?  
 Boy as thou art, such empty dreams beware !  
 Shall we, for griefs and wars unsought, prepare ?  
 The will of mighty Jove, whate'er it be,  
 Obey, and own th' Omnipotent decree.  
 If our disgrace and fall the fates employ,  
 Why did we triumph o'er perfidious Troy ?  
 Why, say, oh Chief, in that eventful hour  
 Did Grecian heroes crush Dardanian power ? 80  
 Him eyeing sternly, thus the Greek replies,  
 Renowned for truth, and as Minerva wise,  
 " Oh Son of Greece, no heedless boy am I,  
 Despised in battle's toils, nor first to fly,  
 Nor dreams or phrenzy call my words astray,  
 The heaven-sent mandate pious I obey.  
 If Pallas did not all my words inspire,  
 May heaven pursue me with unceasing ire !  
 But if (oh grant my prayer, almighty Jove)  
 I bear a mandate from the Courts above, 90  
 Then thro' yon heaven, let awful thunder roar  
 Till Greeks believe my mission, and adore !"  
 He ceased — and thro' the host one murmur ran,  
 With eyes transfixed upon the godlike man.  
 But hark ! o'er earth expands the solemn sound,  
 It lengthening grows — heaven's azure vaults resound, }  
 While peals of thunder beat the echoing ground. }

Prostrate, convinc'd, divine Themistocles  
 Embraced the hero's hands, and clasped his knees :  
 " Behold me here (the awe-struck Chieftain cries 100  
 While tears repentant glisten in his eyes),  
 " Behold me here, thy friendship to entreat,  
 Themistocles, a suppliant at thy feet.  
 Before no haughty despot's royal throne  
 This knee has bent — it bends to thee alone }  
 Thy mission to adore, thy truth to own. }  
 Behold me Jove, and witness what I swear  
 By all on earth I love, by all in heav'n I fear,  
 Some fiend inspired my words, of dark design,  
 Some fiend concealed beneath a robe divine ; 110  
 Then aid me in my prayer, ye Gods above,  
 Bid Aristides give me back his love ! "  
 He spake and wept ; benign the godlike man  
 Felt tears descend and paused, then thus began,  
 " Thrice worthy Greek, for this shall we contend ?  
 Ah no ! I feel thy worth, thou more than friend,  
 Pardon sincere, Themistocles, receive ;  
 The heart declares 'tis easy to forgive."  
 He spake divine, his eye with Pallas burns, 119  
 He spoke and sighed, and sighed and wept by turns.  
 Themistocles beheld the Chief opprest, }  
 Awe-struck he paused, then rushed upon his breast, }  
 Whom sage Miltiades with joy addressed. }  
 " Hero of Greece, worthy a hero's name  
 Adored by Athens, fav'rite child of fame !  
 Glory's own spirit does with truth combine  
 To form a soul, so godlike, so divine !  
 Oh Aristides rise, our Chief ! to save  
 The fame, the might of Athens from the grave.  
 Nor then refuse thy noble arm to lend 130  
 To guard Athena, and her state defend.



First I, obedient, 'customed homage pay  
 To own a hero's and a leader's sway."  
 He said, and would have knelt; the man divine  
 Perceived his will, and stayed the Sire's design.  
 "Not mine, oh Sage, to lead this gallant band,"  
 He generous said, and grasped his aged hand,  
 "Proud as I am in glory's arms to rise,  
 Athenian Greeks, to shield your liberties,  
 Yet 'tis not mine to lead your powerful state, 140  
 Enough it is to tempt you to be great;  
 Be 't for Miltiades, experienced sage,  
 To curb your ardour, and restrain your rage,  
 Your souls to temper — by his skill prepare  
 To succour Athens, and conduct the war.  
 More fits my early youth to purchase fame,  
 By deeds in arms t' immortalize my name."  
 Firmly he spake, his words the Greek inspire,  
 And all were hushed to listen and admire.  
 The Sage thus — "Most allied to Gods! the fame, 150  
 The pride, the glory of the Grecian name,  
 E'en by thee, Chief, I swear, to whom is given  
 The sacred mandate of yon marble heaven —  
 To lead, not undeserving of thy love,  
 T' avert the yoke, if so determines Jove."  
 Amidst the host imagination rose  
 And paints the combat, but disdains the woes.  
 And heaven-born fancy, with dishevelled hair,  
 Points to the ensanguined field, and victory there.  
 But soon, too soon, these empty dreams are  
 driven 160  
 Forth from their breasts — but soothing hope is  
 given,  
 Hope sprung from Jove, man's sole, and envied  
 heav'n.

Then all his glory, Aristides felt,  
And begged the Chieftain's blessing as he knelt :  
Miltiades his pious arms outspread,  
Called Jove's high spirit on the hero's head,  
Nor called unheard — sublime in upper air  
The bird of Jove appeared to bless his prayer.  
Lightning be breathed, not harsh, not fiercely bright,  
But one pure stream of heaven-collected light : 170  
Jove's sacred smile lulls every care to rest,  
Calms every woe, and gladdens every breast.  
But what shrill blast thus bursts upon the ear ;  
What banners rise, what heralds' forms appear ?  
That haughty mien, and that commanding face  
Bespeak them Persians, and of noble race ;  
One on whose hand Darius' signet beamed,  
Superior to the rest, a leader seemed,  
With brow contracted, and with flashing eye  
Thus threatening spoke, in scornful majesty : 180  
" Know Greeks that I, a sacred herald, bring  
The awful mandate of the Persian King,  
To force allegiance from the Sons of Greece,  
Then earth and water give, nor scorn his peace  
For, if for homage, back reproof I bear,  
To meet his wrath, his vengeful wrath, prepare,  
For not in vain ye scorn his dread command  
When Asia's might comes thundering in his hand."  
To whom Miltiades with kindling eye,  
" We scorn Darius, and his threats defy ; 190  
And now, proud herald, shall we stoop to shame ?  
Shall Athens tremble at a tyrant's name ?  
Persian away ! such idle dreams forbear,  
And shun our anger and our vengeance fear."  
" Oh ! vain thy words," the herald fierce began ;  
" Thrice vain thy dotaged words, oh powerless man,

Sons of a desert, hoping to withstand  
 All the joint forces of Darius' hand,  
 Fools, fools, the King of millions to defy,  
 For Freedom's empty name, to ask to die ! 200  
 Yet stay, till Persia's powers their banners rear,  
 Then shall ye learn our forces to revere,  
 And ye, oh impotent, shall deign to fear ! " }  
 To whom great Aristides : rising ire  
 Boiled in his breast, and set his soul on fire :  
 " Oh wretch accurst," the hero cried, " to seek  
 T' insult experienced age, t' insult a Greek !  
 Inglorious slave ! whom truth and heaven deny,  
 Unfit to live, yet more unfit to die :  
 But, trained to pass the goblet at the board 210  
 And servile kiss the footsteps of thy lord,  
 Whose wretched life no glorious deeds beguile,  
 Who lives upon the semblance of a smile,  
 Die ! thy base shade to gloomy regions fled,  
 Join there the shivering phantoms of the dead.  
 Base slave, return to dust," —— his victim then  
 In fearful accents cried, " Oh best of men,  
 Most loved of Gods, most merciful, most just,  
 Behold me humbled, grovelling in the dust :  
 Not mine th' offence, the mandate stern I bring 220  
 From great Darius, Asia's tyrant King.  
 Oh strike not, Chief, not mine the guilt, not mine, }  
 Ah o'er those brows severe, let mercy shine,  
 So dear to heav'n, of origin divine ! }  
 Tributes, lands, gold, shall wealthy Persia give,  
 All, and yet more, but bid me, wretched, live ! "  
 He trembling, thus persuades with fond entreat  
 And nearer prest, and clasped the hero's feet.  
 Forth from the Grecian's breast, all rage is driv'n,  
 He lifts his arms, his eyes, his soul to heav'n. 230

“Hear, Jove omnipotent, all wise, all great,  
To whom all fate is known ; whose will is fate ;  
Hear thou all-seeing one, hear Sire divine,  
Teach me thy will, and be thy wisdom mine !  
Behold this suppliant ! life or death decree ;  
Be thine the judgment, for I bend to thee.”  
And thus the Sire of Gods and men replies,  
While pealing thunder shakes the groaning skies.  
The awful voice thro’ spheres unknown was driv’n  
Resounding thro’ the dark’ning realms of heaven. 240  
Aloft in air sublime the echo rode,  
And earth resounds the glory of the God :  
“Son of Athena, let the coward die,  
And his pale ghost, to Pluto’s empire fly ;  
Son of Athena, our command obey,  
Know thou our might, and then adore our sway.”  
Th’ Almighty spake — the heavens convulsive start,  
From the black clouds the whizzing lightnings dart  
And dreadful dance along the troubled sky  
Struggling with fate in awful mystery. 250  
The hero heard, and Jove his breast inspired  
Nor now by pity touched, but anger fired ;  
While his big heart within his bosom burns,  
Off from his feet the clinging slave he spurns.  
Vain were his cries, his prayers ’gainst fate above,  
Jove wills his fall, and who can strive with Jove ?  
To whom the hero — “Hence to Pluto’s sway,  
To realms of night, ne’er lit by Cynthia’s ray,  
Hence, from yon gulph the earth and water bring  
And crown with victory your mighty King.” 260  
He said — and where the gulph of death appeared  
Where raging waves, with rocks sublimely reared,  
He hurled the wretch at once of hope bereaved ;  
Struggling he fell, the roaring flood received,

E'en now for life his shrieks, his groans implore, }  
 And now death's latent agony is o'er, }  
 He struggling sinks, and sinks to rise no more. }  
 The train amaz'd, behold their herald die,  
 And Greece in arms — they tremble and they fly ;  
 So some fair herd upon the verdant mead 270  
 See by the lion's jaws their foremost bleed,  
 Fearful they fly, lest what revolving fate  
 Had doomed their leader, should themselves await.  
 Then shouts of glorious war, and fame resound,  
 Athena's brazen gates receive the lofty sound.  
 But she whom Paphia's radiant climes adore  
 From her own bower the work of Pallas saw :  
 Tumultuous thoughts within her bosom rise,  
 She calls her car, and at her will it flies.  
 Th' eternal car with gold celestial burns, 280  
 Its polished wheel on brazen axle turns :  
 This to his spouse by Vulcan's self was given  
 An offering worthy of the forge of heav'n.  
 The Goddess mounts the seat, and seized the reins,  
 The doves celestial cut the aerial plains,  
 Before the sacred birds and car of gold  
 Self-moved the radiant gates of heav'n unfold.  
 She then dismounts, and thus to mighty Jove  
 Begins the Mother and the Queen of Love.  
 " And is it thus, oh Sire, that fraud should spring 290  
 From the pure breast of heaven's eternal King ?  
 Was it for this, Saturnius' word was given  
 That Greece should fall 'mong nations curst of heaven ?  
 Thou swore by hell's black flood, and heaven above,  
 Is this, oh say, is this the faith of Jove ?  
 Behold stern Pallas, Athens' Sons alarms,  
 Darius' herald crushed, and Greece in arms.  
 E'en now behold her crested streamers fly,

Each Greek resolved to triumph or to die :  
 Ah me unhappy ! when shall sorrow cease ;     300  
 Too well I know the fatal might of Greece ;  
 Was 't not enough, imperial Troy should fall,  
 That Argive hands should raze the god-built wall ?  
 Was 't not enough Anchises' Son should roam  
 Far from his native shore and much loved home ?  
 All this unconscious of thy fraud I bore,  
 For thou, oh Sire, t' allay my vengeance, swore  
 That Athens towering in her might should fall  
 And Rome should triumph on her prostrate wall ;  
 But oh, if haughty Greece should captive bring     310  
 The great Darius, Persia's mighty King,  
 What power her pride, what power her might shall  
       move ?

Not e'en the Thunderer, not eternal Jove,  
 E'en to thy heav'n shall rise her towering fame,  
 And prostrate nations will adore her name.  
 Rather on me thy instant vengeance take }  
 Than all should fall for Cytherea's sake ! }  
 Oh ! hurl me flaming in the burning lake, }  
 Transfix me there unknown to Olympian calm,  
 Launch thy red bolt, and bare thy crimson arm.     320  
 I'd suffer all — more — bid my woes increase  
 To hear but one sad groan from haughty Greece."'  
 She thus her grief with fruitless rage expressed,  
 And pride and anger swelled within her breast.  
 But he whose thunders awe the troubled sky  
 Thus mournful spake, and curbed the rising sigh:  
 " And it is thus celestial pleasures flow ?  
 E'en here shall sorrow reach and mortal woe ?  
 Shall strife the heavenly powers for ever move  
 And e'en insult the sacred ear of Jove ?     330  
 Know, oh rebellious, Greece shall rise sublime

In fame the first, nor, daughter, mine the crime,  
In valour foremost, and in virtue great,  
Fame's highest glories shall attend her state.  
So fate ordains, nor all my boasted power  
Can raise those virtues, or those glories low'r :  
But rest secure, destroying time must come  
And Athens' self must own imperial Rome.”  
Then the great Thunderer, and with visage mild,  
Shook his ambrosial curls before his child, 340  
And bending awful gave the eternal nod ;  
Heav'n quaked, and fate adored the parent God.  
Joy seized the Goddess of the smiles and loves,  
Nor longer, care, her heavenly bosom moves.  
Hope rose, and o'er her soul its powers displayed,  
Nor checked by sorrow, nor by grief dismayed.  
She thus — “ Oh thou, whose awful thunders roll  
Thro' heaven's ethereal vaults and shake the Pole,  
Eternal Sire, so wonderfully great,  
To whom is known the secret page of fate, 350  
Say, shall great Persia, next to Rome most dear  
To Venus' breast, shall Persia learn to fear ?  
Say, shall her fame, and princely glories cease ?  
Shall Persia, servile, own the sway of Greece ? ”  
To whom the Thunderer bent his brow divine  
And thus in accents heavenly and benign ;  
“ Daughter, not mine the secrets to relate,  
The mysteries of all-revolving fate.  
But ease thy breast ; enough for thee to know,  
What powerful fate decrees, will Jove bestow ! ” 360  
He then her griefs, and anxious woes beguiled,  
And in his sacred arms embraced his child.  
Doubt clouds the Goddess' breast — she calls her car,  
And lightly sweeps the liquid fields of air.  
When sable night midst silent nature springs,



And o'er Athena shakes her drowsy wings,  
 The Paphian Goddess from Olympus flies,  
 And leaves the starry senate of the skies ;  
 To Athens' heaven-blest towers, the Queen repairs  
 To raise more sufferings, and to cause more cares ; 370  
 The Pylian Sage she moved so loved by fame,  
 In face, in wisdom, and in voice the same.  
 Twelve Chiefs in sleep absorbed and grateful rest  
 She first beheld, and them she thus address.  
 "Immortal Chiefs," the fraudulent Goddess cries,  
 While all the hero kindled in her eyes,  
 "For you, these aged arms did I employ,  
 For you, we razed the sacred walls of Troy,  
 And now for you, my shivering shade is driven  
 From Pluto's dreary realms by urgent Heaven ; 380  
 Then, oh be wise, nor tempt th' unequal fight  
 In open fields, but wait superior might  
 Within immortal Athens' sacred wall,  
 There strive, there triumph, nor there fear to fall ;  
 To own the Thunderer's sway, then Greeks prepare."  
 Benign she said, and melted into air.

## BOOK II.

WHEN from the briny deep, the orient morn  
 Exalts her purple light, and beams unshorn ;  
 And when the flaming orb of infant day  
 Glares o'er the earth, and re-illumes the sky ; 390  
 The twelve deceived, with souls on fire arose,  
 While the false vision fresh in memory glows ;  
 The Senate first they sought, whose lofty wall  
 Midst Athens rises, and o'ershadows all ;  
 The pride of Greece, it lifts its front sublime  
 Unbent amidst the ravages of time :

High on their towering seats, the heroes found  
The Chiefs of Athens solemn ranged around ;  
One of the twelve, the great Clombrotus, then,  
Renowned for piety, and loved by men : 400  
“ Assembled heroes, Chief to Pallas dear,  
All great in battle, and in virtue, hear !  
When night with sable wings extended rose  
And wrapt our weary limbs in sweet repose,  
I and my friends, Cydoon famed in song,  
Thelon the valiant, Herocles the strong,  
Cleon and Thermosites, in battle great  
By Pallas loved, and blest by partial fate,  
To us and other six, while day toils steep  
Our eyes in happy dreams, and grateful sleep, 410  
The Pylian Sage appeared, but not as when  
On Troy’s last dust he stood, the pride of men ;  
Driven from the shore of Acheron he came  
From lower realms to point the path to fame,  
‘ Oh glorious Chiefs,’ the sacred hero said,  
‘ For you and for your fame, all Troy has bled ;  
Hither for you, my shivering shade is driv’n  
From Pluto’s dreary realms by urgent Heav’n ;  
Then oh be wise, nor tempt th’ unequal fight  
In open field, but wait superior might 420  
Within immortal Athens’ sacred wall ;  
There strive, there triumph, nor there fear to fall !  
To own the Thunderer’s sway, then Greeks prepare.’  
Benign he said, and melted into air.  
‘ Leave us not thus,’ I cried, ‘ Oh Pylian Sage,  
Experienced Nestor, famed for reverend age,  
Say first, great hero, shall the trump of fame  
Our glory publish, or disclose our shame ?  
Oh what are Athens’ fates ?’ In vain I said ;  
E’en as I spoke the shadowy Chief had fled. 430

'Then here we flew, to own the vision's sway  
And heaven's decrees to adore and to obey.'"  
He thus — and as before the blackened skies,  
Sound the hoarse breezes, murmuring as they rise,  
So thro' th' assembled Greeks, one murmur rose,  
One long dull echo lengthening as it goes.  
Then all was hushed in silence — breathless awe  
Opprest each tongue, and trembling they adore.  
But now uprising from th' astonished Chiefs,  
Divine Miltiades exposed his griefs, 440  
For well the godlike warrior Sage had seen  
The frauds deceitful of the Paphian Queen,  
And feared for Greece, for Greece to whom is given  
Eternal fame, the purest gift of heaven.  
And yet he feared — the pious hero rose  
Majestic in his sufferings, in his woes ;  
Grief clammed his tongue, but soon his spirit woke,  
Words burst aloft, and all the Patriot spoke.  
"Oh Athens, Athens ! all the snares I view ;  
Thus shalt thou fall, and fall inglorious too ! 450  
Are all thy boasted dignities no more ?  
Is all thy might, are all thy glories o'er ?  
Oh woe on woe, unutterable grief !  
Not Nestor's shade, that cursed phantom chief,  
But in that reverend air, that lofty mien,  
Behold the frauds of Love's revengeful Queen.  
Not yet, her thoughts does vengeance cease t' employ ;  
Her Son Æneas' wrongs, and burning Troy  
Not yet forgotten lie within her breast,  
Nor soothed by time, nor by despair deprest. 460  
Greeks still extolled by glory and by fame,  
For yet, oh Chiefs ! ye bear a Grecian name,  
If in these walls, these sacred walls we wait  
The might of Persia, and the will of fate,

Before superior force will Athens fall  
 And one o'erwhelming ruin bury all.  
 Then in the open plain your might essay,  
 Rush on to battle, crush Darius' sway ;  
 The frauds of Venus, warrior Greeks, beware,  
 Disdain the Persian foes, nor stoop to fear." 470  
 This said, Clombrotus him indignant heard,  
 Nor felt his wisdom, nor his wrath he feared.  
 With rage the Chief, the godlike Sage beheld,  
 And passion in his stubborn soul rebelled.  
 "Thrice impious man," th' infuriate Chieftain cries,  
 (Flames black and fearful, flashing from his eyes,)  
 "Where lies your spirit, Greeks ? and can ye bow  
 To this proud upstart of your power so low ?  
 What ? does his aspect awe ye ? is his eye  
 So full of haughtiness and majesty ? 480  
 Behold the impious soul, that dares defy  
 The power of Gods and Sovereign of the sky !  
 And can your hands no sacred weapon wield,  
 To crush the tyrant, and your country shield ?  
 On, Greeks ! — your sons, your homes, your country  
     free  
 From such usurping Chiefs and tyranny !"  
 He said, and grasped his weapon — at his words  
 Beneath the horizon gleamed ten thousand swords,  
 Ten thousand swords e'en in one instant raised,  
 Sublime they danced aloft, and midst the Senate  
     blazed. 490  
 Nor wisdom checked, nor gratitude repress,  
 They rose, and flashed before the Sage's breast.  
 With pride undaunted, greatness unsubdued,  
 'Gainst him in arms, the impetuous Greeks he viewed,  
 Unarmed, unawed, before th' infuriate bands,  
 Nor begged for life, nor stretched his suppliant hands.

He stood astounded, riveted, oppressed  
 By grief unspeakable, which swelled his breast ;  
 Life, feeling, being, sense forgotten lie,  
 Buried in one wide waste of misery. 500  
 Can this be Athens ! this her Senate's pride ?  
 He asked but gratitude, — was this denied ?  
 Tho' Europe's homage at his feet were hurled  
 Athens forsakes him — Athens was his world.  
 Unutterable woe ! by anguish stung  
 All his full soul rushed heaving to his tongue,  
 And thoughts of power, of fame, of greatness o'er,  
 He cried "Athenians !" and he could no more.  
 Awed by that voice of agony, that word,  
 Hushed were the Greeks, and sheathed the obedient  
 sword, 510

They stood abashed — to them the ancient Chief  
 Began — and thus relieved his swelling grief :  
 "Athenians ! warrior Greeks ! my words reverse !  
 Strike me, but listen — bid me die, but hear !  
 Hear not Clombrotus, when he bids you wait,  
 At Athens' walls, Darius and your fate ;  
 I feel that Pallas' self, my soul inspires  
 My mind she strengthens, and my bosom fires ;  
 Strike, Greeks ! but hear me ; think not to this heart  
 Yon thirsty swords, one breath of fear impart ! 520  
 Such slavish, low born thoughts, to Greeks unknown,  
 A Persian feels, and cherishes alone !  
 Hear me, Athenians ! hear me, and believe,  
 See Greece mistaken ! e'en the Gods deceive.  
 But fate yet wavers — yet may wisdom move  
 These threatening woes and thwart the Queen of  
 Love.

Obey my counsels, and invoke for aid  
 The cloud-compelling God, and blue-eyed maid ;

I fear not for myself the silent tomb,  
Death lies in every shape, and death must come. 530  
But ah ! ye mock my truth, traduce my fame,  
Ye blast my honor, stigmatize my name !  
Ye call me tyrant when I wish thee free,  
Usurper, when I live but, Greece, for thee !"  
And thus the Chief — and boding silence drowned  
Each clam'rous tongue, and sullen reigned around.  
"Oh Chief !" great Aristides first began,  
"Mortal yet perfect, godlike and yet man !  
Boast of ungrateful Greece ! my prayer attend,  
Oh ! be my Chieftain, Guardian, Father, Friend ! 540  
And ye, oh Greeks ! impetuous and abhorred,  
Again presumptuous, lift the rebel sword,  
Again your weapons raise, in hateful ire,  
To crush the Leader, Hero, Patriot, Sire !  
Not such was Greece, when Greeks united stood  
To bathe perfidious Troy in hostile blood,  
Not such were Greeks inspired by glory ; then  
As Gods they conquered, now they're less than men !  
Degenerate race ! now lost to once loved fame,  
Traitors to Greece, and to the Grecian name ! 550  
Who now your honors, who your praise will seek ?  
Who shall now glory in the name of Greek ?  
But since such discords your base souls divide,  
Procure the lots, let Jove and Heaven decide."  
To him Clombrotus thus admiring cries,  
"Thy thoughts how wondrous, and thy words how  
wise !  
So let it be, avert the threatened woes,  
And Jove be present, and the right disclose ;  
But give me, Sire of Gods and powers above,  
The heavenly vision, and my truth to prove ! 560  
Give me t' avenge the breach of all thy laws,

T' avenge myself, then aid my righteous cause !  
 If this thou wilt, I'll to thine altars lead  
 Twelve bulls which to thy sacred name shall bleed,  
 Six snow-white heifers of a race divine  
 Prostrate shall fall, and heap the groaning shrine.  
 Nor this the most — six rams that fearless stray  
 Untouched by man, for thee this arm shall slay."  
 Thus prayed the Chief, with shouts the heavens  
     resound ;

Jove weighs the balance and the lots go round !      570  
 Declare, oh muse ! for to thy piercing eyes  
 The book of fate irrevocably lies ;  
 What lots leapt forth, on that eventful day  
 Who won, who lost, all seeing Goddess, say !  
 First great Clombrotus all his fortune tried  
 And strove with fate, but Jove his prayer denied.  
 Infuriate to the skies his arms are driven,  
 And raging thus upbraids the King of Heaven,  
 "Is this the virtue of the blest abodes,  
 And this the justice of the God of Gods ?      580  
 Can he who hurls the bolt, and shakes the sky  
 The prayer of truth, unblemished truth, deny ?  
 Has he no faith by whom the clouds are riven,  
 Who sits superior on the throne of Heaven ?  
 No wonder earth-born men are prone to fall  
 In sin, or listen to dishonor's call,  
 When Gods, th' immortal Gods, transgress the laws  
 Of truth, and sin against a righteous cause."  
 Furious he said, by anger's spirit fired,  
 Then sullen from the Senate walls retired.      590  
 'Tis now Miltiades' stern fate to dare,  
 But first he lifts his pious soul in prayer.  
 "Daughter of Jove !" the mighty Chief began,  
 "Without thy wisdom, frail and weak is man.



A phantom Greece adores ; oh show thy power  
And prove thy love in this eventful hour !  
Crown all thy glory, all thy might declare ! ”  
The Chieftain prayed, and Pallas heard his prayer.  
Swayed by the presence of the power divine,  
The fated lot, Miltiades, was thine ! 600  
That hour the swelling trump of partial fame  
Diffused eternal glory on thy name !  
“ Daughter of Jove,” he cries, “ unconquered maid !  
Thy power I own, and I confess thy aid,  
For this twelve ewes upon thy shrine shall smoke  
Of milk-white fleece, the comeliest of their flock.  
While hecatombs and generous sacrifice  
Shall fume and blacken half th’ astonished skies.”  
And thus the Chief — the shouting Greeks admire,  
While truth’s bright spirit sets their souls on fire. 610  
Then thus Themistocles, “ Ye Grecian host,  
Not now the time for triumph or for boast.  
Now, Greeks ! for graver toils your minds prepare,  
Not for the strife, but council of the war.  
Behold the sacred herald ! sent by Greece  
To Sparta’s vales now hushed in leagues of peace ;  
Her Chiefs, to aid the common cause, t’ implore,  
And bid Darius shun the Argive shore ;  
Behold him here ! then let the leader Greek  
Command the bearer of our hopes to speak.” 620  
And thus the Sage, “ Where’er the herald stands,  
Bid him come forth, ’tis Athens’ Chief commands,  
And bid him speak with freedom uncontrolled,  
His thoughts deliver and his charge unfold.”  
He said and sat — the Greeks impatient wait  
The will of Sparta, and Athena’s fate.  
Silent they sat — so ere the whirlwinds rise  
Ere billows foam and thunder to the skies,

Nature in death-like calm her breath suspends,  
And hushed in silent awe, th' approaching storm  
attends. 630

Now midst the Senate's walls the herald stands :  
"Ye Greeks," he said, and stretched his sacred  
hands,

"Assembled heroes, ye Athenian bands,  
And thou beloved of Jove, our Chief, oh Sage, ;  
Renowned for wisdom, as renowned for age,  
And all ye Chiefs in battle rank divine !  
No joyful mission swayed by Pallas mine.  
The hardy Spartans, with one voice declare  
Their will to aid our freedom and our war,  
Instant they armed, by zeal and impulse driven, 640  
But on the plains of the mysterious heaven  
Comets and fires were writ — and awful sign,  
And dreadful omen of the wrath divine :  
While threatened plagues upon their shores appear,  
They curb their valor, all subdued by fear ;  
The oracles declare the will above,  
And of the sister and the wife of Jove,  
That not until the moon's bright course was o'er  
The Spartan warriors should desert their shore.  
Threats following threats succeed the mandate dire, 650  
Plagues to themselves, and to their harvest fire.  
The Spartan Chiefs desist, their march delay  
To wait th' appointed hour and heaven obey.  
Grief smote my heart, my hopes and mission vain ;  
Their town I quitted for my native plain,  
And when an eminence I gained, in woe  
I gazed upon the verdant fields below,  
Where nature's ample reign extending wide,  
Displays her graces with commanding pride ;  
Where cool Eurotas winds her limpid floods 660

Thro' verdant valleys, and thro' shady woods ;  
And crowned in majesty o'ertowering all  
In bright effulgence, Sparta's lofty wall.  
To these I looked farewell, and humbled, bowed  
In chastened sorrow, to the thundering God.  
'Twas thus I mused, when from a verdant grove  
That wafts delicious perfume from above,  
The monster Pan his form gigantic reared,  
And dreadful to my awe-struck sight appeared.  
I hailed the God who reigns supreme below, 670  
Known by the horns that started from his brow ;  
Up to the hips a goat, but man's his face  
Tho' grim, and stranger to celestial grace.  
Within his hand a shepherd's crook he bore  
The gift of Dian, on th' Arcadian shore ;  
Before th' immortal power I, fearing, bowed  
Congealed with dread, and thus addressed the God :  
' Comes Hermes' Son, as awful as his Sire,  
To vent upon the Greeks immortal ire ?  
Is't not enough, the mandate stern I bring 680  
From Sparta's Chiefs, and Sparta's royal King,  
That heaven enjoins them to refrain from fight  
Till Dian fills again her horns with light ?  
Then vain their aid, ere then may Athens fall  
And Persia's haughty Chiefs invest her wall.'  
I said and sighed, the God in accents mild  
My sorrow thus and rigid griefs beguiled :  
' Not to destroy I come, oh chosen Greek,  
Not Athens' fall, but Athens' fame I seek.  
Then give again to honor and to fame 690  
My power despised, and my forgotten name.  
At Sparta's doom, no longer, Chief, repine,  
But learn submission to the will divine ;  
Behold e'en now, within this fated hour

On Marathonian plains, the Persian power !  
 E'en Hippias' self inspires th' embattled host,  
 Th' Athenian's terror, as the Persian's boast.  
 Bid Athens rise and glory's powers attest.  
 Enough — no more — the fates conceal the rest.'  
 He said, his visage burned with heavenly light ; 700 }  
 He spoke and, speaking, vanished from my sight ; }  
 And awed, I sought where those loved walls invite. }  
 But think not, warrior Greeks, the fault is mine,  
 If Athens fall — it is by wrath divine.  
 I vainly, vainly grieve, the evil springs  
 From him — the God of Gods, the King of Kings ! ''  
 The Herald said, and bent his sacred head,  
 While cherished hope from every bosom fled.  
 Each dauntless hero, by despair deprest  
 Felt the deep sorrow, swelling in his breast. 710  
 They mourn for Athens, friendless and alone ;  
 Cries followed cries, and groan succeeded groan.  
 Th' Athenian matrons, startled at the sound,  
 Rush from their looms and anxious crowd around.  
 They ask the cause, the fatal cause is known  
 By each fond sigh, and each renewing groan,  
 While in their arms some infant love they bear  
 At once for which they joy, for which they fear.  
 Hushed on its mother's breast, the cherished child  
 Unconscious midst the scene of terror smiled : 720  
 On rush the matrons, they despairing seek  
 Miltiades, adored by every Greek ;  
 Him found at length, his counsels they entreat,  
 Hang on his knees and clasp his sacred feet.  
 Their babes before him on the ground they throw  
 In all the maddening listlessness of woe.  
 First Delopeia, of the matrons chief,  
 Thus vents her bursting soul in frantic grief,

While her fond babe she holds aloft in air ;  
 Thus her roused breast prefers a mother's prayer : 730  
 " Oh Son of Cimon, for the Grecians raise  
 To heaven, thy fame, thy honor, and thy praise.  
 Thus — thus — shall Athens and her heroes fall,  
 Shall thus one ruin seize and bury all ?  
 Say, shall these babes be strangers then to fame,  
 And be but Greeks in spirit and in name ?  
 Oh first, ye Gods ! and hear a mother's prayer,  
 First let them glorious fall in ranks of war !  
 If Asia triumph, then shall Hippias reign  
 And Athens' free-born Sons be slaves again ! 740  
 Oh Son of Cimon ! let thy influence call  
 The souls of Greeks to triumph or to fall !  
 And guard their own, their children's, country's name,  
 From foul dishonor, and eternal shame !  
 Thus thro' her griefs, the love of glory broke,  
 The mother wept, but 'twas the Patriot spoke :  
 And as before the Greek she bowed with grace,  
 The lucid drops bedewed her lovely face.  
 Their shrieks and frantic cries the matrons cease,  
 And death-like silence awes the Sons of Greece. 750  
 Thrice did the mighty Chief of Athens seek  
 To curb his feelings and essay to speak,  
 'Twas vain — the ruthless sorrow wrung his breast,  
 His mind disheartened, and his soul opprest.  
 He thus — while o'er his cheek the moisture stole,  
 " Retire ye matrons, nor unman my soul !  
 Tho' little strength this aged arm retains,  
 My swelling soul Athena's foe disdains ;  
 Hushed be your griefs, to heav'n for victory cry,  
 Assured we'll triumph, or with freedom die. 760  
 And ye, oh Chiefs, when night disowns her sway  
 And pensive Dian yields her power to day,

To quit these towers for Marathon prepare,  
 And brave Darius in the ranks of war.  
 For yet may Jove protect the Grecian name  
 And crown, in unborn ages, Athens' fame."  
 He said — and glowing with the warlike fire,  
 And cheered by hope, the Godlike Chiefs retire.  
 Now Cynthia rules the earth, the flaming God  
 In ocean sinks, green Neptune's old abode ; 770  
 Black Erebus on drowsy pinions springs  
 And o'er Athena cowers his sable wings.

## BOOK III.

WHEN from the deep the hour's eternal sway  
 Impels the coursers of the flaming day,  
 The long haired Greeks, with brazen arms prepare,  
 Their freedom to preserve and wage the war.  
 First Aristides from the couch arose,  
 While his great mind with all Minerva glows ;  
 His mighty limbs, his golden arms invest,  
 The cuirass blazes on his ample breast, 780  
 The glittering cuisses both his legs enfold,  
 And the huge shield's on fire with burnished gold ;  
 His hands two spears uphold of equal size,  
 And fame's bright glories kindle in his eyes ;  
 Upon his helmet, plumes of horse hair nod,  
 And forth he moved, majestic as a God !  
 Upon his snorting steed the warrior sprung,  
 The courser neighed, the brazen armour rung ;  
 From heaven's ethereal heights the martial maid  
 With conscious pride, the hero's might surveyed. 790  
 Him as she eyed, she shook the gorgon shield ;  
 "Henceforth to me," she cried, "let all th' immor-  
 tals yield.

Let monster Mars, the Latian regions own,  
For Attica, Minerva stands alone.”  
And now, th’ unconquered Chief of Justice gains  
The Senate’s walls, and there the steed detains,  
Whence he dismounts — Miltiades he seeks,  
Beloved of Jove, the leader of the Greeks,  
Nor sought in vain ; there clad in armour bright  
The Chieftain stood, all eager for the fight. 800  
Within his aged hand two lances shine,  
The helmet blazed upon his brows divine,  
And as he bends beneath th’ unequal weight  
Youth smiles again, when with gigantic might  
His nervous limbs, immortal arms could wield,  
Crush foe on foe, and raging, heap the field.  
Yet tho’ such days were past, and ruthless age  
Transformed the warrior to the thoughtful sage ;  
Tho’ the remorseless hand of silent time  
Impaired each joint, and stiffened every limb ; 810  
Yet thro’ his breast, the fire celestial stole,  
Throbbled in his veins, and kindled in his soul.  
In thought, the Lord of Asia threats no more,  
And Hippias bites the dust, mid seas of gore.  
Him as he viewed, the youthful hero’s breast  
Heaved high with joy, and thus the Sage addressed :  
“ Chief, best beloved of Pallas,” he began,  
“ In fame allied to Gods, oh wondrous man !  
Behold Apollo gilds th’ Athenian wall,  
Our freedom waits, and fame and glory call 820  
To battle ! Asia’s King and myriads dare,  
Swell the loud trump, and swell the din of war.”  
He said impatient ; then the warrior sage  
Began, regardless of the fears of age :  
“ Not mine, oh youth, with caution to controul  
The fire and glory of thy eager soul ;





Cleon, Minerva's priest, experienced sage, 860  
 Advanced in wisdom, as advanced in age.  
 Agregoras, Delenus' favorite child ;  
 The parent's cares, the glorious son beguiled.  
 But now he leaves his sire to seek his doom,  
 His country's freedom, or a noble tomb.  
 And young Aratus moved with youthful pride,  
 And heart elated at the hero's side.  
 Next thou, Cleones, thou triumphant moved  
 By Athens honoured, by the Greeks beloved :  
 And Sthenelus the echoing pavements trod, 870  
 From youth devoted to the martial God.  
 Honor unspotted crowned the hero's name,  
 Unbounded virtue, and unbounded fame.  
 Such heroes shone the foremost of the host,  
 All Athens' glory, and all Athens' boast.  
 Behind a sable cloud of warriors rise  
 With ponderous arms, and shouting rend the skies.  
 These bands with joy Miltiades inspire,  
 Fame fills his breast, and sets his soul on fire.  
 Aloft he springs into the gold-wrought car, 880  
 While the shrill blast resounds, to war ! to war !  
 The coursers plunge as conscious of their load  
 And proudly neighing, feel they bear a God.  
 The snow white steeds by Pallas' self were given,  
 Which sprung from the immortal breed of heaven.  
 The car was wrought of brass and burnished gold,  
 And divers figures on its bulk were told,  
 Of heroes who in plunging to the fight  
 Shrouded Troy's glories in eternal night ;  
 Of fierce Pelides, who relenting gave, 890  
 At Priam's prayer, to Hector's corpse a grave ;  
 Here Spartan Helen flies her native shore,  
 To bid proud Troy majestic stand no more ;

There Hector clasps his consort to his breast,  
Consoles his sufferings, tho' himself oppressed ;  
And there he rushes to the embattled field  
For victory or death, nor e'en in death to yield :  
Here Ilium prostrate feels the Argive ire,  
Her heroes perished and her towers on fire.  
And here old Priam breathes his last drawn sigh, 900  
And feels 'tis least of all his griefs to die.  
There his loved sire, divine Æneas bears,  
And leaves his own with all a patriot's tears ;  
While in one hand he holds his weeping boy,  
And looks his last on lost unhappy Troy.  
The warrior seized the reins, the impatient steeds  
Foam at the mouth and spring where glory leads.  
The gates, the heroes pass, th' Athenian dames  
Bend from their towers, and bid them save from flames  
Their walls, their infant heirs, and fill the skies 910  
With shouts, entreaties, prayers, and plaintive cries :  
Echo repeats their words, the sounds impart  
New vigour to each Greek's aspiring heart.  
Forward with shouts they press, and hastening on  
Try the bold lance and dream of Marathon.  
Meanwhile the Persians on th' embattled plain  
Prepare for combat, and the Greeks disdain.  
Twice twenty sable bulls they daily pay,  
Unequalled homage, to the God of day ;  
Such worthy gifts, the wealthy warriors bring, 920  
And such the offerings of the Persian King ;  
While the red wine around his altars flowed  
They beg protection from the flaming God.  
But the bright patron of the Trojan war  
Accepts their offerings, but rejects their prayer :  
The power of love alone dares rigid fate,  
To vent on Greece her vengeance and her hate ;

Not love for Persia prompts the vengeful dame,  
But hate for Athens, and the Grecian name :  
In Phœbus' name, the fraudulent Queen receives 930  
The hecatombs, and happy omens gives.  
And now the heralds with one voice repeat  
The will of Datis echoing thro' the fleet,  
To council, to convene the Persian train,  
That Athens' Chiefs should brave their might in vain.  
The Chiefs and Hippias' self his will obey,  
And seek the camp, the heralds lead the way.  
There on the couch, their leader Datis sat  
In ease luxurious, and in kingly state ;  
Around his brow, pride deep and scornful played, 940  
A purple robe, his slothful limbs arrayed,  
Which o'er his form, its silken draperies fold,  
Majestic sweeps the ground, and glows with gold ;  
While Artaphernes resting at his side  
Surveys th' advancing train with conscious pride.  
The Elder leader, mighty Datis, then,  
" Assembled Princes, great and valiant men,  
And thou thrice glorious Hippias, loved by heav'n,  
To whom, as to thy Sire, is Athens giv'n ;  
Behold the Grecian banners float afar, 950  
Shouting they hail us, and provoke the war.  
Then, mighty Chiefs and Princes, be it yours  
To warm and fire the bosoms of our powers,  
That when the morn has spread her saffron light,  
The Greeks may own and dread Darius' might ;  
For know, oh Chiefs, when once proud Athens falls,  
When Persian flames shall reach her haughty walls,  
From her depression, wealth to you shall spring,  
And honor, fame and glory to your King."  
He said ; his words the Princes' breasts inspire, 960  
Silent they bend, and with respect retire.

And now the Greeks in able marches gain,  
By Pallas fired, the Marathonian plain.  
Before their eyes th' unbounded ocean rolls  
And all Darius' fleet — unwawed their souls,  
They fix their banners, and the tents they raise  
And in the sun, their polished javelins blaze.  
Their leader's self within the brazen car  
Their motions orders, and prepares for war ;  
Their labors o'er, the aged hero calls 970  
The Chiefs to council midst the canvas walls,  
And then the Sage, " How great the Persian host !  
But let them not their strength or numbers boast.  
Their slothful minds to love of fame unknown,  
Sigh not for war, but for the spoil alone.  
Strangers to honor's pure immortal light,  
They not as heroes, but as women fight ;  
Groveling as proud, and cowardly as vain,  
The Greeks they fear, their numbers they disdain.  
And now Athenians ! fired by glory, rise 980  
And lift your fame unsullied to the skies,  
Your victim Persia, liberty your prize.  
And now twice twenty sable bullocks bring  
To heap the altars of the thundering King,  
Bid twelve white heifers of gigantic breed  
To Jove's great daughter, wise Minerva, bleed,  
And then in sleep employ the solemn night  
Nor till Apollo reigns, provoke the fight."  
The hero said ; the warlike council o'er  
They raise the lofty altars on the shore. 990  
They pile in heaps the pride of all the wood ;  
They fall the first, who first in beauty stood :  
The pine that soars to heaven, the sturdy oak,  
And cedars crackle at each hero's stroke.  
And now two altars stand of equal size

And lift their forms majestic to the skies,  
The heroes then twice twenty bullocks bring,  
A worthy offering to the thundering King.  
The aged leader seized the sacred knife, 999  
Blow followed blow, out gushed the quivering life;  
Thro' their black hides the ruthless steel is driven  
The victims groan — Jove thunders from his heaven.  
And then their bulks upon the pile they lay,  
The flames rush upward, and the armies pray.  
Driven by the wind, the roaring fires ascend,  
And now they hiss in air, and now descend ;  
With all their sap, the new cut faggots raise  
Their flames to heaven, and crackle as they blaze ;  
And then the Sage, " Oh, thou of powers above  
The first and mightiest, hear, eternal Jove ! 1010  
Give us, that Athens in her strength may rise  
And lift our fame and freedom to the skies !"  
This said, he ceased — th' assembled warriors pour  
The sacred incense, and the God adore ;  
Then partial Jove propitious heard their prayer,  
Thrice shook the heavens, and thundered thro' the  
air ;  
With joy, the Greeks, the favoring sign inspires,  
And their breasts glow with all the warlike fires :  
And now twelve heifers white as snow they lead  
To great Minerva's sacred name to bleed. 1020  
They fall — their bulks upon the pile are laid  
Sprinkled with oil, and quick in flame arrayed.  
And now descending midst the darkening skies  
Behold the Goddess of the radiant eyes.  
The ground she touched, beneath the mighty load  
Earth groaning rocks, and nature hails the God.  
Within her hand her father's lightnings shone,  
And shield that blazes near th' eternal throne ;

The Greeks with fear, her dauntless form surveyed,  
And trembling bowed before the blue-eyed maid.  
Then favoring, thus began the power divine, 1031  
While in her eyes celestial glories shine;  
“Ye sons of Athens, loved by heaven,” she cries,  
“Revered by men, be valiant and be wise.  
When morn awakes, Darius’ numbers dare,  
Clang your loud arms, and rouse the swelling war :  
But first to yon proud fleet a herald send  
To bid the Persians yield, and fight suspend,  
For vainly to their God they suppliant call,  
Jove favors Greece, and Pallas wills their fall.” 1040  
She said, and thro’ the depths of air she flies,  
Mounts the blue heaven, and scales the liquid skies.  
The Greeks rejoicing thank the powers above  
And Jove’s great daughter, and eternal Jove.  
And now a herald to the fleet they send  
To bid the Persians yield, and war suspend.  
Thro’ the divided troops the herald goes  
Thro’ Athens’ host, and thro’ th’ unnumbered foes.  
Before the holy man, the Persian bands  
Reverend give way, and ask what Greece demands :  
He tells not all, but that he, chosen, seeks 1051  
Datis their Chief, by order of the Greeks.  
The mission but in part he sage reveals,  
And what his prudence prompts him, he conceals.  
Then to their Chief they lead him, where he sat  
With pomp surrounded, and in gorgeous state ;  
Around his kingly couch, his arms were spread  
Flaming in gold, by forge Cyclopeon made ;  
And then stern Datis frowning thus began,  
“What hopes deceive thee, miserable man ? 1060  
What treacherous fate allures thee thus to stray  
Thro’ all our hosts ? What Gods beguile the way ?



Think'st thou to 'scape the Persian steel, when Greece  
Our herald crushed, and banished hopes of peace ?  
But speak, what will the Greeks ? and do they dare  
To prove our might, and tempt th' unequal war ?  
Or do they deign to own Darius' sway  
And yield to Persia's might th' embattled day ? ”  
To whom th' Athenian herald made reply  
“ The Greeks disdain your terms, and scorn to fly.  
Unknown to heroes and to sons of Greece      1071  
The shameful slavery of a Persian peace ;  
Defiance stern, not servile gifts I bring,  
Your bonds detested, and despised your King ;  
Of equal size, the Greeks two altars raise  
To Jove's high glory, and Minerva's praise.  
The God propitious heard, and from the skies  
Descends the Goddess of the azure eyes,  
And thus began — ‘ Assembled Greeks, give ear  
Attend my wisdom, nor my glory fear ;      1080  
When morn awakes, Darius' numbers dare,  
Clang your loud arms, and rouse the swelling war :  
But first to yon proud fleet a herald send  
To bid the Persians yield, and war suspend,  
For vainly to their God they suppliant call,  
Jove favors Greece, and Pallas wills their fall.’  
The Goddess spoke ; th' Athenians own her sway.  
I seek the fleet, and heaven's command obey.  
The Greeks disdain your millions in the war,  
Nor I, oh Chief, your promised vengeance fear. 1090  
Strike ! but remember that the God on high  
Who rules the heavens, and thunders thro' the sky,  
Not unrevenged will see his herald slain,  
Nor shall thy threats his anger tempt in vain.”  
And thus the Greek : then Datis thus replies,  
Flames black and fearful scowling from his eyes,

“Herald away ! and Asia’s vengeance fear ;  
Back to your phrenzied train my mandate bear,  
That Greece and Grecian Gods may threat in vain,  
We scorn their anger, and their wrath disdain. 1100  
For he who lights the earth and rules the skies  
With happy omens to our vows replies.  
When morn uprising breathes her saffron light,  
Prepare to dare our millions in the fight.  
Thy life I give, Darius’ will to say  
And Asia’s hate — hence, Chief, no more, away !”  
He said, and anger filled the Grecian’s breast,  
But prudent, he the rising wrath suppressed ;  
Indignant, thro’ the canvas tents he strode  
And silently invoked the thundering God. 1110  
Fears for his country in his bosom rose,  
As on he wandered midst unnumbered foes ;  
He strikes his swelling breast and hastens on  
O’er the wide plains of barren Marathon.  
And now he sees the Grecian banners rise,  
And well-armed warriors blaze before his eyes.  
Then thus he spoke — “Ye Grecian bands, give ear,  
Ye warrior Chiefs and Attic heroes hear !  
Your will to Asia’s other Prince I told,  
All which you bade me, Chieftains, to unfold, 1120  
But Pallas’ vengeance I denounced in vain,  
Your threats he scorned, and heard with proud dis-  
dain.  
The God, he boasts, who lights the earth and skies,  
With happy omens to his vows replies ;  
Then when the uprising morn extends her light  
Prepare, ye Greeks, to dare his powers in fight.”  
He said — the Greeks for instant strife declare  
Their will, and arm impatient for the war.  
Then he, their godlike Chief, as Pallas sage,

“Obey my counsels, and repress your rage, 1130  
Ye Greeks,” he cried, “the sacred night displays  
Her shadowy veil, and earth in gloom arrays ;  
Her sable shades, e’en Persia’s Chiefs obey,  
And wait the golden mandate of the day :  
Such is the will of Jove, and Gods above,  
And such the order of the loved of Jove.”  
He said — the Greeks their leader’s word obey,  
They seek their tents, and wait th’ approaching day,  
O’er either host celestial Somnus reigns,  
And solemn silence lulls th’ embattled plains. 1140

## BOOK IV.

AND now the morn by Jove to mortals given  
With rosy fingers opes the gates of heaven.  
The Persian Princes and their haughty Lord  
Gird on their arms, and seize the flaming sword :  
Forth, forth they rush to tempt the battle’s roar,  
Earth groans, and shouts rebelling shake the shore.  
As when the storm the heavenly azure shrouds  
With sable night, and heaps on clouds, the clouds,  
The Persians rose, and crowd th’ embattl’d plain  
And stretch their warlike millions to the main ; 1150  
And now th’ Athenians throng the fatal field  
By fame inspired, and swords and bucklers wield ;  
In air sublime their floating banners rise,  
The lances blaze ; the trumpets rend the skies.  
And then Miltiades — “Athenians, hear,  
Behold the Persians on the field appear  
Dreadful in arms ; remember, Greeks, your fame,  
Rush to the war, and vindicate your name ;  
Forward ! till low in death the Persians lie,  
For freedom triumph or for freedom die.” 1160

He said ; his visage glows with heavenly light ;  
 He spoke sublime, and rush'd into the fight.  
 And now the fury of the way<sup>1</sup> began —  
 Lance combats lance, and man's opposed to man ;  
 Beneath their footsteps, groans the laboring plain  
 And shouts re-echoing bellow to the main ;  
 Mars rages fierce ; by heroes, heroes die ;  
 Earth rocks, Jove thunders, and the wounded cry.  
 What mighty Chiefs by Aristides fell,  
 What heroes perished, heavenly Goddess, tell, 1170  
 First thou, oh Peleus ! felt his conquering hand,  
 Stretched in the dust and weltering in the sand,  
 Thro' thy bright shield, the forceful weapon went,  
 Thyself in arms o'erthrown, thy corslet rent ;  
 Next rash Antennes met an early fate,  
 And feared, alas ! th' unequal foe too late ;  
 And Delucus the sage, and Philo fell,  
 And Crotan sought the dreary gates of hell,  
 And Mnemon's self with wealth and honor crowned,  
 Revered for virtue, and for fame renowned ; 1180  
 He, great in battle, feared the hero's hand,  
 Groaning he fell, and spurned the reeking sand.  
 But what bold chief thus rashly dares advance ?  
 Tho' not in youth, he shakes the dreadful lance,  
 Proudly the earth the haughty warrior trod,  
 He looked a Monarch and he moved a God :  
 Then on the Greek with rage intrepid flew  
 And with one blow th' unwary Greek o'erthrew ;  
 That hour, oh Chief, and that eventful day  
 Had bade thee pass a shivering ghost away, 1190  
 But Pallas, fearful for her fav'rite's life,  
 Sudden upraised thee to renew the strife ;  
 Then Aristides with fresh vigour rose,

<sup>1</sup> [So the original; query, *day* or *fray* ?]

Shame fired his breast, his soul with anger glows,  
 With all his force he rushes on the foe,  
 The warrior bending disappoints the blow,  
 And thus with rage contemptuous, "Chieftain, know,  
 Hippias, the loved of heaven, thine eyes behold,  
 Renowned for strength of arm, in battle bold,  
 But tell thy race, and who the man whose might 1200  
 Dares cope with rebel Athens' King in fight."  
 Stung to the soul, "Oh Slave," the Greek returns,  
 While his big heart within his bosom burns,  
 "Perfidious Prince, to faith and truth unknown ;  
 On Athens' ashes, raise thy tyrant throne,  
 When Grecia's chiefs, and Grecia's heroes fall.  
 When Persia's fires invest her lofty wall,  
 When nought but slaves within her towers remain,  
 Then, nor till then, shalt thou, oh Hippias, reign,  
 Then, nor till then, will Athens yield her fame } 1210  
 To foul dishonor, and eternal shame ;  
 Come on ! no matter what my race or name ; }  
 For this, oh Prince, this truth unerring know,  
 That in a Greek, you meet a noble foe."  
 Furious he said, and on the Prince he sprung  
 With all his force, the meeting armour rung,  
 Struggling they raged, and both together fell.  
 That hour the tyrant's ghost had entered hell,  
 But partial fate prolonged the Prince's breath,  
 Renewed the combat, and forbad the death. 1220  
 Meanwhile the hosts, the present war suspend,  
 Silent they stand, and heaven's decree attend.  
 First the bright lance majestic Hippias threw  
 But erringly the missile weapon flew ;  
 Then Aristides hurled the thirsty dart,  
 Struck the round shield, and nearly pierced his heart,  
 But the bright arms, that shone with conscious pride,

Received the blow, and turned the point aside.  
And thus, the Greek, " Whom your enquiring eyes  
Behold, oh Prince," th' Athenian hero cries, 1230  
" Is Aristides, called the just, a name  
By Athens honored, nor unknown to fame."  
Scared at the sound, and seized by sudden fright,  
The Prince starts back, in mean, inglorious flight.  
And now Bellona rages o'er the field,  
All strive elated, all disdain to yield ;  
And great Themistocles in arms renowned,  
Stretched heaps of heroes on the groaning ground.  
First by his hand fell Delos' self, divine,  
The last loved offspring of a noble line, 1240  
Straight thro' his neck the reeking dart was driven,  
Prostrate he sinks, and vainly calls to heaven.  
Next godlike Phanes, midst the Persians just,  
Leucon and mighty Caudos bit the dust ;  
And now the Greek, with pride imprudent, dares  
Victorious Mandrocles renowned in wars.  
The agile Persian swift avoids the blow  
Furious disarms and grasps th' unequal foe !  
Th' intrepid Greek, with godlike calm awaits  
His instant fall, and dares th' impending fates, 1250  
But great Cynægirus his danger spies  
And lashed his steeds, the ponderous chariot flies,  
Then from its brazen bulk, he leaps to ground,  
Beneath his clanging arms the plains resound,  
And on the Persian rushes fierce, and raised  
The clattering axe on high, which threatening blazed,  
And lopped his head ; out spouts the smoking gore  
And the huge trunk rolled bleeding on the shore.  
And then Cynægirus, " Thus, Persian, go  
And boast thy victory in the shades below, 1260  
A headless form, and tell who bade thee bleed,

For know a Greek performed the wondrous deed :  
 But thou, Themistocles, oh hero ! say  
 Who bade thee rush, to tempt th' unequal fray ?  
 But learn from this, thy daring to restrain,  
 And seek less mighty foes upon the plain."'  
 With secret wrath the youthful hero burned  
 And thus impetuous to the Chief returned ;  
 " Such thoughts as these, unworthy those who dare  
 The battle's rage, and tempt the toils of war ; 1270  
 Heedless of death, and by no fears opprest,  
 Conquest my aim, I leave to heaven the rest."  
 He said, and glowed with an immortal light,  
 Plunged 'midst the foes, and mingled in the fight.  
 Zeno the bravest of the Persian youth  
 Renowned for filial piety and truth ;  
 His mother's only joy ; she loved to trace  
 His father's features in his youthful face ;  
 That Sire, in fight o'erwhelmed, mid seas of gore  
 Slept unentombed, and cared for fame no more. 1280  
 And now as youth in opening manhood glows,  
 All his loved father in his visage rose,  
 Like him, regardful of his future fame,  
 Resolved like him to immortalize his name,  
 At glory's call, he quits his native shore  
 And feeble parent, to return no more ;  
 Oh ! what prophetic griefs her bosom wrung  
 When on his neck in agony she hung !  
 When on that breast she hid her sorrowing face,  
 And feared to take, or shun, the last embrace ! 1290  
 Unhappy youth ! the fates decree thy doom,  
 Those flowers, prepared for joy, shall deck thy tomb.  
 Thy mother now no more shall hail thy name  
 So high enrolled upon the lists of fame,  
 Nor check the widow's tear, the widow's sigh,



For e'en her son, her Zeno's doom to die.  
 Zeno, e'en thou ! for so the Gods decree,  
 A parents' threshold opes no more for thee !  
 On him the hero turned his eye severe  
 Nor on his visage saw one mark of fear ; 1300  
 There manly grace improved each separate part,  
 And joined by ties of truth, the face and heart.  
 The supple javelin then the Grecian tries  
 With might gigantic, and the youth defies.  
 Its point impetuous, at his breast he flung,  
 The brazen shield received, and mocking rung ;  
 Then Zeno seized the lance, the Chief defied,  
 And scoffing, thus began, in youthful pride ;  
 " Go, mighty Greek ! to weaker warriors go,  
 And fear this arm, and an unequal foe ; 1310  
 A mother gave the mighty arms I bear,  
 Nor think with such a gift, I cherish fear."  
 He hurled the lance, but Pallas' self was there,  
 And turned the point, it passed in empty air.  
 With hope renewed, again the hero tries  
 His boasted might, the thirsty weapon flies  
 In Zeno's breast it sinks, and drank the gore,  
 And stretched the hero vanquished on the shore ;  
 Gasping for utterance, and life, and breath,  
 For fame he sighs, nor fears approaching death. 1320  
 Themistocles perceived, and bending low  
 Thought of his friends, and tears began to flow  
 That washed the bleeding bosom of his foe. }  
 Young Zeno then, the Grecian hero eyed  
 Rejects his offered aid, and all defied,  
 Breathed one disdainful sigh, and turned his head and  
 died.  
 Such Persians did the godlike warrior slay,  
 And bade their groaning spirits pass away.

Epizelus, the valiant and the strong,  
 Thundered in fight, and carried death along ; 1330  
 Him not a Greek in strength of arms surpassed,  
 In battle foremost, but in virtue last.  
 He, impious man, to combat dared defy  
 The Gods themselves, and senate of the sky,  
 E'en earth and heaven, and heaven's eternal sire,  
 He mocks his thunders, and disdains his ire.  
 But now the retributive hour is come,  
 And rigid justice seals the Boaster's doom.  
 Theseus he sees, within the fight, revealed  
 To him alone — to all the rest concealed. 1340  
 To punish guilt, he leaves the shades below  
 And quits the seat of never ending woe.  
 Pale as in death, upon his hands he bore  
 Th' infernal serpent of the dreadful shore,  
 To stay his progress should he strive to fly  
 From Tart'rus far, and gain the upper sky.  
 This (dreadful sight !) with slippery sinews now  
 Wreathed round his form, and clasped his ghastly brow ;  
 With horror struck, and seized with sudden awe  
 The Greek beheld, nor mingled in the war. 1350  
 Withheld from combat by the force of fear,  
 He trembling thus — " Oh say, what God draws near ?  
 But speak thy will, if 'tis a God, oh speak !  
 Nor vent thy vengeance on a single Greek."  
 Vainly he suppliant said — o'erpowered with fright,  
 And instant from his eyeballs fled the sight ;  
 Confused, distracted, to the skies he throws  
 His frantic arms, and thus bewails his woes :  
 " Almighty ! thou by whom the bolts are driven !"  
 He said, and cast his sightless balls to heav'n, 1360  
 " Restore my sight, unhappy me, restore  
 My own loved offspring, to behold once more !

So will I honor thy divine abodes,  
And learn how dreadful th' avenging Gods !  
And if — but oh forbid ! you mock my prayer  
And cruel fate me ever cursed declare,  
Give me, to yield to fame alone my life  
And fall immortalised, — in glorious strife ! ”  
He said — the God who thunders thro' the air,  
Frowns on his sufferings and rejects his prayer. 1370  
Around his form the dreadful Ægis spread  
And darts fall harmless on his wretched head ;  
Condemned by fate in ceaseless pain to groan,  
Friendless, in grief, in agony alone.  
Now Mars and death pervade on every side  
And heroes fall, and swell the crimson tide.  
Not with less force th' Athenian leader shone  
In strife conspicuous, nor to fame unknown,  
Advanced in wisdom, and in honored years,  
He nor for life, but for the battle fears. 1380  
Borne swift as winds within the flying car  
Now here, now there, directs the swelling war,  
On every side the foaming coursers guides,  
Here praises valour, and there rashness chides ;  
While from his lips persuasive accents flow  
T' inspire th' Athenians, or unman the foe.  
The glorious Greeks rush on, with daring might  
And shout and thunder, and encrease the fight.  
Nor yet inglorious do the Persians shine,  
In battle's ranks they strength and valour join. 1390  
Datis himself impels the ponderous car  
Thro' broken ranks, conspicuous in the war,  
In armour sheathed, and terror round him spread  
He whirls his chariot over heaps of dead ;  
Where'er he dreadful rushes, warriors fly,  
Ghosts seek their hell, and chiefs and heroes die.

All pale with rage he ranks on ranks o'erthrows,  
 For blood he gasps, and thunders midst his foes.  
 Callimachus the mighty leader found  
 In fight conspicuous, bearing death around. 1400  
 The lance wheeled instant from the Persian's hand  
 Transfixed the glorious Grecian in the sand.  
 Fate ends the hero's life, and stays his breath  
 And clouds his eyeballs with the shade of death :  
 Erect in air the cruel javelin stood,  
 Pierced thro' his breast, and drank the spouting blood.  
 Released from life's impending woes and care,  
 The soul immerses in the fields of air :  
 Then, crowned with laurels, seeks the blest abodes  
 Of awful Pluto, and the Stygian floods. 1410  
 And now with joy great Aristides saw  
 Again proud Hippias thundering thro' the war,  
 And mocking thus, " Oh tyrant, now await  
 The destined blow, behold thy promised fate !  
 Thrice mighty King, obey my javelin's call  
 For e'en thy godlike self's decreed to fall ;"  
 He said, and hurled the glittering spear on high,  
 The destined weapon hissed along the sky ;  
 Winged by the hero's all-destroying hand 1419  
 It pierced the Prince, and stretched him on the sand.  
 Then thro' the air the awful peals were driven  
 And lightnings blazed along the vast of heaven.  
 The Persian hosts behold their bulwark die,  
 Fear chills their hearts, and all their numbers fly,  
 And reached the fleet ; the shouting Greeks pursue  
 All Asia's millions, flying in their view.  
 On, on, they glorious rush, and side by side  
 Yet red with gore, they plunge into the tide ;  
 For injured freedom's sake, th' indignant main  
 With swelling pride receives the crimson stain ; 1430

The Persians spread the sail, nor dare delay,  
And suppliant call upon the King of day,  
But vainly to their Gods the cowards pray.  
Some of the ships th' Athenian warriors stay  
And fire their bulks ; the flames destroying rise,  
Rushing they swell, and mount into the skies.  
Foremost Cynægirus with might divine,  
While midst the waves his arms majestic shine ;  
With blood-stained hand a Persian ship he seized,  
The vessel vainly strove to be released ; 1440  
With fear the crew the godlike man beheld,  
And pride and shame their troubled bosoms swelled.  
They lop his limb ; then Pallas fires his frame  
With scorn of death, and hope of future fame :  
Then with the hand remaining seized the prize,  
A glorious spirit kindling in his eyes.  
Again the Persians wield the unmanly blow  
And wreck their vengeance on a single foe.  
The fainting Greek by loss of blood opprest  
Still feels the patriot rise within his breast. 1450  
Within his teeth the shattered ship he held,  
Nor in his soul one wish for life rebelled.  
But strength decaying, fate suppress his breath,  
And o'er his brows expand the dews of death.  
The Elysium plains his generous spirit trod,  
" He lived a Hero and he died a God."  
By vengeance fired, the Grecians from the deep  
With rage and shouting, scale the lofty ship,  
Then in the briny bosom of the main  
They hurl in heaps the living and the slain. 1460  
Thro' the wide shores resound triumphant cries,  
Fill all the seas, and thunder thro' the skies.

AN ESSAY ON MIND,  
WITH OTHER POEMS.

1826.

“Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede.”

— *Tasso*.

PREFACE.

IN offering this little Volume to the world, it is not my intention to trespass long on its indulgence, “with prefaces, and passages, and excusations.” As, however, preface-writing strangely reminds one of Bottom’s prologuizing device, which so ingeniously sheweth the ‘disfiguration of moonshine,’ and how lion was no lion after all, but plain “Snug the joiner,” I will treat the subject according to my great prototype; declaring to those readers who “cannot abide lions,” that their “parlous fear” is here unnecessary, and assuring the public that ‘moonshine’ shall be introduced as seldom as is consistent with modern composition.

But something more is necessary; and since writers commonly make use of their prefaces as opportunities for auricular confession to the absolving reader, I am prepared to acknowledge, with unfeigned humility, that the imputation of presumption is likely to be attached to me, on account of the form and title of this production. And yet, to imagine that a confidence in our powers is undeviatingly shewn by our selection of an extensive field for their exertion, is an error; for the subject supports the writer, as much as

it is supported by him. It is not difficult to draw a succession of affecting images from objects intrinsically affecting ; and ideas arising from an elevated subject are naturally elevated. As Tacitus hath it, "*materiâ aluntur.*" Thought catches the light reflected from the object of her contemplation, and, "expanded by the genius of the spot," loses much of her material grossness ; unless indeed, like Thales, she fall into the water while looking at the stars.

"Ethical poetry," says that immortal writer we have lost, "is the highest of all poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth." I am nevertheless aware how often it has been asserted that poetry is not a proper vehicle for abstract ideas — how far the assertion may be correct, is with me a matter of doubt. We do not deem the imaginative incompatible with the philosophic, for the name of Bacon is on our lips ; then why should we expel the argumentative from the limits of the poetic ? If indeed we consider Poetry as Plato considered her, when he banished her from his republic ; or as Newton, when he termed her "a kind of ingenious nonsense ;" or as Locke, when he pronounced that "gaming and poetry went usually together ;" or as Boileau, when he boasted of being acquainted with two arts equally useful to mankind — "writing verses, and playing at skittles," — we shall find no difficulty in assenting to this opinion. But while we behold in poetry, the inspirings to political feeling, the "*monumentum ære perennius*" of buried nations, we are loth to believe her unequal to the higher walks of intellect : when we behold the works of the great though erring Lucretius, the sublime Dante, the reasoning Pope — when we hear Quin-



tillian acknowledge the submission due from Philosophers to Poets, and Gibbon declare Homer to be “the law-giver, the theologian, the historian, and the philosopher of the ancients,” we are *unable* to believe it. Poetry is the enthusiasm of the understanding; and, as Milton finely expresses it, there is “a high reason in her fancies.”

As, according to the plan of my work, I have dwelt less on the operations of the mind than on their effects, so I have not touched on that point difficult to argue, and impossible to determine — the nature of her substance. The investigation is curious, and the subject a glorious one; but, after all, our closest reasonings thereupon are acquired from analogy, and our most extensive views must be content to take their places among other ingenious speculations. The columns of Hercules are yet unpassed. Metaphysicians have cavilled and confuted; but they have failed in their endeavour to establish any permanent theoretical edifice on that windy site. The effort was vainly made even by our enlightened Locke; and, as in the days of Socratic disputation, it is still given to the learned to ask, though not to answer, ‘τί δὲ ἡ ψυχή.’ Perhaps, however, the following sensible acknowledgment would better become their human lips, than the most artfully constructed hypothesis — The things we understand are so excellent, that we believe what we do not understand to be likewise excellent.<sup>1</sup>

The effects of mental operation, or productions of the mind, I have divided into two classes — the philosophical, and the poetical; the former of which I

<sup>1</sup> I here adopt, with some little variation, an expression which fell from Socrates, on the subject of a work by Heraclitus the obscure.

have subdivided into three divisions — History, Physics, and Metaphysics : History, or the doctrine of man, as an active and social being ; Physics, or the doctrine of efficient causes ; Metaphysics, or the doctrine of abstractions, and final causes. Lord Bacon's comprehensive discernment of the whole, and Locke's acute penetration into parts, have assisted me in my trembling endeavour to trace the outline of these branches of knowledge. To have considered them methodically, and in detail, would have greatly exceeded both the limits of my volume, and, what is more material, the extent of my information : but if I may be allowed to hope that

“The lines, though touch'd thus faintly, are drawn right,”

I shall have nothing left to wish.

Poetry is treated in as cursory a manner as Philosophy, though not precisely for the same reasons. I have been deterred from a further development of her nature and principles, by observing that no single subject has employed the didactic pen with such frequent success, and by a consequent unwillingness to incur a charge of tediousness, when repeating what is well known, or one of presumption, when intruding new-fangled maxims in the place of those deservedly established. The act of white-washing an ancient Gothic edifice would be less indicative of bad taste than the latter attempt. Since the time of Horace, many excellent didactic writers have formed poetic systems from detached passages of that unsystematic work, his ‘*Ars Poetica*.’ Pope, and Boileau, in their Essays on Poetry and Criticism, have with superior method traced

his footsteps. And yet, "*haud passibus æquis*" — it is only justice to observe, that though the poem has been excelled, the Poet remains unequalled. For the merits of his imitators are, except in arrangement, Horace's merits, while the merits of Horace are his own.<sup>1</sup>

I wish that the sublime circuit of intellect, embraced by the plan of my Poem, had fallen to the lot of a spirit more powerful than mine. I wish it had fallen to the lot of one familiar with the dwelling-place of Mind, who could search her secret chambers, and call forth those that sleep ; or of one who could enter into her temples, and cast out the iniquitous who buy and sell, profaning the sanctuary of God ; or of one who could try the golden links of that chain which hangs from Heaven to earth, and shew that it is not placed there for man to covet for lucre's sake, or for him to weigh his puny strength at one end against Omnipotence at the other ; but that it is placed there to join, in mysterious union, the natural and the spiritual, the mortal and the eternal, the creature and the Creator. I wish the subject of my Poem had fallen into such hands, that the powers of the execution might have equalled the vastness of the design — and the Public will wish so too. But as it is — though I desire this field to be more meritoriously occupied by others — I would mitigate the voice of censure for myself. I would endeavour to shew, that while I may have often erred, I have not clung willingly to error ; and that while I may have failed in representing, I have never ceased to love Truth. If there be much to condemn in the following pages, let my narrow capacity, as opposed to the infinite object it would embrace, be generously considered ; if there be any thing to approve, I am

<sup>1</sup> He is indebted to Aristotle, which, however, cannot be said to affect his poetical originality.

ready to acknowledge the assistance which my illustrations have received from the exalting nature of their subject — as the waters of Halys acquire a peculiar taste from the soil over which they flow.

## AN ESSAY ON MIND.

“My narrow leaves cannot in them containe  
The large discourse.” — *Spenser*.

## BOOK I.

SINCE Spirit first inspir'd, pervaded all,  
And Mind met Matter, at th' Eternal call —  
Since dust weigh'd Genius down, or Genius gave  
Th' immortal halo to the mortal's grave ;  
Th' ambitious soul her essence hath defin'd,  
And Mind hath eulogiz'd the pow'rs of Mind.  
Ere Revelation's holy light began  
To strengthen Nature, and illumine Man —  
When Genius, on Icarian pinions, flew,  
And Nature's pencil, Nature's portrait, drew ;   10  
When Reason shudder'd at her own wan beam,  
And Hope turn'd pale beneath the sickly gleam —  
Ev'n then hath Mind's triumphant influence spoke,  
Dust own'd the spell, and Plato's spirit woke —  
Spread her eternal wings, and rose sublime  
Beyond th' expanse of circumstance and time :  
Blinded, but free, with faith instinctive, soar'd,  
And found her home, where prostrate saints ador'd !

Thou thing of light ! that warm'st the breasts of men,  
Breath'st from the lips, and tremblest from the pen !   20  
Thou, form'd at once t' astonish, fire, beguile, —  
With Bacon reason, and with Shakespeare smile !

The subtle cause, ethereal essence ! say,  
 Why dust rules dust, and clay surpasses clay ;  
 Why a like mass of atoms should combine  
 To form a Tully, and a Catiline ?  
 Or why, with flesh perchance of equal weight,  
 One cheers a prize-fight, and one frees a state ?  
 Why do not I the muse of Homer call,  
 Or why, indeed, did Homer sing at all ? 30  
 Why wrote not Blackstone upon love's delusion,  
 Or Moore, a libel on the Constitution ?  
 Why must the faithful page refuse to tell  
 That Dante, Laura sang, and Petrarch, Hell —  
 That Tom Paine argued in the throne's defence —  
 That Byron nonsense wrote, and Thurlow sense —  
 That Southey sigh'd with all a patriot's cares,  
 While Locke gave utterance to Hexameters ?  
 Thou thing of light ! instruct my pen to find  
 Th' unequal pow'rs, the various forms of Mind ! 40

O'er Nature's changeful face direct your sight ;  
 View light meet shade, and shade dissolve in light !  
 Mark, from the plain, the cloud-capp'd mountain  
     soar ;

The sullen ocean spurn the desert shore !  
 Behold, afar, the playmate of the storm,  
 Wild Niagara lifts his awful form —  
 Spits his black foam above the madd'ning floods,  
 Himself the savage of his native woods —  
 See him, in air, his smoking torrents wheel,  
 While the rocks totter, and the forests reel — 50  
 Then, giddy, turn ! lo ! Shakespeare's Avon flows,  
 Charm'd, by the green-sward's kiss, to soft repose ;  
 With tranquil brow reflects the smile of fame,  
 And, 'midst her sedges, sighs her Poet's name.

Thus, in bright sunshine, and alternate storms,  
 Is various mind express'd in various forms.  
 In equal men, why burns not equal fire ?  
 Why are not valleys hills, — or mountains higher ?  
 Her destin'd way, hath destin'd Nature trod ;  
 While Matter, Spirit rules, and Spirit, God. 60

Let outward scenes, for inward sense design'd,  
 Call back our wand'rings to the world of Mind !  
 Where Reason, o'er her vasty realms, may stand,  
 Convene proud thoughts, and stretch her scepter'd hand.  
 Here, classic recollections breathe around ;  
 Here, living Glory consecrates the ground ;  
 And here, Mortality's deep waters span  
 The shores of Genius, and the paths of Man !

O'er this imagin'd land, your soul direct —  
 Mark Byron, the Mont Blanc of intellect, 70  
 'Twixt earth and heav'n exalt his brow sublime,  
 O'erlook the nations, and shake hands with Time !  
 Stretch'd at his feet do Nature's beauties throng,  
 The flow'rs of love, the gentleness of song ;  
 Above, the Avalanche's thunder speaks,  
 While Terror's spirit walks abroad, and shrieks !  
 To some Utopian strand, some fairy shore,  
 Shall soft-eyed Fancy waft her Campbell o'er !  
 Wont, o'er the lyre of Hope, his hand to fling,  
 And never waken a discordant string ; 80  
 Who ne'er grows awkward by affecting grace,  
 Or ' Common sense confounds with common place ;'  
 To bright conception, adds expression chaste,  
 And human feeling joins to classic taste.  
 For still, with magic art, he knows, and knew,  
 To touch the heart, and win the judgment too !

Thus, in uncertain radiance, Genius glows,  
 And fitful gleams on various mind bestows :  
 While Mind, exulting in th' admitted day,  
 On various themes, reflects its kindling ray. 90  
 Unequal forms receive an equal light ;  
 And Klopstock wrote what Kepler could not write.

Yet Fame hath welcom'd a less noble few,  
 And Glory hail'd whom Genius never knew ;  
 Art labour'd, Nature's birthright, to secure,  
 And forg'd, with cunning hand, her signature.  
 The scale of life is link'd by close degrees ;  
 Motes float in sunbeams, mites exist in cheese ;  
 Critics seize half the fame which bards receive,—  
 And Shakespeare suffers that his friends may live ; 100  
 While Bentley leaves, on stilts, the beaten track,  
 And peeps at glory from some ancient's back.  
 But, though to hold a lantern to the sun  
 Be not too wise, and were as well undone —  
 Though, e'en in this inventive age, alas !  
 A moral darkness can't be cur'd by gas —  
 And, though we may not reasonably deem  
 How poets' craniums can be turn'd by steam —  
 Yet own we, in our juster reasonings,  
 That lanterns, gas, and steam, are useful things — 110  
 And oft, this truth, Reflection ponders o'er —  
 Bards would write worse, if critics wrote no more.

Let Jeffrey's praise, our willing pen, engage,  
 The letter'd critic of a letter'd age !  
 Who justly judges, rightfully discerns,  
 With wisdom teaches, and with candour learns.  
 His name on Scotia's brightest tablet lives,  
 And proudly claims the laurel that it gives.



Eternal Genius ! fashion'd like the sun,  
 To make all beautiful thou look'st upon ! 120  
 Prometheus of our earth ! whose kindling smile  
 May warm the things of clay a little while ;  
 Till, by thy touch inspir'd, thine eyes survey'd,  
 Thou stoop'st to love the glory thou hast made ;  
 And weep'st, human-like, the mortal's fall,  
 When, by-and-bye, a breath disperses all.  
 Eternal Genius ! mystic essence ! say,  
 How, on " the chosen breast," descends thy day !  
 Breaks it at once in Thought's celestial dream,  
 While Nature trembles at the sudden gleam ? 130  
 Or steals it, gently, like the morning's light,  
 Shedding, unmark'd, an influence soft and bright,  
 Till all the landscape gather on the sight ?

As different talents, different breasts, inspire,  
 So different causes wake the latent fire.  
 The gentle Cowley of our native clime,  
 Lisp'd his first accents in Aëonian rhyme.  
 Alfieri's startling muse tun'd not her strings,  
 And dumbly look'd " unutterable things ;"  
 Till, when six lustrums o'er his head had past, 140  
 Conception found expression's voice at last ;  
 Broke the bright light, uprose the smother'd flame,—  
 And Mind and Nature own'd their poet's fame !  
 To some the waving woods, the harp of spring,  
 A gently-breathing inspiration bring !  
 Some hear, from Nature's haunts, her whisper'd call ;  
 And Mind hath triumph'd by an apple's fall.

Wave Fancy's picturing wand ! recall the scene  
 Which Mind hath hallow'd — where her sons have  
 been — 149

Where, 'midst Olympia's concourse, simply great,  
 Th' historic sage, the son of Lyxes, sate,  
 Grasping th' immortal scroll — he breath'd no  
 sound,

But, calm in strength, an instant look'd around,  
 And rose — the tone of expectation rush'd  
 Through th' eager throng — he spake, and Greece  
 was hush'd !

See, in that breathless crowd, Olorus stand,  
 While one fair boy hangs, list'ning, on his hand —  
 The young Thucydides ! with upward brow  
 Of radiance, and dark eye, that beaming now  
 Full on the speaker, drinks th' inspir'd air — 160  
 Gazing entranc'd, and turn'd to marble there !

Yet not to marble — for the wild emotion  
 Is kindling on his cheek, like light on ocean,  
 Coming to vanish ; and his pulses throb  
 With transport, and the inarticulate sob  
 Swells to his lip — internal nature leaps  
 To glorious life, and all th' historian weeps !  
 The mighty master mark'd the favor'd child —  
 Did Genius linger there ? She did, and smil'd !  
 Still, on itself, let Mind its eye direct, 170

To view the elements of intellect —  
 How wild Invention (daring artist !) plies  
 Her magic pencil, and creating dies ;  
 And Judgment, near the living canvass, stands,  
 To blend the colours for her airy hands ;  
 While Memory waits, with twilight mists o'ercast,  
 To mate the length'ning shadows of the past :  
 And bold Association, not untaught,  
 The links of fact, unites, with links of thought ;  
 Forming th' electric chains, which, mystic, bind 180  
 Scholastic learning, and reflective mind.

Let reasoning Truth's unerring glance survey  
 The fair creations of the mental ray ;  
 Her holy lips, with just discernment, teach  
 The forms, the attributes, the modes of each ;  
 And tell, in simple words, the narrow span  
 That circles intellect, and fetters man ;  
 Where darkling mists, o'er Time's last footstep, creep,  
 And Genius drops her languid wing — to weep.

See first Philosophy's mid spirit, nigh, 190  
 Raise the rapt brow, and lift the thoughtful eye ;  
 Whether the glimmering lamp, that Hist'ry gave,  
 Light her enduring steps to some lone grave ;  
 The while she dreams on him, asleep beneath,  
 And conjures mystic thoughts of life and death —  
 Whether, on Science' rushing wings, she sweep  
 From concave heav'n to earth — and search the deep ;  
 Shewing the pensile globe attraction's force,  
 The tides their mistress, and the stars their course :  
 Or whether (task with nobler object fraught) 200  
 She turn the pow'rs of thinking back on thought —  
 With mind, delineate mind ; and dare define  
 The point, where human mingles with divine :  
 Majestic still, her solemn form shall stand,  
 To shew the beacon on the distant land —  
 Of thought, and nature, chronicler sublime !  
 The world her lesson, and her teacher Time !

And when, with half a smile, and half a sigh,  
 She lifts old History's faded tapestry,  
 I' the dwelling of past years — she, aye, is seen 210  
 Point to the shades, where bright'ning tints had  
 been —  
 The shapeless forms outworn, and mildew'd o'er —

And bids us rev'rence what was lov'd before ;  
 Gives the dank wreath and dusty urn to fame,  
 And lend its ashes — all she can — a name.  
 Think'st thou, in vain, while pale Time glides away,  
 She rakes cold graves, and chronicles their clay ?  
 Think'st thou, in vain, she counts the boney things,  
 Once lov'd as patriots, or obey'd as kings ?  
 Lifts she, in vain, the past's mysterious veil ?      220  
 Seest thou no moral in her awful tale ?  
 Can man the crumbling pile of nations, scan, —  
 And is their mystic language mute for man ?

Go ! let the tomb its silent lesson give,  
 And let the dead instruct thee how to live !  
 If Tully's page hath bade thy spirit burn,  
 And lit the raptur'd cheek — behold his urn !  
 If Maro's strains, thy soaring fancy, guide,  
 That hail 'th' eternal city' in their pride —  
 Then turn to mark, in some reflective hour,      230  
 The immortality of mortal pow'r !  
 See the crush'd column, and the ruin'd dome —  
 'Tis all Eternity has left of Rome !  
 While travell'd crowds, with curious gaze, repair,  
 To read the littleness of greatness there !

Alas ! alas ! so, Albion shall decay,  
 And all my country's glory pass away !  
 So shall she perish, as the mighty must,  
 And be Italia's rival — in the dust ;  
 While her ennobled sons, her cities fair,      240  
 Be dimly thought of 'midst the things that were !  
 Alas ! alas ! her fields of pleasant green,  
 Her woods of beauty, and each well-known scene !  
 Soon, o'er her plains, shall grisly Ruin haste,

And the gay vale become the silent waste !  
 Ah ! soon perchance, our native tongue forgot —  
 The land may hear strange words it knoweth not ;  
 And the dear accents which our bosoms move,  
 With sounds of friendship, or with tones of love,  
 May pass away ; or, conn'd on mould'ring page, 250  
 Gleam 'neath the midnight lamp, for unborn sage ;  
 To tell our dream-like tale to future years,  
 And wake th' historian's smile, and school-boy's  
 tears !

Majestic task ! to join, though plac'd afar,  
 The things that have been, with the things that are !  
 Important trust ! the awful dead, to scan,  
 And teach mankind to moralize from man !  
 Stupendous charge ! when, on the record true,  
 Depend the dead, and hang the living too !  
 And, oh ! thrice impious he, who dares abuse 260  
 That solemn charge, and good and ill confuse !  
 Thrice guilty he who, false with "words of sooth,"  
 Would pay, to Prejudice, his debt to Truth ;  
 The hallow'd page of fleeting Time prophane,  
 And prove to Man that man has liv'd in vain ;  
 Pass the cold grave, with colder jestings, by ;  
 And use the truth to illustrate a lie !

Let Gibbon's name be trac'd, in sorrow, here, —  
 Too great to spurn, too little to revere !  
 Who follow'd Reason, yet forgot her laws, 270  
 And found all causes, but the 'great first Cause :'  
 The paths of time, with guideless footsteps, trod ;  
 Blind to the light of nature and of God ;  
 Deaf to the voice, amid the past's dread hour,  
 Which sounds His praise, and chronicles His pow'r !

In vain for *him* was Truth's fair tablet spread,  
 When Prejudice, with jaundiced organs, read.  
 In vain for *us* the polish'd periods flow,  
 The fancy kindles, and the pages glow ;  
 When one bright hour, and startling transport past, 280  
 The musing soul must turn — to sigh at last.  
 Still let the page be luminous and just,  
 Nor private feeling war with public trust ;  
 Still let the pen from narrowing views forbear,  
 And modern faction ancient freedom spare.  
 But, ah ! too oft th' historian bends his mind  
 To flatter party — not to serve mankind ;  
 To make the dead, in living feuds, engage,  
 And give all time, the feelings of his age.  
 Great Hume hath stoop'd, the Stuarts' fame, t' in-  
                  crease ; 290  
 And ultra Mitford soar'd to libel Greece !

Yet must the candid muse, impartial, learn  
 To trace the errors which her eyes discern ;  
 View ev'ry side, investigate each part,  
 And get the holy scroll of Truth by heart ;  
 No blame misplac'd, and yet no fault forgot —  
 Like ink employ'd to write with — not to blot.  
 Hence, while historians, just reproof, incur,  
 We find some readers, with their authors, err ;  
 And soon discover, that as few excel 300  
 In reading justly, as in writing well.  
 For prejudice, or ignorance, is such,  
 That men believe too little, or too much ;  
 Too apt to cavil, or too glad to trust,  
 With confidence misplac'd, or blame unjust.  
 Seek out no faction — no peculiar school —  
 But lean on Reason, as your safest rule.

Let doubtful facts, with patient hand, be led,  
 To take their place on this Procrustian bed !  
 What, plainly, fits not, may be thrown aside, 310  
 Without the censure of pedantic pride :  
 For nature still, to just proportion, clings ;  
 And human reason judges natural things.  
 Moreover, in th' historian's bosom look,  
 And weigh his feelings ere you trust his book ;  
 His private friendships, private wrongs, descry,  
 Where tend his passions, where his int'rests lie —  
 And, while his proper faults your mind engage,  
 Discern the ruling foibles of his age.  
 Hence, when on deep research, the work you  
 find 320

A too obtrusive transcript of his mind ;  
 When you perceive a fact too highly wrought,  
 Which kindly seems to prove a fav'rite thought ;  
 Or some opposing truth trac'd briefly out,  
 With hand of careless speed — then turn to doubt !  
 For private feeling, like the taper, glows,  
 And here a light, and there a shadow, throws.

If some gay picture, vilely daubed, were seen  
 With grass of azure, and a sky of green,  
 Th' impatient laughter we'd suppress in vain, 330  
 And deem the painter jesting, or insane.  
 But, when the sun of blinding prejudice  
 Glares in our faces, it deceives our eyes ;  
 Truth appears falsehood to the dazzled sight,  
 The comment apes the fact, and black seems white ;  
 Commingled hues, their separate colours lost,  
 Dance wildly on, in bright confusion tost ;  
 And, midst their drunken whirl, the giddy eye  
 Beholds one shapeless blot for earth and sky.



Of such delusions let the mind take heed, 340  
 And learn to think, or wisely cease to read ;  
 And, if a style of labour'd grace display  
 Perverted feelings, in a pleasing way ;  
 False tints, on real objects, brightly laid,  
 Facts in disguise, and Truth in masquerade —  
 If cheating thoughts in beauteous dress appear,  
 With magic sound, to captivate the ear —  
 Th' enchanting poison of that page decline,  
 Or drink Circean draughts — and turn to swine !

We hail with British pride, and ready praise, 350  
 Enlightened Miller of our modern days !  
 Too firm though temp'rate, liberal though exact,  
 To give too much to argument or fact,  
 To love details, and draw no moral thence,  
 Or seek the comment, and forget the sense,  
 He leaves all vulgar aims, and strives alone  
 To find the ways of Truth, and make them known !

Spirit of life ! for aye, with heav'nly breath,  
 Warm the dull clay, and cold abodes of death !  
 Clasp in its urn the consecrated dust, 360  
 And bind a laurel round the broken bust ;  
 While mid decaying tombs, thy pensive choice,  
 Thou bidst the silent utter forth a voice,  
 To prompt the actors of our busy scene,  
 And tell what *is*, the tale of what *has been* !

Yet turn, Philosophy ! with brow sublime,  
 Shall Science follow on the steps of Time !  
 As, o'er Thought's measureless depths, we bend to  
 hear  
 The whispered sound, which stole on Descartes' ear,

Hallowing the sunny visions of his youth 370  
 With that eternal mandate, "Search for Truth !"  
 Yes ! search for Truth — the glorious path is free ;  
 Mind shews her dwelling — Nature holds the key —  
 Yes ! search for Truth — her tongue shall bid thee

scan

The book of knowledge, for the use of Man !

Man ! Man ! thou poor antithesis of power !  
 Child of all time ! yet creature of an hour !  
 By turns, camelion of a thousand forms,  
 The lord of empires, and the food of worms !  
 The little conqueror of a petty space, 380  
 The more than mighty, or the worse than base !  
 Thou ruin'd landmark, in the desert way,  
 Betwixt the all of glory, and decay !  
 Fair beams the torch of Science in thine hand,  
 And sheds its brightness o'er the glimmering land ;  
 While, in thy native grandeur, bold, and free  
 Thou bid'st the wilds of nature smile for thee,  
 And treadest Ocean's paths full royally !  
 Earth yields her treasures up — celestial air 389  
 Receives thy globe of life — when, journeying there,  
 It bounds from dust, and bends its course on high,  
 And walks, in beauty, through the wondering sky.  
 And yet, proud clay ! thine empire is a span,  
 Nor all thy greatness makes thee more than man !  
 While Knowledge, Science, only serve t' impart  
 The god thou *would' st* be, and the thing thou *art* !

Where stands the Syracusan — while the roar  
 Of men, and engines, echoes through the shore ?  
 Where stands the Syracusan ? haggard Fate,  
 With ghastly smile, is sitting at the gate ; 400

And Death forgets his silence 'midst the crash  
 Of rushing ruins — and the torches' flash  
 Waves redly on the straggling forms that die ;  
 And masterless steeds, beneath that gleam, dart by,  
 Scared into madness, by the battle cry —  
 And sounds are hurtling in the angry air,  
 Of hate, and pain, and vengeance, and despair —  
 The smothered voice of babes — the long wild shriek  
 Of mothers — and the curse the dying speak !  
 Where stands the Syracusan ? tranquil sage, 410  
 He bends, sublime, o'er Science' splendid page ;  
 Walks the high circuit of extended mind,  
 Surpasses man, and dreams not of mankind ;  
 While, on his listless ear, the battle shout  
 Falls senseless — as if echo breath'd about  
 The hum of many words, the laughing glee,  
 Which linger'd there, when Syracuse was free.  
 Away ! away ! for louder accents fall —  
 But not the sounds of joy from marble hall !  
 Quick steps approach — but not of sylphic feet, 420  
 Whose echo heralded a smile more sweet,  
 Coming, all sport, th' indulgent sage, t' upbraid  
 For lonely hours, to studious musing, paid —  
 Be hushed ! Destruction bares the flickering blade !  
 He asked to live, th' unfinished lines to fill,  
 And died — to solve a problem deeper still.  
 He died, the glorious ! who, with soaring sight,  
 Sought some new world, to plant his foot of might ;  
 Thereon, in solitary pride, to stand,  
 And lift our planet, with a master's hand ! 430  
 He sank in death — Creation only gave  
 That thorn-encumbered space which forms his grave —  
 An unknown grave, till Tully chanced to stray,  
 And named the spot where Archimedes lay !

Genius ! behold the limit of thy power !  
 Thou fir'st the soul — but, when life's dream is o'er,  
 Giv'st not the silent pulse one throb the more :  
 And mighty beings come, and pass away,  
 Like other comets, and like other — clay.

Though analyzing Truth must still divide 440  
 Historic state, and scientific pride ;  
 Yet one stale fact, our judging thoughts infer —  
 Since each is human, each is prone to err !  
 Oft, in the night of Time, doth History stray,  
 And lift her lantern, and proclaim it day !  
 And oft, when day's eternal glories shine,  
 Doth Science, boasting, cry — “ The light is mine ! ”  
 So hard to bear, with unobstructed sight,  
 Th' excess of darkness, or th' extreme of light.

Yet to be just, though faults belong to each, 450  
 The themes of one, an humbler moral, teach :  
 And, 'midst th' historian's eloquence, and skill,  
 The human chronicler is human still.  
 If on past power, his eager thoughts be cast,  
 It brings an awful antidote — 'tis past !  
 If, deathless fame, his ravish'd organs scan,  
 The deathless fame exists for buried man :  
 Power, and decay, at once he turns to view ;  
 And, with the strength, beholds the weakness too.  
 Not so, doth Science' musing son aspire ; 460  
 And pierce creation, with his eye of fire.  
 Yon mystic pilgrims of the starry way,  
 No humbling lesson, to his soul, convey ;  
 No tale of change, their changeless course hath  
     taught ;  
 And works divine excite no earthward thought.

And still, he, reckless, builds the splendid dream ;  
 And still, his pride increases with this theme ;  
 And still, the cause is slighted in th' effect ;  
 And still, self-worship follows self-respect.  
 Too apt to watch the engines of the scene, 470  
 And lose the hand, which moves the vast machine ;  
 View Matter's form, and not its moving soul ;  
 Interpret parts, and misconceive the whole :  
 While, darkly musing 'twixt the earth, and sky,  
 His heart grows narrow, as his hopes grow high ;  
 And quits, for aye, with unavailing loss,  
 The sympathies of earth, but not the dross ;  
 Till Time sweeps down the fabric of his trust ;  
 And life, and riches, turn to death, and dust.

And such is Man ! 'neath Error's foul assaults, 480  
 His noblest moods beget his grossest faults !  
 When Knowledge lifts her hues of varied grace,  
 The fair exotic of a brighter place,  
 To keep her stem, from mundane blasts, enshrin'd,  
 He makes a fatal hot-bed of his mind ;  
 Too oft adapted, in their growth, to spoil  
 The natural beauties of a generous soil.  
 Ah ! such is Man ! thus strong, and weak withal,  
 His rise oft renders him too prone to fall !  
 The loftiest hills' fresh tints, the soonest, fade ; 490  
 And highest buildings cast the deepest shade !

So Buffon err'd ; amidst his chilling dream,  
 The judgment grew material as the theme :  
 Musing on Matter, till he called away  
 The modes of Mind, to form the modes of clay ;  
 And made, confusing each, with judgment blind,  
 Mind stoop to dust, and dust ascend to Mind.

So Leibnitz err'd ; when, in the starry hour,  
 He read no weakness, where was written, ' Power ; '  
 Beheld the verdant earth, the circling sea ; 500  
 Nor dreamt so fair a world could cease to be !  
 Yea ! but he heard the Briton's awful name,  
 As, scattering darkness, in his might, he came,  
 Girded with Truth, and earnest to confute  
 What gave to Matter, Mind's best attribute.  
 Sternly they strove — th' unequal race was run !  
 The owlet met the eagle at the sun !

While such defects, their various forms, unfold ;  
 And rust, so foul, obscures the brightest gold —  
 Let Science' soaring sons, the ballast, cast, 510  
 But judge their present errors, by their past.  
 As some poor wanderer, in the darkness, goes,  
 When fitful wind, in hollow murmur, blows ;  
 Hailing, with trembling joy, the lightning's ray,  
 Which threatens his safety, but illumines his way.

Gross faults buy deep experience. Sages tell  
 That Truth, like Æsop's fox, is in a well ;  
 And, like the goat, his fable prates about,  
 Fools must stay in, that wise men may get out. 519  
 What thousand scribblers, of our age, would choose  
 To throw a toga round the English muse ;  
 Rending her garb of ease, which graceful grew  
 From Dryden's loom, beprankt with varied hue !  
 In that dull aim, by Mind unsanctified,  
 What thousand Wits would have their wits belied,  
 Devoted Southey ! if thou had'st not tried !  
 Use is the aim of Science ; this the end  
 The wise appreciate, and the good commend.

For not, like babes, the flaming torch, we prize,  
 That sparkling lustre may attract our eyes ; 530  
 But that, when evening shades impede the sight,  
 It casts, on objects round, a useful light.

Use is the aim of Science ! give again  
 A golden sentence to the faithful pen —  
*Dwell not on parts !* for parts contract the mind ;  
 And knowledge still is useless, when confined.  
 The yearning soul, inclosed in narrow bound,  
 May be ingenious, but is ne'er profound :  
 Spoil'd of its strength, the fettered thought grows  
                   tame ;

And want of air extinguishes the flame ! 540  
 And as the sun, beheld in mid-day blaze,  
 Seems turned to darkness, as we strive to gaze ;  
 So mental vigour, on one object, cast,  
 That object's self becomes obscured at last.  
 'Tis easy, as Experience may aver,  
 To pass from general to particular.  
 But most laborious to direct the soul  
 From studying parts, to reason on the whole :  
 Thoughts, train'd on narrow subjects, to let fall ;  
 And learn the unison of each with all. 550

In Nature's reign, a scale of life, we find :  
 A scale of knowledge, we behold, in mind ;  
 With each progressive link, our steps ascend,  
 And traverse all, before they reach the end ;  
 Searching, while Reason's powers may farther go,  
 The things we know not, by the things we know.

But hold ! methinks some sons of Thought demand,  
 " Why strive to form the Trajan's vase in sand ?



Are Reason's paths so few, that Mind may call  
 Her finite energies, to tread them all ? 560  
 Lo ! Learning's waves, in bounded channel, sweep ;  
 When they flow wider, shall they run as deep ?  
 Shall that broad surface, no dull shallow, hide,  
 Growing dank weeds of superficial pride ?  
 Then Heaven may leave our giant powers alone ;  
 Nor give each soul a focus of its own !  
 Genius bestows, in vain, the chosen page,  
 If all the tome, the minds of all, engage ! ”

Nay ! I reply — with free congenial breast,  
 Let each peruse the part, which suits him best ! 570  
 But, lest contracting prejudice mislead,  
 Regard the context, as he turns to read !  
 Hence, liberal feeling gives th' enlighten'd soul,  
 The spirit, with the letter of the scroll.

With what triumphant joy, what glad surprise,  
 The dull behold the dulness of the wise !  
 What insect tribes of brainless impudence  
 Buzz round the carcase of perverted sense !  
 What railing ideots hunt, from classic school,  
 Each flimsy sage, and scientific fool, 580  
 Crying, “ ’Tis well ! we see the blest effect  
 Of watchful night, and toiling intellect ! ”  
 Yet let them pause, and tremble — vainly glad ;  
 For too much learning maketh no man mad !  
 Too *little* dims the sight, and leads us o'er  
 The twilight path, where fools have been before ;  
 With not enough of Reason's radiance seen,  
 To track the footsteps, where those fools have been.

Divinest Newton ! if my pen may shew  
 A name so mighty, in a verse so low, — 590

Still let the sons of Science, joyful, claim  
 The bright example of that splendid name !  
 Still let their lips repeat, my page bespeak,  
 The sage how learned ! and the man how meek !  
 Too wise, to think his human folly less ;  
 Too great, to doubt his proper littleness ;  
 Too strong, to deem his weakness past away ;  
 Too high in soul, to glory in his clay :  
 Rich in all nature, but her erring side :  
 Endow'd with all of Science — but its pride. 600

## BOOK II.

BUT now to higher themes ! no more confin'd  
 To copy Nature, Mind returns to Mind.  
 We leave the throng, so nobly, and so well,  
 Tracing, in Wisdom's book, things visible, —  
 And turn to things unseen ; where, greatly wrought,  
 Soul questions soul, and thought revolves on thought.  
 My spirit loves, my voice shall hail ye, now,  
 Sons of the patient eye, and passionless brow !  
 Students sublime ! Earth, man, unmov'd, ye view,  
 Time, circumstance ; for what are they to you ? 610  
 What is the crash of worlds, — the fall of kings, —  
 When worlds and monarchs are such brittle things !  
 What the tost, shatter'd bark, that blindly dares  
 A sea of storm ? Ye sketch the wave which  
     bears !  
 The cause, and not th' effect, your thoughts exact ;  
 The principle of action, not the act, —  
 The soul ! the soul ! and, 'midst so grand a task,  
 Ye call her rushing passions, and ye ask  
 Whence are ye ? and each mystic thing responds !  
 I would be all ye are — except those bonds ! 620

Except those bonds ! ev'n here is oft descried  
 The love to parts, the poverty of pride !  
 Ev'n here, while Mind, in Mind's horizon, springs,  
 Her " native mud " is weighing on her wings !  
 Ev'n here, while Truth invites the ardent crowd,  
 Ixion-like, they rush t' embrace a cloud !  
 Ev'n here, oh ! foul reproach to human wit !  
 A Hobbes hath reasoned, and Spinosà writ !

Rank pride does much ! and yet we justly cry,  
 Our greatest errors in our weakness lie. 630  
 For thoughts uncloth'd by language are, at best,  
 Obscure ; while grossness injures those exprest —  
 Through words, — in whose analysis, we find  
 Th' analogies of Matter, not of Mind :  
 Hence, when the use of words is graceful brought,  
 As physical dress to metaphysic thought,  
 The thought, howe'er sublime its pristine state,  
 Is by th' expression made degenerate ;  
 Its spiritual essence changed, or cramp'd ; and hence  
 Some hold by words, who cannot hold by sense ; 640  
 And leave the thought behind, and take th' attire —  
 Elijah's mantle — but without his fire !  
 Yet spurn not words ! 'tis needful to confess  
 They give ideas, a body and a dress !  
 Behold them traverse Learning's region round,  
 The vehicles of thought on wheels of sound ;  
 Mind's winged strength, wherewith the height is won,  
 Unless she trust their frailty to the sun.  
 Destroy the body ! — will the spirit stay ?  
 Destroy the car ! — will Thought pursue her way ? 650  
 Destroy the wings ! — let Mind their aid forego !  
 Do no Icarian billows yawn below ?  
 Ah ! spurn not words with reckless insolence ;

But still admit their influence with the sense,  
 And fear to slight their laws ! Perchance we find  
 No perfect code transmitted to mankind ;  
 And yet mankind, till life's dark sands are run,  
 Prefers imperfect government to none.  
 Thus Thought must bend to words ! — Some sphere  
     of bliss,

Ere long, shall free her from th' alloy of this : 660  
 Some kindred home for Mind — some holy place,  
 Where spirits look on spirits, "face to face," —  
 Where souls may see, as they themselves are seen,  
 And voiceless intercourse may pass between,  
 All pure — all free ! as light, which doth appear  
 In its own essence, incorrupt and clear !  
 One service, praise ! one age, eternal youth !  
 One tongue, intelligence ! one subject, truth !

Till then, no freedom, Learning's search affords,  
 Of soul from body, or of thought from words. 670  
 For thought may lose, in struggling to be hence,  
 The gravitating power of Common-sense ;  
 Through all the depths of space with Phaeton hurl'd,  
 T' impair our reason, as he scorch'd our world.  
 Hence, this preceptive truth, my page affirms —  
 Respect the technicality of terms !  
 Yet not in base submission — lest we find  
 That, aiding clay, we crouch too low for Mind ;  
 Too apt conception's essence to forget,  
 And place all wisdom in the alphabet. 680

Still let appropriate phrase the sense invest ;  
 That what is well conceived be well exprest !  
 Nor e'er the reader's wearied brain engage,  
 In hunting meaning down the mazy page,

With three long periods tortured into one,  
 The sentence ended, with the sense begun ;  
 Nor in details, which schoolboys know by heart,  
 Perplex each turning with the terms of art.  
 To understand, we deem no common good ;  
 And 'tis less easy to be *understood*. 690  
 But let not clearness be your only praise,  
 When style may charm a thousand different ways ;  
 In Plato glow, to life and glory wrought,  
 By high companionship with noblest thought ;  
 In Bacon, warm abstraction with a breath,  
 Catch Poesy's bright beams, and smile beneath ;  
 In St. John roll, a generous stream, along,  
 Correctly free, and regularly strong.  
 Nor scornful deem the effort out of place,  
 With taste to reason, and convince with grace ; 700  
 But ponder wisely, ere you know, too late,  
 Contempt of trifles will not prove us great !  
 The Cynics, not their tubs, respect engage ;  
 And dirty tunic never made a sage.  
 E'en Cato — had he own'd the Senate's will,  
 And wash'd his toga — had been Cato still.  
 Justly we censure — yet are free to own,  
 That indecision is a crime unknown.  
 For, never faltering, seldom reasoning long,  
 And still most positive whene'er most wrong, 710  
 No theoretic sage is apt to fare  
 Like Mah'met's coffin — hung in middle air !  
 No ! fenc'd by Error's all-sufficient trust,  
 These stalk "in nubibus" — those crawl in dust.  
 From their proud height, the first demand to know,  
 If spiritual essence should descend more low ?  
 The last, as vainly, from their dunghill, cry,  
 Can body's grossness hope t' aspire more high ?

And while Reflection's empire, those disclose,  
 Sensation's sovereign right is told by these. 720  
 Lo ! Berkeley proves an old hypothesis !  
 ' Out on the senses ! ' (he was out of his !)  
 ' All is idea ! and nothing real springs  
 But God, and Reason ' — (not the right of kings ?)  
 ' Hold ! ' says Condillac with profound surprise —  
 ' Why prate of Reason ! we have ears and eyes ! '

Condillac ! while the dangerous periods fall  
 Upon thy page, to stamp sensation *all* ;  
 While (coldly studious !) thine ingenious scroll  
 Endows the mimic statue with a soul 730  
 Compos'd of sense — behold the generous hound —  
 His piercing eye, his ear awake to sound,  
 His scent, most delicate organ ! and declare  
 What triumph hath the " Art of thinking " there !  
 What Gall, or Spurzheim, on his front hath sought  
 The mystic bumps indicative of Thought ?  
 Or why, if Thought *do* there maintain her throne,  
 Will reasoning curs leave logic for a bone ?

Mind is imprison'd in a lonesome tower :  
 Sensation is its window — hence herb, flower, 740  
 Landscapes all sun, the rush of thousand springs,  
 Waft in sweet scents, fair sights, soft murmurings ;  
 And in her joy, she gazeth — yet ere long,  
 Reason awaketh in her, bold and strong,  
 And o'er the scene exerting secret laws,  
 First seeks th' efficient, then the final cause,  
 Abstracts from forms their hidden accidents,  
 And marks in outward substance, inward sense.  
 Our first perceptions formed — we search, to find  
 The operations of the forming mind ; 750

And turn within by Reason's certain route,  
 To view the shadows of the things without  
 Discern'd, retain'd, compar'd, combin'd, and brought  
 To mere abstraction, by abstracting Thought.  
 Hence to discern, retain, compare, connect,  
 We deem the faculties of Intellect ;  
 The which, mus'd on, exert a new controul,  
 And fresh ideas are open'd on the soul.

Sensation is a stream with dashing spray,  
 That shoots in idle speed its arrowy way ; 760  
 When lo ! the mill arrests its waters' course,  
 Turning to use their unproductive force :  
 The cunning wheels by foamy currents sped,  
 Reflection triumphs, —and mankind is fed !

Since Pope hath shewn, and Learning still must shew,  
 ' We cannot reason but from what we know,' —  
 Unfold the scroll of Thought ; and turn to find  
 The undeceiving signature of Mind !  
 There, judge her nature by her nature's course,  
 And trace her actions upwards to their source. 770  
 So when the property of Mind we call  
 An essence, or a substance spiritual,  
 We name her thus, by marking how she clings  
 Less to the forms than essences of things ;  
 For body clings to body — objects seen  
 And substance sensible alone have been  
 Sensation's study ; while reflective Mind,  
 Essence unseen in objects seen may find ;  
 And, tracing whence her known impressions came,  
 Give single forms an universal name. 780

So, when particular sounds in concord rise,  
 Those sounds as *melody*, we generalize ;



When pleasing shapes and colours blend, the soul  
 Abstracts th' idea of *beauty* from the whole,  
 Deducting thus, by Mind's enchanting spell,  
 The intellectual from the sensible.  
 Hence bold Longinus' splendid periods grew,  
 'Who was himself the great sublime he drew :'  
 Hence Burke, the poet-reasoner, learn'd to trace  
 His glowing style of energetic grace : 790  
 Hence thoughts, perchance, some favour'd bosoms  
     move,  
 Which Price might own, and classic Knight approve !

Go ! light a rushlight, ere the day is done,  
 And call its glimm'ring brighter than the sun !  
 Go ! while the stars in midnight glory beam,  
 Prefer their cold reflection in the stream !  
 But be not that dull slave, who only looks  
 On Reason, "through the spectacles of books !"  
 Rather by Truth determine what is true, —  
 And reasoning works, through Reason's medium,  
     view ; 800  
 For authors can't monopolize her light :  
 'Tis your's to read, as well as their's to write.  
 To judge is your's ! — then why submissive call,  
 'The master said so ?' — 'tis no rule at all !  
 Shall passive sufferance e'en to mind belong,  
 When right divine in man is human wrong ?  
 Shall a high name a low idea enhance,  
 When all may fail, as some succeed — by chance ?  
 Shall fix'd chimeras unfix'd reason shock ? 809  
 And if Locke err, must thousands err with Locke ?  
 Men ! claim your charter ! spurn th' unjust controul,  
 And shake the bondage from the free-born soul !  
 Go walk the porticoes ! and teach your youth

All names are bubbles, but the name of Truth !  
If fools, by chance, attend to Wisdom's rules,  
'Tis no dishonour to be right with fools.  
If human faults to Plato's page belong,  
Not ev'n with Plato, willingly go wrong.  
But though the judging page declare it well  
To love Truth better than the lips which tell ; 820  
Yet 'twere an error, with injustice class'd,  
T'adore the former, and neglect the last.  
Oh ! beats there, Heav'n ! a heart of human frame,  
Whose pulses throb not at some kindling name ?  
Some sound, which brings high musings in its track,  
Or calls perchance the days of childhood back,  
In its dear echo, — when, without a sigh,  
Swift hoop, and bounding ball, were first laid by,  
To clasp in joy, from school-room tyrant, free,  
The classic volume on the little knee, 830  
And con sweet sounds of dearest minstrelsy,  
Or words of sterner lore ; the young brow fraught  
With a calm brightness which might mimic thought,  
Leant on the boyish hand — as, all the while,  
A half-heav'd sigh, or aye th' unconscious smile  
Would tell how, o'er that page, the soul was glowing,  
In an internal transport, past the knowing !  
How feelings, erst unfelt, did then appear,  
Give forth a voice, and murmur, " We are here ! "  
As lute-strings, which a strong hand plays upon ; 840  
Or Memnon's statue singing 'neath the sun.  
Ah me ! for such are pleasant memories —  
And call the tears of fondness to our eyes  
Reposing on this gone-by dream — when thus,  
One marbled book was all the world to us ;  
The gentlest bliss our innocent thoughts could find —  
The happiest cradle of our infant mind !

And though such hours be past, we shall not less  
 Think on their joy with grateful tenderness ; 849  
 And bless the page which bade our reason wake, —  
 And love the prophet, for his mission's sake.  
 But not alone doth Memory's smouldering flame  
 Reflect a radiance on a glorious name ;  
 For there are names of pride ; and they who bear  
 Have walked with Truth, and turn'd their footsteps  
 where

We walk not — their beholdings aye have been  
 O'er Mind's far countries which we have not seen —  
 Our thoughts are not their thoughts ! — and oft we  
 dream

That light upon the awful brow doth gleam,  
 From that high converse ; as when Moses trod 860  
 Towards the people, from the mount of God,  
 His lips were silent, but his face was bright,  
 And prostrate Israel trembled at the sight.

What tongue can syllable our Bacon's name,  
 Nor own a heart exulting in his fame ?  
 Where prejudice' wild blasts were wont to blow,  
 And waves of ignorance roll'd dark below,  
 He raised his sail — and left the coast behind, —  
 Sublime Columbus of the realms of Mind !  
 Dared folly's mists, opinion's treacherous sands, 870  
 And walk'd, with godlike step, th' untrodden lands !  
 But ah ! our Muse of Britain, standing near,  
 Hath dimm'd my tablet with a pensive tear !  
 Thrice, the proud theme, her free-born voice essays, —  
 And thrice that voice is faltering in his praise —  
 Yea ! till her eyes in silent triumph turn  
 To mark afar her Locke's sepulchral urn !  
 Oh urn ! where students rapturous vigils keep,

Where sages envy, and where patriots weep !  
 Oh Name ! that bids my glowing spirit wake — 880  
 To freemen's hearts endeared for Freedom's sake !  
 Oh soul ! too bright in life's corrupting hour,  
 To rise by faction, or to crouch to power !  
 While radiant Genius lifts her heav'nward wing,  
 And human bosoms own the Mind I sing ;  
 While British writers British thoughts record,  
 And England's press is fearless as her sword ;  
 While, 'mid the seas which gird our favor'd isle,  
 She clasps her charter'd rights with conscious smile ;  
 So long be *thou* her glory, and her guide, 890  
 Thy page her study, and thy name her pride !  
 Oh ! ever thus, immortal Locke, belong  
 First to my heart, as noblest in my song ;  
 And since in thee, the muse enraptured find  
 A moral greatness, and creating mind,  
 Still may thine influence, which with honor'd light  
 Beams when I read, illumine me as I write !  
 The page too guiltless, and the soul too free,  
 To call a frown from Truth, or blush from thee !  
 But where Philosophy would fear to soar, 900  
 Young Poesy's elastic steps explore !  
 Her fairy foot, her daring eye pursues  
 The light of faith — nor trembles as she views !  
 Wont o'er the Psalmist's holy harp to hang,  
 And swell the sacred note when Milton sang ;  
 Mingling reflection's chords with fancy's lays,  
 The tones of music with the voice of praise !

And while Philosophy, in spirit, free,  
 Reasons, believes, yet cannot plainly *see*,  
 Poetic Rapture, to her dazzled sight, 910  
 Pourtrays the shadows of the things of light ;

Delighting o'er the unseen worlds to roam,  
 And waft the pictures of perfection home.  
 Thus Reason oft the aid of fancy seeks,  
 And strikes Pierian chords — when Irving speaks !

Oh ! silent be the withering tongue of those  
 Who call each page, bereft of measure, prose ;  
 Who deem the Muse possest of such faint spells,  
 That like poor fools, she glories in her *bells* ;  
 Who hear her voice alone in tinkling chime, 920  
 And find a line's whole magic in its rhyme ;  
 Forgetting, if the gilded shrine be fair,  
 What purer spirit may inhabit there !  
 For such, — indignant at her questioned might,  
 Let Genius cease to charm — and Scott to write !

Ungrateful Plato ! o'er thy cradled rest,  
 The Muse hath hung, and all her love express ;  
 Thy first imperfect accents fondly taught,  
 And warm'd thy visions with poetic thought !  
 Ungrateful Plato ! should her deadliest foe 930  
 Be found within the breast she tended so ?  
 Spoil'd of her laurels, should she weep to find  
 The best belov'd become the most unkind ?  
 And was it well or generous, Brutus like,  
 To pierce the hand that gave the power to strike ?

Sages, by reason, reason's powers direct ;  
 Bards, through the heart, convince the intellect.  
 Philosophy majestic brings to view  
 Mind's perfect modes, and fair proportions too ;  
 Enchanting Poesy bestows the while, 940  
 Upon its sculptured grace, her magic smile,  
 Bids the cold form, with living radiance glow,

And stamps existence on its marble brow !  
 For Poesy's whole essence, when defined,  
 Is elevation of the reasoning mind,  
 When inward sense from Fancy's page is taught,  
 And moral feeling ministers to Thought.  
 And hence, the natural passions all agree  
 In seeking Nature's language — poetry.  
 When Hope, in soft perspective, from afar, 950  
 Sees lovely scenes more lovely than they are ;  
 To deck the landscape, tiptoe Fancy brings  
 Her plastic shapes, and bright imaginings.  
 Or when man's breast by torturing pangs is stung,  
 If fearful silence cease t' enchain his tongue,  
 In metaphor, the feelings seek relief,  
 And all the soul grows eloquent with grief.

Poetic fire, like Vesta's, pure and bright,  
 Should draw from Nature's sun, its holy light.  
 With Nature, should the musing poet roam, 960  
 And steal instruction from her classic tome ;  
 When 'neath her guidance, least inclin'd to err —  
 The ablest painter when he copies *her*.

Beloved Shakespeare ! England's dearest fame !  
 Dead is the breast that swells not at thy name !  
 Whether thine Ariel skim the seas along,  
 Floating on wings ethereal as his song —  
 Lear rave amid the tempest — or Macbeth  
 Question the hags of hell on midnight heath —  
 Immortal Shakespeare ! still, thy lips impart 970  
 The noblest comment on the human heart.  
 And as fair Eve, in Eden newly placed,  
 Gazed on her form, in limpid waters traced,  
 And stretch'd her gentle arms, with pleased surprise,

To meet the image of her own bright eyes —  
 So Nature, on thy magic page, surveys  
 Her sportive graces, and untutored ways !  
 Wondering, the soft reflection doth she see,  
 Then laughing owns she loves herself in thee !

Shun not the haunts of crowded cities then ;      980  
 Nor e'er, as man, forget to study men !  
 What though the tumult of the town intrude  
 On the deep silence, and the lofty mood ;  
 'Twill make thy human sympathies rejoice,  
 To hear the music of a human voice —  
 To watch strange brows by various reason wrought,  
 To claim the interchange of thought with thought ;  
 T' associate mind with mind, for Mind's own weal,  
 As steel is ever sharpen'd best by steel.      989  
 T' impassion'd bards, the scenic world is dear, —  
 But Nature's glorious masterpiece is here !  
 All poetry is beauty, but exprest  
 In inward essence, not in outward vest.  
 Hence lovely scenes, reflective poets find,  
 Awake their lovelier images in Mind :  
 Nor doth the pictur'd earth, the bard invite,  
 The lake of azure, or the heav'n of light,  
 But that his swelling breast arouses there,  
 Something less visible, and much more fair !  
 There is a music in the landscape round, —      1000  
 A silent voice, that speaks without a sound —  
 A witching spirit, that reposing near,  
 Breathes to the heart, but comes not to the ear !  
 These softly steal, his kindling soul t' embrace,  
 And natural beauty, gild with moral grace.  
 Think not, when summer breezes tell their tale,  
 The poet's thoughts are with the summer gale ;



Think not his Fancy builds her elfin dream  
 On painted floweret, or on sighing stream :  
 No single objects cause his raptur'd starts,      1010  
 For Mind is narrow'd, not inspir'd by parts ;  
 But o'er the scene the poet's spirit broods,  
 To warm the thoughts that form his noblest moods ;  
 Peopling his solitude with faëry play,  
 And beckoning shapes that whisper him away, —  
 While liliated fields, and hedge-row blossoms white,  
 And hills, and glittering streams, are full in sight —  
 The forests wave, the joyous sun beguiles,  
 And all the poetry of Nature smiles !

Such poetry is formed by Mind, and not      1020  
 By scenic grace of one peculiar spot.  
 The artist lingers in the moon-lit glade,  
 And light and shade, with him, are — light and shade.  
 The philosophic chymist wandering there,  
 Dreams of the soil, and nature of the air.  
 The rustic marks the young herbs' fresh'ning hue,  
 And only thinks — his scythe may soon pass through !  
 None "muse on nature with a Poet's eye,"  
 None read, but Poets, Nature's poetry !  
 Its characters are trac'd in mystic hand,      1030  
 And all may gaze, but few can understand.

Nor here alone the Poet's dwelling rear,  
 Though Beauty's voice perchance is sweetest here !  
 Bind not his footsteps to the sylvan scene,  
 To heathy banks, fair woods, and valleys green,  
 When Mind is all his own ! her dear impress  
 Shall throw a magic o'er the wilderness,  
 As o'er the blossoming vale, and aye recall  
 Its shadowy plane, and silver waterfall,

Or sleepy crystal pool, reposing by, 1040  
 To give the earth a picture of the sky !  
 Such, gazed on by the spirit, are, I ween,  
 Lovelier than ever prototype was seen ;  
 For Fancy teacheth Memory's hand to trace  
 Nature's ideal form in Nature's place.  
 In every theme by lofty Poet sung,  
 The thought should seem to speak, and not the tongue.  
 When godlike Milton lifts th' exalted song,  
 The subject bears the burning words along — 1049  
 Resounds the march of Thought, th' o'erflowing line,  
 Full cadence, solemn pause, and strength divine !  
 When Horace chats his neighbour's faults away,  
 The sportive measures, like his muse, are gay ;  
 For once Good-humour Satire's by-way took,  
 And all his soul is laughing in his book !  
 On moral Pope's didactic page is found,  
 Sound rul'd by sense, and sense made clear by sound ;  
 The power to reason, and the taste to please,  
 While, as the subject varies in degrees,  
 He stoops with dignity, and soars with ease. 1060

Hence let our Poets, with discerning glance,  
 Forbear to imitate the stage of France.  
 What though Corneille arouse the thrilling chords,  
 And walk with Genius o'er th' inspir'd boards ;  
 What though his rival bring, with calmer grace,  
 The classic unities of time and place, —  
 All polish, and all eloquence — 'twere mean  
 To leave the path of Nature for Racine ;  
 When Nero's parent, 'midst her woe, defines 1069  
 The wrong that tortures — in two hundred lines :  
 Or when Orestes, madden'd by his crime,  
 Forgets life, joy, and every thing — but rhyme.

While thus to character and nature, true,  
 Still keep the harmony of verse in view ;  
 Yet not in changeless concord, — it should be  
 Though graceful, nervous, — musical, though free ;  
 Not clogg'd by useless drapery, not beset  
 By the superfluous word, or epithet,  
 Wherein Conception only dies in state, 1079  
 As Draco, smother'd by the garments' weight —  
 But join, Amphion-like, (whose magic fire  
 Won the deep music of the Maian lyre,  
 To call Bæotia's city from the ground,)  
 The just in structure, with the sweet in sound.

Nor this the whole — the poet's classic strain  
 May flow in smoothest numbers, yet in vain ;  
 And Taste may please, and Fancy sport awhile,  
 And yet Aonia's muse refuse to smile !  
 For lo ! her heavenly lips these words reveal —  
 ' The sage may coldly *think*, the bard must *feel* ! 1090  
 And if his writings, to his heart untrue,  
 Would ape the fervent throb it never knew ;  
 If generous deeds, and Virtue's noblest part,  
 And Freedom's voice, could never warm that heart ;  
 If interest tax'd the produce of the brain,  
 And fetter'd Genius follow'd in her train,  
 Weeping as each unwilling word she spoke, —  
 Then hush the lute — its master string is broke !  
 In vain, the skilful hand may linger o'er —  
 Concord is dead, and music speaks no more !' 1100

There are, and have been such — they were forgot  
 If shame could veil their page, if tears could blot !  
 There are, and have been, whose dishonour'd lay  
 Aspired t' enrapture that the world might — pay !

Whose life was one long bribe, oft counted o'er, —  
 Brib'd to think on, and brib'd to think no more ;  
 Brib'd to laugh, weep, nor ask the reason why ;  
 Brib'd to tell truth, and brib'd to gild a lie !  
 Oh Man ! for this, the sensual left behind,  
 We boast our empire o'er the vast of Mind ? 1110  
 Oh Mind ! reported valueless, till sold,  
 Thought dross till metamorphos'd into gold  
 By Midas' touch — breath'st thou immortal verse  
 To throw a ducat in an empty purse —  
 To walk the market at a belman's cry,  
 For knaves to sell, and wond'ring fools to buy ?  
 Can Heav'n-born bards, undone by lucre's lust,  
 Crouch thus, like Heav'n-born ministers, to dust ?  
 Alas ! to dust indeed — yet wherefore blame ? 1119  
 They keep their profits, though they lose their fame.

Leave to the dross they seek, the grovelling throng,  
 And swell with nobler aim th' Aonian song !  
 Enough for thee uninfluenc'd and unhir'd,  
 If Truth reward the strain herself inspir'd !  
 Enough for thee, if grateful Man commend,  
 If Genius love, and Virtue call thee friend !  
 Enough for thee, to wake th' exalted mood,  
 Reprove the erring, and confirm the good ;  
 Excite the tender smile, the generous tear,  
 Or rouse the thought to loftiest Nature dear, 1130  
 Which rapturous greets amidst the fervent line,  
 Thy name, O Freedom ! glorious Hellas, thine !

I love my own dear land — it doth rejoice  
 The soul, to stretch my arms, and lift my voice,  
 To tell her of my love ! I love her green  
 And bowery woods, her hills in mossy sheen,

Her silver running waters — there's no spot  
 In all her dwelling, which my breast loves not —  
 No place not heart-enchanted ! Sunnier skies,  
 And calmer waves, may meet another's eyes ; 1140  
 I love the sullen mist, the stormy sea,  
 The winds of rushing strength which, like the land,  
     are free !

Such is my love — yet turning thus to thee,  
 Oh Græcia ! I must hail with hardly less  
 Of joy, and pride, and deepening tenderness,  
 And feelings wild, I know not to controul,  
 My other country — country of my soul !  
 For so, to me, thou art ! my lips have sung  
*Of* thee with childhood's lisp, and harp unstrung !  
*In* thee, my Fancy's pleasant walks have been, 1150  
 Telling her tales, while Memory wept between !  
 And now *for* thee I joy, with heart beguiled,  
 As if a dying friend looked up, and smiled.

Lo ! o'er Ægæa's waves, the shout hath ris'n !  
 Lo ! Hope hath burst the fetters of her prison !  
 And Glory sounds the trump along the shore,  
 And Freedom walks where Freedom walk'd before !  
 Ipsara glimmers with heroic light,  
 Redd'ning the waves that lash her flaming height ;  
 And Ægypt hurries from that dark blue sea ! 1160  
 Lo ! o'er the cliffs of fam'd Thermopylæ,  
 And voiceful Marathon, the wild winds sweep,  
 Bearing this message to the brave who sleep —  
 ' They come ! they come ! with their embattled shock,  
 From Pelion's steep, and Paros' foam-dash'd rock !  
 They come from Tempe's vale, and Helicon's spring,  
 And proud Eurotas' banks, the river king !  
 They come from Leuctra, from the waves that kiss

Athena — from the shores of Salamis ;  
 From Sparta, Thebes, Eubœa's hills of blue — 1170  
 To live with Hellas — or to sleep with you !'

Smile — smile, beloved land ! and though no lay  
 From Doric pipe, may charm thy glades to-day —  
 Though dear Ionic music murmur not  
 Adown the vale — its echo all forgot !  
 Yet smile, beloved land ! for soon, around,  
 Thy silent earth shall utter forth a sound,  
 As whilom — and, its pleasant groves among,  
 The Grecian voice shall breathe the Grecian song,  
 While the exilèd muse shall 'habit still 1180  
 The happy haunts of her Parnassian hill.  
 Till then, behold the cold dumb sepulchre —  
 The ruin'd column — ocean, earth, and air,  
 Man, and his wrongs — thou hast Tyrtæus there !  
 And pardon, if across the heaving main,  
 Sound the far melody of minstrel strain,  
 In wild and fitful gust from England's shore,  
 For *his* immortal sake, who never more  
 Shall tread with living foot, and spirit free,  
 Her fields, or breathe her passionate poetry — 1190  
 The pilgrim bard, who lived, and died for thee,  
 Oh land of Memory ! loving thee no less  
 Than parent — with the filial tenderness,  
 And holy ardour of the Argive son,  
 Straining each nerve to bear thy chariot on —  
 Till when its wheels the place of glory swept,  
 He laid him down before the shrine — and slept.

So be it ! at his cold unconscious bier,  
 We fondly sate, and dropp'd the natural tear —  
 Yet wept not wisely, for he sank to rest 1200

On the dear earth his waking thoughts loved best,  
 And gently life's last pulses stole away !  
 No Moschus sang a requiem o'er his clay,  
 But Greece was sad ! and breathed above, below,  
 The warrior's sigh, the silence, and the woe !

And is this all ? Is this the little sum  
 For which we toil — to which our glories come ?  
 Doth History bend her mouldering pages o'er,  
 And Science stretch her bulwark from the shore,  
 And Sages search the mystic paths of Thought, 1210  
 And Poets charm with lays that Genius taught —  
 For this ? to labour through their little day,  
 To weep an hour, then want the tear they pay —  
 To ask the urn, their death and life to tell,  
 When the dull dust would give that tale as well !

Man ! hast thou seen the gallant vessel sweep,  
 Borrowing her moonlight from the jealous deep,  
 And gliding with mute foot, and silver wing,  
 Over the waters like a soul-mov'd thing ? 1219  
 Man, hast thou gazed on this — then look'd again,  
 And seen no speck on all that desolate main,  
 And heard no sound, — except the gurgling cry,  
 The winds half stifled in their mockery ?

Woe unto thee ! for, thus, thy course is run,  
 And, in the fulness of thy noon-day sun,  
 The darkness cometh — yea ! thou walk'st abroad  
 In glory, Child of Mind, Creation's Lord —  
 And wisdom's music from thy lips hath gush'd !  
 Then comes the *Selab* ! and the voice is hush'd,  
 And the light past ! we seek where thou hast been  
 In beauty — but thy beauty is not seen ! 1231



We breathe the air thou breath'dst, we tread the spot  
 Thy feet were wont to tread, but find thee not !  
 Beyond, sits Darkness with her haggard face,  
 Brooding fiend-like above thy burying-place —  
 Beneath, let wildest Fancy take her fill !  
 Shall we seek on ? we shudder, and are still !  
 Yet woe not unto thee, thou child of Earth !  
 Though moonlight sleep on thy deserted hearth,  
 We will not cry ' Alas ! ' above thy clay ! 1240  
 It was, perchance, thy joyous pride to stray  
 On Mind's lone shore, and linger by the way :  
 But now thy pilgrim's staff is laid aside,  
 And on thou journeyest o'er the sullen tide,  
 To bless thy wearied sight, and glad thine heart  
 With all that Mind's serener skies impart ;  
 Where Wisdom suns the day no shades destroy,  
 And Learning ends in Truth, as hope in joy :  
 While *we* stand mournful on the desert beach,  
 And wait, and wish, thy distant bark, to reach, 1250  
 And weep to watch it passing from our sight,  
 And sound the gun's salute, and sigh our last ' good  
 night ! '

And oh ! while thus the spirit glides away, —  
 Give to the world its memory with its clay !  
 Some page our country's grateful eyes may scan ;  
 Some useful truth to bless surviving man ;  
 Some name to honest bosoms justly dear ;  
 Some grave t' exalt the thought, and claim the tear ;  
 So when the pilgrim Sun is travelling o'er  
 The last blue hill, to gild a distant shore, 1260  
 He leaves a freshness in the evening scene,  
 That tells Creation where his steps have been !

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

### TO MY FATHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

“Causa fuit Pater his.” — *Hor.*

AMIDST the days of pleasant mirth,  
That throw their halo round our earth ;  
Amidst the tender thoughts that rise  
To call bright tears to happy eyes ;  
Amidst the silken words that move  
To syllable the names we love ;  
There glides no day of gentle bliss,  
More soothing to the heart than *this* !  
No thoughts of fondness e'er appear  
*More* fond, than those I write of here !      10  
No name can e'er on tablet shine,  
My father ! more belov'd than *thine* !  
'Tis sweet, adown the shady past,  
A lingering look of love to cast —  
Back th' enchanted world to call,  
That beamed around us first of all ;  
And walk with Memory fondly o'er  
The paths, where Hope had been before —  
Sweet to receive the sylphic sound  
That breathes in tenderness around,      20  
Repeating to the listening ear  
The names that made our childhood dear —  
For parted Joy, like Echo, kind,  
Will leave her dulcet voice behind,  
To tell, amidst the magic air,  
How oft she smiled and lingered there.  
Oh ! let the deep Aonian shell

Breathe tuneful numbers, clear and well,  
 While the glad Hours, in fair array,  
 Lead on this buxom Holiday ; 30  
 And Time, as on his way he springs,  
 Hates the last bard who gave him wings ;  
 For 'neath thy gentleness of praise,  
 My Father ! rose my early lays !  
 And when the lyre was scarce awake,  
 I lov'd its strings for *thy* lov'd sake ;  
 Woo'd the kind Muses — but the while  
 Thought only how to win thy smile —  
 My proudest fame — my dearest pride —  
*More* dear than all the world beside ! 40  
 And now, perchance, I seek the tone  
 For magic that is more its own ;  
 But still my Father's looks remain  
 The best Mæcenus of my strain ;  
 My gentlest joy, upon his brow  
 To read the smile, that meets me now —  
 To hear him, in his kindness, say  
 The words, — perchance he'll speak to-day !

## SPENSERIAN STANZAS

ON A BOY OF THREE YEARS OLD.

CHILD of the sunny lockes and beautifull brow !  
 In thoughtfull tendernesse I gaze on thee —  
 Upon thy daintie cheek Expression's glow  
 Daunceth in tyme to thine heart's melodie ;  
 Ne mortall wight mote lovelier urchin see !  
 Nathlesse it teens this pensive brest of mine  
 To think — belive the innocent revelrie

Shall be eclipsed in those soft blue eyne —  
 Whenso the howre of youth no more for thee shall  
 shine.

Ah me ! eftsoons thy childhood's pleasaunt dais 10  
 Shall fly away, and be a whilome thing !  
 And sweetest mearimake, and birthday lais  
 Be reck'd not of, except when memories bring  
 Feres to their embers with awaking wing,  
 To make past love rejoyce thy tender sprite,  
 Albeit the toyles of daunger thee enring !  
 Child of the wavy lockes, and brow of light —  
*Then* be thy conscience pure, as *now* thy face is  
 bright.

#### VERSES TO MY BROTHER.

“For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill.”  
 — *Lycidas*.

I WILL write down thy name, and when 'tis writ,  
 Will turn me from the hum that mortals keep  
 In the wide world without, and gaze on it !  
 It telleth of the past — calling from sleep  
 Such dear, yet mournful thoughts, as make us smile,  
 and weep.

Belov'd and best ! what thousand feelings start,  
 As o'er the paper's course my fingers move —  
 My Brother ! dearest, kindest as thou art !  
 How can these lips my heart's affection prove ?  
 I could not speak the words, if words could speak my  
 love. 10

Together have we past our infant hours,  
 Together sported Childhood's spring away,  
 Together cull'd young Hope's fast budding flowers,  
 To wreath the forehead of each coming day !  
 Yes ! for the present's sun makes e'en the future gay.

And when the laughing mood was nearly o'er,  
 Together, many a minute did we wile  
 On Horace' page, or Maro's sweeter lore ;  
 While one young critic, on the classic style,      19  
 Would sagely try to frown, and make the other smile.

But now alone thou con'st the ancient tome —  
 And sometimes thy dear studies, it may be,  
 Are cross'd by dearer dreams of me and home !  
 Alone I muse on Homer — thoughts are free —  
 And if mine often stray, they go in search of thee !

I may not praise thee *here* — I will not bless !  
 Yet all thy goodness doth thy memory bear,  
 Cherish'd by more than Friendship's tenderness —  
 And, in the silence of my evening prayer,  
 Thou shalt not be forgot — thy dear name shall be  
 there !      30

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF LORD  
BYRON.

“ — — — λέγε πᾶσιν ἀπώλετο.” — *Bion*.

“ — — — I am not now  
That which I have been.” — *Childe Harold*.

HE *was*, and *is* not ! Græcia's trembling shore,  
Sighing through all her palmy groves, shall tell  
That Harold's pilgrimage at last is o'er —  
Mute the impassioned tongue, and tuneful shell,  
That erst was wont in noblest strains to swell —  
Hush'd the proud shouts that rode Ægæa's wave !  
For lo ! the great Deliv'rer breathes farewell !  
Gives to the world his mem'ry and a grave —  
Expiring in the land he only lived to save !

Mourn, Hellas, mourn ! and o'er thy widow'd  
brow, 10  
For aye, the cypress wreath of sorrow twine ;  
And in thy new-form'd beauty, desolate, throw  
The fresh-cull'd flowers on *his* sepulchral shrine.  
Yes ! let that heart whose fervour was all thine,  
In consecrated urn lamented be !  
That generous heart where genius thrill'd divine,  
Hath spent its last most glorious throb for thee —  
Then sank amid the storm that made thy children  
free !

Britannia's Poet ! Græcia's hero, sleeps !  
And Freedom, bending o'er the breathless clay, 20  
Lifts up her voice, and in her anguish weeps !  
For *us*, a night hath clouded o'er our day,  
And hush'd the lips that breath'd our fairest lay.

Alas ! and must the British lyre resound  
 A requiem, while the spirit wings away  
 Of him who on its strings such music found,  
 And taught its startling chords to give so sweet a  
 sound !

The theme grows sadder — but my soul shall find  
 A language in these tears ! No more — no more !  
 Soon, 'midst the shriekings of the tossing wind, 30  
 The 'dark blue depths' he sang of, shall have bore  
 Our *all* of Byron to his native shore !  
 His grave is thick with voices — to the ear  
 Murm'ring an awful tale of greatness o'er ;  
 But Memory strives with Death, and lingering near,  
 Shall consecrate the dust of Harold's lonely bier !

## MEMORY.

My Fancy's steps have often strayed  
 To some fair vale the hills have made ;  
 Where sparkling waters travel o'er,  
 And hold a mirror to the shore ;  
 Winding with murmurings in and out,  
 To find the flowers which grow about.  
 And there, perchance, in childhood bold,  
 Some little elf, four summers old,  
 Adown the vales may chance to run,  
 To hunt his shadow in the sun ! 10  
 But when the waters meet his eyes,  
 He starts and stops with glad surprise,  
 And shouts, with merry voice, to view  
 The banks of green, the skies of blue,  
 Th' inverted flocks that bleating go,



Lilies, and trees of apple blow,  
 Seeming so beautiful below !  
 He peeps above — he glances round,  
 And then looks down, and thinks he's found  
 Reposing in the stream, to woo one, 20  
 A world ev'n lovelier than the true one.  
 Thus, with visions gay and light,  
 Hath Fancy lov'd my page to dight ;  
 Yet thought hath, through a vista, seen  
 Something less frivolous I ween :  
 Then, while my chatting pen runs on,  
 I'll tell you what she dreamt upon.

Memory's the streamlet of the scene,  
 Which sweeps the hills of life between ;  
 And, when our walking hour is past, 30  
 Upon its shore we rest at last ;  
 And love to view the waters fair,  
 And see lost joys depicted there.

My ——, when thy feet are led  
 To press those banks we all must tread —  
 May Virtue's smile, and Learning's praise,  
 Adorn the waters to thy gaze ;  
 And, o'er their lucid course, be lent  
 The sunshine of a life well spent !  
 Then, if a thought should glad thy breast 40  
 Of those who loved thee first and best,  
 My name, perchance, may haunt the spot,  
 Not quite unprized — nor all forgot.

## TO ———.

MINE is a wayward lay ;  
 And, if its echoing rhymes I try to string,  
 Proveth a truant thing,  
 Whenso some names I love, send it away !

For then, eyes swimming o'er,  
 And clasp'd hands, and smiles in fondness meant,  
 Are much more eloquent —  
 So it had fain begone, and speak no more !

Yet shall it come again,  
 Ah, friend belov'd ! if so thy wishes be, 10  
 And, with wild melody,  
 I will, upon thine ear, cadence my strain —

Cadence my simple line,  
 Unfashion'd by the cunning hand of Art,  
 But coming from my heart,  
 To tell the message of its love to thine !

As ocean shells, when taken  
 From Ocean's bed, will faithfully repeat  
 Her ancient music sweet — 19  
 Ev'n so these words, true to my heart, shall waken !

Oh ! while our bark is seen,  
 Our little bark of kindly, social love,  
 Down life's clear stream to move  
 Toward the summer shores, where all is green —

So long thy name shall bring,  
 Echoes of joy unto the grateful gales,  
 And thousand tender tales,  
 To freshen the fond hearts that round thee cling !

Hast thou not look'd upon  
 The flowerets of the field in lowly dress ? 30  
 Blame not my simpleness —  
 Think only of my love ! — my song is gone.

## STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY A PASSAGE IN MR. EMERSON'S JOURNAL,  
 WHICH STATES, THAT ON THE MENTION OF LORD  
 BYRON'S NAME, CAPTAIN DEMETRIUS, AN OLD  
 ROUMELIOT, BURST INTO TEARS.

NAME not his name, or look afar —  
 For when my spirit hears  
 That name, its strength is turned to woe —  
 My voice is turned to tears.

Name me the host and battle-storm,  
 Mine own good sword shall stem ;  
 Name me the foeman and the block,  
 I have a smile for *them* !

But name *him* not, or cease to mark  
 This brow where passions sweep — 10  
 Behold, a warrior is a man,  
 And as a man may weep !

I could not scorn my Country's foes,  
 Did not these tears descend —  
 I could not love my Country's fame,  
 And not my Country's Friend.

Deem not his memory e'er can be  
 Upon our spirits dim —  
 Name us the generous and the free,  
 And we must think of *him* ! 20

For his voice resounded through our land  
 Like the voice of liberty,  
 As when the war-trump of the wind  
 Upstirs our dark blue sea.

His arm was in the foremost rank,  
 Where embattled thousands roll —  
 His name was in the love of Greece,  
 And his spell was on her soul !

But the arm that wielded her good sword,  
 The brow that wore the wreath, 30  
 The lips that breathed the deathless thoughts —  
 They went asleep in death.

Ye left his HEART, when ye took away  
 The dust in funeral state ;  
 And we dumbly placed in a little urn,  
 That home of all things great.

The banner streamed — the war-shout rose —  
 Our heroes played their part ;  
 But not a pulse would throb or burn —  
 Oh ! could it be *his* heart ! 40

I will not think — 'tis worse than vain  
 Upon such thoughts to keep ;  
 Then, Briton, name me not his name —  
 I cannot choose but weep !

## THE PAST.

THERE is a silence upon the Ocean,  
 Albeit it swells with a feverish motion ;  
 Like to the battle-camp's fearful calm,  
 While the banners are spread, and the warriors arm.

The winds beat not their drum to the waves,  
But sullenly moan in the distant caves ;  
Talking over, before they rise,  
Some of their dark conspiracies.

And so it is in this life of ours,  
A calm may be on the present hours, 10  
But the calmest hour of festive glee  
May turn the mother of woe to thee.

I will betake me to the Past,  
And she shall make my love at last ;  
I will find my home in her tarrying-place —  
I will gaze all day on her deathly face !

Her form, though awful, is fair to view ;  
The clasp of her hand, though cold, is true ;  
Her shadowy brow hath no changefulness,  
And her numbered smiles can grow no less ! 20

Her voice is like a pleasant song,  
Which we have not heard for very long,  
And which a joy on our souls will cast,  
Though we know not where we heard it last.

She shall walk with me, away, away,  
Where'er the mighty have left their clay ;  
She shall speak to me in places lone,  
With a low and holy tone.

Ay ! when I have lit my lamp at night,  
She will be present with my sprite ; 30  
And I will say, whate'er it be,  
Every word she telleth me !

## THE PRAYER.

METHOUGHT that I did stand upon a tomb —  
 And all was silent as the dust beneath,  
 While feverish thoughts upon my soul would come,  
 Losing my words in tears : I thought of death ;  
 And prayed that when my lips gave out the breath,  
 The friends I loved like life might stay behind :  
 So, for a little while, my name might eath  
 Be something dear, — spoken with voices kind,  
 Heard with remembering looks, from eyes which tears  
 would blind !

I prayed that I might sink unto my rest, 10  
 (O foolish, selfish prayer !) before them all ;  
 So I might look my last on those loved best —  
 So never would my voice repining call,  
 And never would my tears impassioned fall  
 On one familiar face turning to clay !  
 So would my tune of life be musical,  
 Albeit abrupt — like airs the Spaniards play,  
 Which in the sweetest part, break off, and die away.

Methought I looked around ! the scene was rife 19  
 With little vales, green banks, and waters heaving ;  
 And every living thing did joy in life,  
 And every thing of beauty did seem living —  
 Oh, then, life's pulse was at my heart reviving ;  
 And then I knew that it was good to bear  
 Dispens'd woe, that by the spirit's grieving,  
 It might be wean'd from a world so fair ! —  
 Thus with submissive words mine heart did close its  
 prayer.

## ON A PICTURE OF RIEGO'S WIDOW,

PLACED IN THE EXHIBITION.

DAUGHTER of Spain ! a passer by  
 May mark the cheek serenely pale —  
 The dark eyes which dream silently,  
 And the calm lip which gives no wail !

Calm ! it bears not a deeper trace  
 Of feelings it disdained to show ;  
 We look upon the Widow's face,  
 And only read the Patriot's woe !

No word, no look, no sigh of thine,  
 Would make *his* glory seem more dim ;      10  
 Thou would'st not give to vulgar eyne  
 The sacred tear which fell for HIM.

Thou would'st not hold to the world's view  
 Thy ruined joys, thy broken heart —  
 The jeering world — it only knew  
 Of all thine anguish — that thou WERT !

While o'er *his* grave thy steps would go  
 With a firm tread, — stilling thy love, —  
 As if the dust would blush below  
 To feel one faltering foot above.      20

For Spain, *he* dared the noble strife —  
 For Spain, he gave his latest breath ;  
 And he who lived the Patriot's life,  
 Was dragged to die the traitor's death !



And the shout of thousands swept around,  
 As he stood the traitor's block beside ;  
 But his dying lips gave a free sound —  
 Let the foe weep ! — *THY* brow had *pride* !

Yet haply in the midnight air,  
 When none might part thy God and thee, 30  
 The lengthened sob, the passionate prayer,  
 Have spoken thy soul's agony !

But silent else, thou past away —  
 The plaint unbreath'd, the anguish hid —  
 More voiceless than the echoing clay  
 Which idly knocked thy coffin's lid.

Peace be to thee ! while Britons seek  
 This place, if British souls they bear,  
 'Twill start the crimson in the cheek  
 To see Riego's widow *THERE* ! 40

## SONG.

*WEEP*, as if you thought of laughter !  
 Smile, as tears were coming after !  
 Marry your pleasures to your woes ;  
 And think life's green well worth its rose !

No sorrow will your heart betide,  
 Without a comfort by its side ;  
 The sun may sleep in his sea-bed,  
 But you have starlight overhead.

Trust not to Joy ! the rose of June,  
 When opened wide, will wither soon ;      10  
 Italian days without twilight  
 Will turn them suddenly to night.

Joy, most changeful of all things,  
 Flits away on rainbow wings ;  
 And when they look the gayest, know,  
 It is that they are spread to go !

### THE DREAM.

A FRAGMENT.

I HAD a dream ! — my spirit was unbound  
 From the dark iron of its dungeon, clay,  
 And rode the steeds of Time ; — my thoughts had  
     sound,  
 And spoke without a word, — I went away  
 Among the buried ages, and did lay  
 The pulses of my heart beneath the touch  
 Of the rude minstrel Time, that he should play  
 Thereon, a melody which might seem such  
 As musing spirits love — mournful, but not too much !

I had a dream — and there mine eyes did see      10  
 The shadows of past deeds like present things —  
 The sepulchres of Greece and Hesperly,  
 Ægyptus, and old landes, gave up their kings,  
 Their prophets, saints, and minstrels, whose lute-  
     strings  
 Keep a long echo — yea, the dead, white bones  
 Did stand up by the house whereto Death clings,  
 And dressed themselves in life, speaking of thrones,  
 And fame, and power, and beauty, in familiar tones !

I went back further still, for I beheld  
 What time the earth was one fair Paradise — 20  
 And over such bright meads the waters welled,  
 I wot the rainbow was content to rise  
 Upon the earth, when absent from the skies !  
 And there were tall trees that I never knew,  
 Whereon sate nameless birds in merry guise,  
 Folding their radiant wings, as the flowers do,  
 When summer nights send sleep down with the dew.

. . . . .  
 Anon there came a change — a terrible motion,  
 That made all living things grow pale and shake !  
 The dark Heavens bowed themselves unto the  
 ocean, 30

Like a strong man in strife — Ocean did take  
 His flight across the mountains ; and the lake  
 Was lashed into a sea where the winds ride —  
 Earth was no more, for in her merrymake  
 She had forgot her God — Sin claimed his bride,  
 And with his vampire breath sucked out her life's fair  
 tide !

Life went back to her nostrils, and she raised  
 Her spirit from the waters once again —  
 The lovely sights, on which I erst had gazed,  
 Were *not* — though she was beautiful as when 40  
 The Grecian called her " Beauty " — sinful men  
 Walked i' the track of the waters, and felt  
 bold —  
 Yea, they looked up to Heaven in calm disdain,  
 As if no eye had seen its vault unfold  
 Darkness, and fear, and death ! — as if a tale were  
 told !

And ages fled away within my dream ;  
 And still Sin made the heart his dwelling-place,  
 Eclipsing Heaven from men ; but it would seem  
 That two or three dared commune face to face,  
 And speak of the soul's life, of hope, and grace — 50  
 Anon there rose such sounds as angels breathe —  
 For a God came to die, bringing down peace —  
 "Pan *was not* ;" and the darkness that did wreath  
 The earth, past from the soul — Life came by death !

. . . . .

## RIGA'S LAST SONG.

I HAVE looked my last on my native land,  
 And over these strings I throw my hand,  
 To say in the death-hour's minstrelsy,  
 Hellas, my country ! farewell to thee !

I have looked my last on my native shore ;  
 I shall tread my country's plains no more ;  
 But my last thought is of her fame ;  
 But my last breath speaketh her name !

And though these lips shall soon be still,  
 They may now obey the spirit's will ; 10  
 Though the dust be fettered, the spirit is free —  
 Hellas, my country ! farewell to thee !

I go to death — but I leave behind  
 The stirrings of Freedom's mighty mind ;  
 Her voice shall arise from plain to sky,  
 Her steps shall tread where my ashes lie !

I looked on the mountains of proud Souli,  
And the mountains they seemed to look on me ;  
I spoke my thought on Marathon's plain,  
And Marathon seemed to speak again ! 20

And as I journeyed on my way,  
I saw an infant group at play ;  
One shouted aloud in his childish glee,  
And showed me the heights of Thermopylæ !

I gazed on peasants hurrying by, —  
The dark Greek pride crouched in their eye ;  
So I swear in my death-hour's minstrelsy,  
Hellas, my country ! thou *shalt* be free !

No more ! — I dash my lyre on the ground —  
I tear its strings from their home of sound — 30  
For the music of slaves shall never keep  
Where the hand of a freeman was wont to sweep !

And I bend my brows above the block,  
Silently waiting the swift death shock ;  
For these lips shall speak what becomes the free —  
Or — Hellas, my country ! farewell to thee !

---

He bowed his head with a Patriot's pride,  
And his dead trunk fell the mute lyre beside !  
The soul of each had past away —  
Soundless the strings — breathless the clay ! 40

## THE VISION OF FAME.

DID ye ever sit on summer noon,  
Half musing and half asleep,  
When ye smile in such a dreamy way,  
Ye know not if ye weep —

When the little flowers are thick beneath,  
And the welkin blue above ;  
When there is not a sound but the cattle's low,  
And the voice of the woodland dove ?

A while ago and I dream'd thus —  
I mused on ancient story, —  
For the heart like a minstrel of old doth seem,  
It delighteth to sing of glory.

10

What time I saw before me stand,  
A bright and lofty One ;  
A golden lute was in her hand,  
And her brow drooped thereon.

But the brow that drooped was rais'd soon,  
Shewing its royal sheen —  
It was, I guessed, no human brow,  
Though pleasant to human een.

20

And this brow of peerless majesty,  
With its whiteness did enshroud  
Two eyes, that, darkly mystical,  
'Gan look up at a cloud.

Like to the hair of Berenice,  
Fetch'd from its house of light,

Was the hair which wreathed her shadowless form —  
And Fame the ladye hight !

But as she wended on to me,  
My heart's deep fear was chidden ; 30  
For she called up the sprite of Melody,  
Which in her lute lay hidden.

When ye speak to well-belovèd ones,  
Your voice is tender and low :  
The wires methought did love her touch —  
For they did answer so.

And her lips in such a quiet way  
Gave the chant soft and long, —  
You might have thought she only breathed,  
And that her breath was song : — 40

“ When Death shrouds thy memory,  
Love is no shrine —  
The dear eyes that weep for thee,  
Soon sleep like thine !  
The wail murmured over thee,  
Fainteth away ;  
And the heart which kept love for thee,  
Turns into clay !

“ But would'st thou remembered be,  
Make me thy vow ; 50  
This verse that flows gushingly,  
Telleth thee how —  
Linking thy hand in mine,  
Listen to me,  
So not a thought of thine  
Dieth with thee —



“ Rifle thy pulsing heart  
Of the gift, love made ;  
Bid thine eye’s light depart ;  
Let thy cheek fade !  
Give me the slumber deep,  
Which night-long seems ;  
Give me the joys that creep  
Into thy dreams !

60

“ Give me thy youthful years,  
Merriest that fly —  
So the word, spoke in *tears*,  
Liveth for aye !  
So thy sepulchral stone,  
Nations may raise —  
What time thy soul hath known  
The *worth of praise* ! ”

70

She did not sing this chant to me,  
Though I was sitting by ;  
But I listened to it with chainèd breath,  
That had no power to sigh.

And ever as the chant went on,  
Its measure changed to wail ;  
And ever as the lips sang on,  
Her face did grow more pale.

80

Paler and paler — till anon  
A fear came o’er my soul ;  
For the flesh curled up from her bones,  
Like to a blasted scroll !

Ay ! silently it dropped away,  
Before my wondering sight —  
There was only a bleached skeleton,  
Where erst was ladye bright !

But still the vacant sockets gleamed  
With supernatural fires —  
But still the boney hands did ring  
Against the shuddering wires !

90

Alas, alas ! I wended home,  
With a sorrow and a shame —  
Is Fame the rest of our poor hearts ?  
Woe's me ! for THIS is FAME !

# POEMS.

1833.

## THE TEMPEST.

A FRAGMENT.

“Mors erat ante oculos.” — *Lucan*, lib. ix.

. . . . .  
The forest made my home — the voiceful streams  
My minstrel throng : the everlasting hills, —  
Which marry with the firmament, and cry  
Unto the brazen thunder, ‘Come away,  
Come from thy secret place, and try our strength,’ —  
Enwrapp’d me with their solemn arms. Here, light  
Grew pale as darkness, scarèd by the shade  
O’ the forest Titans. Here, in piny state,  
Reign’d Night, the Æthiopian queen, and crown’d  
The charmèd brow of Solitude, her spouse. 10

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
A sign was on creation. You beheld  
All things encolour’d in a sulph’rous hue,  
As day were sick with fear. The haggard clouds  
O’erhung the utter lifelessness of air ;  
The top boughs of the forest all aghast,  
Stared in the face of Heav’n ; the deep-mouth’d  
wind,  
That hath a voice to bay the armèd sea,  
Fled with a low cry like a beaten hound ;

And only that askance the shadows, flew  
Some open-beak'd birds in wilderment, 20  
Naught stirr'd abroad. All dumb did Nature seem,  
In expectation of the coming storm.

It came in power. You soon might hear afar  
The footsteps of the martial thunder sound  
Over the mountain battlements ; the sky  
Being deep-stain'd with hues fantastical,  
Red like to blood, and yellow like to fire,  
And black like plumes at funerals ; overhead  
You might behold the lightning faintly gleam 30  
Amid the clouds which thrill and gape aside,  
And straight again shut up their solemn jaws,  
As if to interpose between Heaven's wrath  
And Earth's despair. Interposition brief !  
Darkness is gathering out her mighty pall  
Above us, and the pent-up rain is loosed,  
Down trampling in its fierce delirium.

Was not my spirit gladden'd, as with wine,  
To hear the iron rain, and view the mark  
Of battle on the banner of the clouds ?  
Did I not hearken for the battle-cry, 40  
And rush along the bowing woods to meet  
The riding Tempest — skyey cataracts  
Hissing around him with rebellion vain ?  
Yea ! and I lifted up my glorying voice  
In an ' All hail ; ' when, wildly resonant,  
As brazen chariots rushing from the war,  
As passion'd waters gushing from the rock,  
As thousand crash'd woods, the thunder cried :  
And at his cry the forest tops were shook  
As by the woodman's axe ; and far and near 50  
Stagger'd the mountains with a mutter'd dread.

All hail unto the lightning ! hurriedly  
 His lurid arms are glaring through the air,  
 Making the face of heav'n to show like hell !  
 Let him go breathe his sulphur stench about,  
 And, pale with death's own mission, lord the storm !  
 Again the gleam — the glare : I turn'd to hail  
 Death's mission : at my feet there lay the dead !  
 The dead — the dead lay there ! I could not  
 view

59

(For Night espoused the storm, and made all dark)  
 Its features, but the lightning in his course  
 Shiver'd above a white and corpse-like heap,  
 Stretch'd in the path, as if to show his prey,  
 And have a triumph ere he pass'd. Then I  
 Crouch'd down upon the ground, and groped about  
 Until I touch'd that thing of flesh, rain-drench'd  
 And chill, and soft. Nathless, I did refrain  
 My soul from natural horror ! I did lift  
 The heavy head, half-bedded in the clay,  
 Unto my knee ; and pass'd my fingers o'er 70  
 The wet face, touching every lineament,  
 Until I found the brow ; and chafed its chill,  
 To know if life yet linger'd in its pulse.  
 And while I was so busied, there did leap  
 From out the entrails of the firmament,  
 The lightning, who his white unblenching breath  
 Blew in the dead man's face, discov'ring it  
 As by a staring day. I knew that face —  
 His, who did hate me — his, whom I did hate !

I shrunk not — spake not — sprang not from the  
 ground !

80

But felt my lips shake without cry or breath,  
 And mine heart wrestle in my breast to still

The tossing of its pulses ; and a cold,  
 Instead of living blood, o'ercreept my brow.  
 Albeit such darkness brooded all around,  
 I had dread knowledge that the open eyes  
 Of that dead man were glaring up to mine,  
 With their unwinking, unexpressive stare ;  
 And mine I could not shut nor turn away.  
 The man was my familiar. I had borne 90  
 Those eyes to scowl on me their living hate,  
 Better than I could bear their deadliness :  
 I had endured the curses of those lips,  
 Far better than their silence. Oh constrain'd  
 And awful silence ! — awful peace of death !  
*There* is an answer to all questioning.  
 That one word — *death*. Our bitterness can throw  
 No look upon the face of death, and live.  
 The burning thoughts that erst my soul illumed,  
 Were quench'd at once ; as tapers in a pit 100  
 Wherein the vapour-witches weirdly reign  
 In charge of darkness. Farewell all the past !  
 It was out-blotted from my memory's eyes,  
 When clay's cold silence pleaded for its sin.

Farewell the elemental war ! farewell  
 The clashing of the shielded clouds — the cry  
 Of scath'd echoes ! I no longer knew  
 Silence from sound, but wander'd far away  
 Into the deep Eleusis of mine heart,  
 To learn its secret things. When arm'd foes 110  
 Meet on one deck with impulse violent,  
 The vessel quakes thro' all her oaken ribs,  
 And shivers in the sea ; so with mine heart :  
 For there had battled in her solitudes,  
 Contrary spirits ; sympathy with power,

And stooping unto power ; — the energy  
And passiveness, — the thunder and the death !

Within me was a nameless thought : it closed  
The Janus of my soul on echoing hinge,  
And said ' Peace ! ' with a voice like War's. I  
bow'd, 120

And trembled at its voice : it gave a key,  
Empower'd to open out all mysteries  
Of soul and flesh ; of man, who doth begin,  
But endeth not ; of life, and *after life*.

. . . . .  
Day came at last : her light show'd gray and sad,  
As hatch'd by tempest, and could scarce prevail  
Over the shaggy forest to imprint  
Its outline on the sky — expressionless,  
Almost sans shadow as sans radiance :  
An idiocy of light. I waken'd from 130  
My deep unslumb'ring dream, but utter'd naught.  
My living I uncoupled from the dead,  
And look'd out, 'mid the swart and sluggish air,  
For place to make a grave. A mighty tree  
Above me, his gigantic arms outstretch'd,  
Poising the clouds. A thousand mutter'd spells  
Of every ancient wind and thund'rous storm,  
Had been off-shaken from his scathless bark.  
He had heard distant years sweet concord yield,  
And go to silence ; having firmly kept 140  
Majestical companionship with Time.  
Anon his strength wax'd proud : his tusky roots  
Forced for themselves a path on every side,  
Riving the earth ; and, in their savage scorn,  
Casting it from them like a thing unclean,



Which might impede his naked clambering  
 Unto the heavens. Now blasted, peel'd, he stood,  
 By the gone night, whose lightning had come in  
 And rent him, even as it rent the man  
 Beneath his shade : and there the strong and weak 150  
 Communion join'd in deathly agony.

There, underneath, I lent my feverish strength,  
 To scoop a lodgment for the traveller's corse.  
 I gave it to the silence and the pit,  
 And strew'd the heavy earth on all : and then —  
 I — I, whose hands had form'd that silent house, —  
 I could not look thereon, but turn'd and wept !

: : : : : : : :

Oh Death — oh crown'd Death — pale-steed'd  
 Death !

Whose name doth make our respiration brief, 159  
 Muffling the spirit's drum ! Thou, whom men know  
 Alone by charnel-houses, and the dark  
 Sweeping of funeral feathers, and the scath  
 Of happy days, — love deem'd inviolate !  
 Thou of the shrouded face, which to have seen  
 Is to be very awful, like thyself ! —  
 Thou, whom all flesh shall see ! — thou, who dost  
 call,

And there is none to answer ! — thou, whose call  
 Changeth all beauty into what we fear,  
 Changeth all glory into what we tread,  
 Genius to silence, wrath to nothingness, 170  
 And love — not love ! — thou hast no change for  
 love !

Thou, who art Life's betroth'd, and bear'st her forth

To scare her with sad sights, — who hast thy joy  
 Where'er the peopled towns are dumb with plague, —  
 Where'er the battle and the vulture meet, —  
 Where'er the deep sea writhes like Laocoon  
 Beneath the serpent winds, and vessels split  
 On secret rocks, and men go gurgling down,  
 Down, down, to lose their shriekings in the depth !  
 Oh universal thou ! who comest aye 180  
 Among the minstrels, and their tongue is tied ; —  
 Among the sophists, and their brain is still ; —  
 Among the mourners, and their wail is done ; —  
 Among the dancers, and their tinkling feet  
 No more make echoes on the tombing earth ; —  
 Among the wassail rout, and all the lamps  
 Are quench'd ; and wither'd the wine-pouring hands !

Mine heart is arm'd not in panoply  
 Of the old Roman iron, nor assumes  
 The Stoic valour. 'Tis a human heart 190  
 And so confesses, with a human fear ; —  
 That only for the hope the cross inspires,  
 That only for the MAN who died and lives,  
 'Twould crouch beneath thy sceptre's royalty,  
 With faintness of the pulse, and backward cling  
 To life. But knowing what I soothly know,  
 High-seeming Death, I dare thee ! and have hope,  
 In God's good time, of showing to thy face  
 An unsuccumbing spirit, which sublime  
 May cast away the low anxieties 200  
 That wait upon the flesh — the reptile moods ;  
 And enter that eternity to come,  
 Where live the dead, and only Death shall die.

## A SEA-SIDE MEDITATION.

“Ut per aquas quæ nunc rerum simulacra videmus.”

— *Lucretius*, lib. i.

Go, travel 'mid the hills ! The summer's hand  
Hath shaken pleasant freshness o'er them all.  
Go, travel 'mid the hills ! There, tuneful streams  
Are touching myriad stops, invisible ;  
And winds, and leaves, and birds, and your own  
thoughts,

(Not the least glad) in wordless chorus, crowd  
Around the thymele of Nature.

Go,

And travel onward. Soon shall leaf and bird,  
Wind, stream, no longer sound. Thou shalt behold  
Only the pathless sky, and houseless sward ; 10  
O'er which anon are spied innumerable sails  
Of fisher vessels like the wings o' the hill,  
And white as gulls above them, and as fast, —  
But sink they — sink they out of sight. And now  
The wind is springing upward in your face ;  
And, with its fresh-toned gushings, you may hear  
Continuous sound which is not of the wind,  
Nor of the thunder, nor o' the cataract's  
Deep passion, nor o' the earthquake's wilder pulse ;  
But which rolls on in stern tranquillity, 20  
As memories of evil o'er the soul ; —  
Boweth the bare broad Heav'n. — What view you ?  
sea — and sea !

The sea — the glorious sea ! from side to side,  
Swinging the grandeur of his foamy strength,  
And undersweeping the horizon, — on —  
On — with his life and voice inscrutable.

Pause : sit you down in silence ! I have read  
 Of that Athenian, who, when ocean raged,  
 Unchain'd the prison'd music of his lips,  
 By shouting to the billows, sound for sound. 30  
 I marvel how his mind would let his tongue  
 Affront thereby the ocean's solemnness.  
 Are we not mute, or speak restrainedly,  
 When overhead the trampling tempests go,  
 Dashing their lightning from their hoofs ? and when  
 We stand beside the bier ? and when we see  
 The strong bow down to weep — and stray among  
 Places which dust or mind hath sanctified ?  
 Yea ! for such sights and acts do tear apart  
 The close and subtle clasping of a chain, 40  
 Form'd not of gold, but of corroded brass,  
 Whose links are furnish'd from the common mine  
 Of every day's event, and want, and wish ;  
 From work-times, diet-times, and sleeping-times :  
 And thence constructed, mean and heavy links  
 Within the pandemonic walls of sense,  
 Enchain our deathless part, constrain our strength,  
 And waste the goodly stature of our soul.

Howbeit, we love this bondage ; we do cleave  
 Unto the sordid and unholy thing, 50  
 Fearing the sudden wrench required to break  
 Those clasp'd links. Behold ! all sights and sounds  
 In air, and sea, and earth, and under earth,  
 All flesh, all life, all ends, are mysteries ;  
 And all that is mysterious dreadful seems,  
 And all we cannot understand we fear.  
 Ourselves do scare ourselves : we hide our sight  
 In artificial nature from the true,  
 And throw sensation's veil associative

On God's creation, man's intelligence ; 60  
 Bowing our high imaginings to eat  
 Dust, like the serpent, once erect as they ;  
 Binding conspicuous on our reason's brow  
 Phylacteries of shame ; learning to feel  
 By rote, and act by rule, (man's rule, not God's !)  
 Until our words grow echoes, and our thoughts  
 A mechanism of spirit.

Can this last ?

No ! not for aye. We cannot subject aye  
 The heav'n-born spirit to the earth-born flesh.  
 Tame lions *will* scent blood, and appetite 70  
 Carnivorous glare from out their restless eyes.  
 Passions, emotions, sudden changes, throw  
 Our nature back upon us, till we burn.  
 What warm'd Cyrene's fount ? As poets sing,  
 The *change* from light to dark, from dark to light.

All that doth force this nature back on us,  
 All that doth force the mind to view the mind,  
 Engend'reth what is named by men, *sublime*.  
 Thus when, our wonted valley left, we gain  
 The mountain's horrent brow, and mark from thence  
 The sweep of lands extending with the sky ; 81  
 Or view the spanless plain ; or turn our sight  
 Upon yon deep's immensity ; — we breathe  
 As if our breath were marble : to and fro  
 Do reel our pulses, and our words are mute.  
 We cannot mete by parts, but grapple all :  
 We cannot measure with our eye, but soul ;  
 And fear is on us. The extent unused,  
 Our spirit, sends, to spirit's element,  
 To seize upon abstractions : first on space, 90  
 The which *eternity in place* I deem ;

And then upon eternity ; till thought  
 Hath form'd a mirror from their secret sense,  
 Wherein we view ourselves, and back recoil  
 At our own awful likeness ; ne'ertheless,  
 Cling to that likeness with a wonder wild,  
 And while we tremble, glory — proud in fear.

So ends the prose of life : and so shall be  
 Unlock'd her poetry's magnificent store.  
 And so, thou pathless and perpetual sea, 100  
 So, o'er thy deeps, I brooded and must brood,  
 Whether I view thee in thy dreadful peace,  
 Like a spent warrior hanging in the sun  
 His glittering arms, and meditating death ;  
 Or whether thy wild visage gath' reth shades,  
 What time thou marshall'st forth thy waves who hold  
 A covenant of storms, then roar and wind  
 Under the racking rocks ; as martyrs lie  
 Wheel-bound ; and, dying, utter lofty words !  
 Whether the strength of day is young and high, 110  
 Or whether, weary of the watch, he sits  
 Pale on thy wave, and weeps himself to death ; —  
 In storm and calm, at morn and eventide,  
 Still have I stood beside thee, and out-thrown  
 My spirit onward on thine element, —  
 Beyond thine element, — to tremble low  
 Before those feet which trod thee as they trod  
 Earth, — to the holy, happy, peopled place,  
 Where there is no more sea. Yea, and my soul,  
 Having put on thy vast similitude, 120  
 Hath wildly moan'd at her proper depth,  
 Echoed her proper musings, veil'd in shade  
 Her secrets of decay, and exercised  
 An elemental strength, in casting up

Rare gems and things of death on fancy's shore,  
Till Nature said, 'Enough.'

Who longest dreams,  
Dreams not for ever ; seeing day and night  
And corporal feebleness divide his dreams,  
And on his elevate creations weigh  
With hunger, cold, heat, darkness, weariness : 130  
Else should we be like gods ; else would the course  
Of thought's free wheels, increased in speed and might  
By an eterne volution, oversweep  
The heights of wisdom, and invade her depths :  
So, knowing all things, should we have all power ;  
For is not knowledge power ? But mighty spells  
Our operation sear ; the Babel must,  
Or ere it touch the sky, fall down to earth :  
The web, half form'd, must tumble from our hands,  
And, ere they can resume it, lie decay'd. 140  
Mind struggles vainly from the flesh. E'en so,  
Hell's angel (saith a scroll apocryphal)  
Shall, when the latter days of earth have shrunk  
Before the blast of God, affect his heav'n ;  
Lift his scarr'd brow, confirm his rebel heart,  
Shoot his strong wings, and darken pole and pole, —  
Till day be blotted into night ; and shake  
The fever'd clouds, as if a thousand storms  
Throbb'd into life ! Vain hope — vain strength — vain  
flight ! 149  
God's arm shall meet God's foe, and hurl him back !



## A VISION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

MINE ears were deaf to melody,  
 My lips were dumb to sound,  
 Where didst thou wander, oh my soul,  
 When ear and tongue were bound ?

‘ I wander’d by the stream of time,  
 Made dark by human tears :  
 I threw my voice upon the waves,  
 And *they* did throw me theirs.’

And how did sound the waves, my soul ?  
 And how did sound the waves ? 10  
 ‘ Hoarse, hoarse, and wild ! — they ever dash’d  
 ‘Gainst ruin’d thrones and graves.’

And what sight on the shore, my soul ?  
 And what sight on the shore ?  
 ‘ Twain beings sate there silently,  
 And sit there evermore.’

Now tell me fast and true, my soul ;  
 Now tell me of those twain.  
 ‘ One was yclothed in mourning vest,  
 And one, in trappings vain. 20

‘ She, in the trappings vain, was fair,  
 And eke fantastical :  
 A thousand colours dyed her garb ;  
 A blackness bound them all.

‘ In part her hair was gaily wreath’d,  
 In part was wildly spread :  
 Her face did change its hue too fast,  
 To say ’twas pale or red.

‘ And when she look’d on earth, I thought  
     She smiled for very glee :  
 But when she look’d to heav’n, I knew  
     That tears stood in her ee. 30

‘ She held a mirror, there to gaze :  
     It could no cheer bestow ;  
 For while her beauty cast the shade,  
     Her breath did make it go.

‘ A harper’s harp did lie by her,  
     Without the harper’s hest ;  
 A monarch’s crown did lie by her,  
     Wherein an owl had nest : 40

‘ A warrior’s sword did lie by her,  
     Grown rusty since the fight ;  
 A poet’s lamp did lie by her : —  
     Ah me ! — where was its light ? ’

And what didst *thou* say, O, my soul,  
     Unto that mystic dame ?  
 ‘ I ask’d her of her tears, and eke  
     I ask’d her of her name.

‘ She said, she built a prince’s throne :  
     She said, he ruled the grave ;  
 And that the levelling worm ask’d not  
     If he were king or slave. 50

‘ She said she form’d a godlike tongue,  
     Which lofty thoughts unsheathed ;  
 Which roll’d its thunder round, and purged  
     The air the nations breathed.

‘ She said, that tongue, all eloquent,  
With silent dust did mate ;  
Whereon false friends betray’d long faith,  
And foes outspat their hate.

60

‘ She said, she warm’d a student’s heart,  
But heart and brow ’gan fade :  
Alas, alas ! those Delphic trees  
Do cast an upas shade !

‘ She said, she lighted happy hearths,  
Whose mirth was all forgot :  
She said, she tunēd marriage bells,  
Which rang when love was *not*.

‘ She said, her name was Life ; and then  
Out laugh’d and wept aloud, —  
What time the other being strange  
Lifted the veiling shroud.

70

‘ Yea ! lifted she the veiling shroud,  
And breathed the icy breath ;  
Whereat, with inward shuddering,  
I knew *her* name was Death.

‘ Yea ! lifted she her calm, calm brow,  
Her clear cold smile on me :  
Whereat within my deepness, leap’d  
Mine immortality.

80

‘ She told me, it did move her smile,  
To witness how I sigh’d,  
Because that what was fragile brake,  
And what was mortal died :

‘ As if that kings could grasp the earth,  
 Who from its dust began ;  
 As if that suns could shine at night,  
 Or glory dwell with man.

‘ She told me, she had freed *his* soul,  
 Who aye did freedom love ; 90  
 Who now reck’d not, were worms below,  
 Or ranker worms above !

‘ She said, the student’s heart had beat  
 Against its prison dim ;  
 Until she crush’d the bars of flesh,  
 And pour’d truth’s light on him.

‘ She said, that they who left the hearth,  
 For aye in sunshine dwell ;  
 She said, the funeral tolling brought  
 More joy than marriage bell ! 100

‘ And as she spake, she spake less loud ;  
 The stream resounded more :  
 Anon I nothing heard but waves  
 That wail’d along the shore.’

And what didst thou say, oh my soul,  
 Upon that mystic strife ?

‘ I said, that Life was only Death,  
 That only Death was Life.’

## EARTH.

How beautiful is earth ! my starry thoughts  
 Look down on it from their unearthly sphere,  
 And sing symphonious — Beautiful is earth !  
 The lights and shadows of her myriad hills ;  
 The branching greenness of her myriad woods ;  
 Her sky-affecting rocks ; her zoning sea ;  
 Her rushing, gleaming cataracts ; her streams  
 That race below, the wingèd clouds on high ;  
 Her pleasantness of vale and meadow ! —

Hush !

Meseemeth through the leafy trees to ring 10  
 A chime of bells to falling waters tuned ;  
 Whereat comes heathen Zephyrus, out of breath  
 With running up the hills, and shakes his hair  
 From off his gleesome forehead, bold and glad  
 With keeping blythe Dan Phœbus company ; —  
 And throws him on the grass, though half afraid ;  
 First glancing round, lest tempests should be nigh ;  
 And lays close to the ground his ruddy lips,  
 And shapes their beauty into sound, and calls  
 On all the petall'd flowers that sit beneath 20  
 In hiding-places from the rain and snow,  
 To loosen the hard soil, and leave their cold  
 Sad idlesse, and betake them up to him.  
 They straightway hear his voice —

A thought did come,  
 And press from out my soul the heathen dream.  
 Mine eyes were purgèd. Straightway did I bind  
 Round me the garment of my strength, and heard  
 Nature's death-shrieking — the hereafter cry,  
 When he o' the lion voice, the rainbow-crown'd,

Shall stand upon the mountains and the sea, 30  
 And swear by earth, by heaven's throne, and Him  
 Who sitteth on the throne, there shall be time  
 No more, no more ! Then, veil'd Eternity  
 Shall straight unveil her awful countenance  
 Unto the reeling worlds, and take the place  
 Of seasons, years, and ages. Aye and aye  
 Shall be the time of day. The wrinkled heav'n  
 Shall yield her silent sun, made blind and white  
 With an exterminating light : the wind,  
 Unchain'd from the poles, nor having charge 40  
 Of cloud or ocean, with a sobbing wail  
 Shall rush among the stars, and swoon to death.  
 Yea, the shrunk earth, appearing livid pale  
 Beneath the red-tongued flame, shall shudder by  
 From out her ancient place, and leave — a void.  
 Yet haply by that void the saints redeem'd  
 May sometimes stray ; when memory of sin  
 Ghost-like shall rise upon their holy souls ;  
 And on their lips shall lie the name of earth  
 In paleness and in silentness ; until 50  
 Each looking on his brother, face to face,  
 And bursting into sudden happy tears,  
 (The only tears undried) shall murmur — ' Christ ! '

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT PENSHURST.

THEY spoke unto me from the silent ground,  
 They look'd unto me from the pictured wall :  
 The echo of my footstep was a sound  
 Like to the echo of their own footfall,  
 What time their living feet were in the hall.  
 I breathed where they had breathed — and where  
 they brought

Their souls to moralize on glory's pall,  
 I walk'd with silence in a cloud of thought :  
 So, what they erst had learn'd, I mine own spirit  
 taught.

Ay ! with mine eyes of flesh, I did behold 10  
 The likeness of their flesh ! They, the great dead,  
 Stood still upon the canvass, while I told  
 The glorious memories to their ashes wed.  
 There, I beheld the Sidneys : — he, who bled  
 Freely for freedom's sake, bore gallantly  
 His soul upon his brow ; — he, whose lute said  
 Sweet music to the land, meseem'd to be  
 Dreaming with that pale face, of love and Arcadie.

Mine heart had shrin'd these. And therefore past  
 Were these, and such as these, in mine heart's  
 pride, 20  
 Which deem'd death, glory's other name. At last  
 I stay'd my pilgrim feet, and paused beside  
 A picture, which the shadows half did hide.  
 The form was a fair woman's form ; the brow  
 Brightly between the clustering curls espied :  
 The cheek a little pale, yet seeming so  
 As, if the lips could speak, the paleness soon would go.

And rested there the lips, so warm and loving,  
 That, they *could* speak, one might be fain to guess :  
 Only they had been much too bright, if moving, 30  
 To stay by their own will, all motionless.  
 One outstretch'd hand its marble seal 'gan press  
 On roses which look'd fading ; while the eyes,  
 Uplifted in a calm, proud loveliness,  
 Seem'd busy with their flow'ry destinies,  
 Drawing, for ladye's heart, some moral quaint and wise.



She perish'd like her roses. I did look  
 On her, as she did look on them — to sigh !  
 Alas, alas ! that the fair-written book  
 Of her sweet face, should be in death laid by, 40  
 As any blotted scroll ! Its cruelty  
 Poison'd a heart most gentle-pulsed of all,  
 And turn'd it unto song, therein to die :  
 For grief's stern tension maketh musical,  
 Unless the strain'd string break or ere the music fall.

Worship of Waller's heart ! no dream of thine  
 Reveal'd unto thee, that the lowly one,  
 Who sate enshadow'd near thy beauty's shine,  
 Should, when the light was out, the life was done,  
 Record thy name with those by Memory won 50  
 From Time's eternal burial. I am woo'd  
 By wholesome thoughts this sad thought hath  
 begun ;  
 For mind is strengthened when awhile subdued,  
 As he who touch'd the earth, and rose with power  
 renew'd.

## TO A POET'S CHILD.

A FAR harp swept the sea above ;  
 A far voice said thy name in love :  
 Then silence on the harp was cast ;  
 The voice was chain'd — the love went last !

And as I heard the melodie,  
 Sweet-voic'd Fancy spake of thee :  
 And as the silence o'er it came,  
 Mine heart, in silence, sigh'd thy name.

I thought there was one only place,  
 Where thou couldst lift thine orphan'd face ; 10  
 A little home for prayer and woe ; —  
 A stone above — a shroud below ; —

That evermore, that stone beside,  
 Thy wither'd joys would form thy pride ;  
 As palm trees, on their south sea bed,  
 Make islands with the flowers they shed.

Child of the Dead ! my dream of thee  
 Was sad to tell, and dark to see ;  
 And vain as many a brighter dream ;  
 Since thou canst sing by Babel's stream ! 20

For here, amid the worldly crowd,  
 'Mid common brows, and laughter loud,  
 And hollow words, and feelings sere,  
 Child of the Dead ! I meet thee here !

And is thy step so fast and light ?  
 And is thy smile so gay and bright ?  
 And *canst* thou smile, with cheek undim,  
 Upon a world that frown'd on *him* ?

The minstrel's harp is on his bier ;  
 What doth the minstrel's orphan here ? 30  
 The loving moulders in the clay ;  
 The loved, — she keepeth holyday !

'Tis well ! I would not doom thy years  
 Of golden prime, to only tears.  
 Fair girl ! 'twere better that thine eyes  
 Should find a joy in summer skies,

As if their sun were on thy fate.  
Be happy ; strive not to be great ;  
And go not, from thy kind apart,  
With lofty soul and stricken heart. 40

Think not too deeply : shallow thought,  
Like open rills, is ever sought  
By light and flowers ; while fountains deep  
Amid the rocks and shadows sleep.

Feel not too warmly : lest thou be  
Too like Cyrene's waters free,  
Which burn at night, when all around  
In darkness and in chill is found.

Touch not the harp to win the wreath :  
Its tone is fame, its echo death ! 50  
The wreath may like the laurel grow,  
Yet turns to cypress on the brow !

And, as a flame springs clear and bright,  
Yet leaveth ashes 'stead of light ;  
So genius (fatal gift) ! is doom'd  
To leave the heart it fired, consumed.

For thee, for thee, thou orphan'd one,  
I make an humble orison !  
Love all the world ; and ever dream  
That all are true who truly seem. 60

Forget ! for, so, 'twill move thee not,  
Or lightly move ; to be forgot !  
Be streams thy music ; hills, thy mirth ;  
Thy chiefest light, the household hearth.

So, when grief plays her natural part,  
 And visiteth thy quiet heart ;  
 Shall all the clouds of grief be seen  
 To show a sky of hope between.

So, when thy beauty senseless lies,  
 No sculptured urn shall o'er thee rise ;  
 But gentle eyes shall weep at will,  
 Such tears as hearts like thine distil.

70

### MINSTRELSY.

“ One asked her once the resun why,  
 She hadde delyte in minstrelsie,  
 She answerèd on this manére.”

— *Robert de Brunne.*

For ever, since my childish looks  
 Could rest on Nature's pictured books ;  
 For ever, since my childish tongue  
 Could name the themes our bards have sung ;  
 So long, the sweetness of their singing  
 Hath been to me a rapture bringing !  
 Yet ask me not the reason why  
 I have delight in minstrelsy.

I know that much whereof I sing,  
 Is shapen but for vanishing ;  
 I know that summer's flower and leaf  
 And shine and shade are very brief,  
 And that the heart they brighten, may,  
 Before them all, be sheathed in clay ! —  
 I do not know the reason why  
 I have delight in minstrelsy.

10

A few there are, whose smile and praise  
My minstrel hope, would kindly raise :  
But, of those few — Death may impress  
The lips of some with silentness ; 20  
While some may friendship's faith resign,  
And heed no more a song of mine. —  
Ask not, ask not the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

The sweetest song that minstrels sing,  
Will charm not Joy to tarrying ;  
The greenest bay that earth can grow,  
Will shelter not in burning woe ;  
A thousand voices will not cheer,  
When *one* is mute that eye is dear ! — 30  
Is there, alas ! *no* reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy ?

I do not know ! The turf is green  
Beneath the rain's fast-dropping sheen,  
Yet asks not why that deeper hue  
Doth all its tender leaves renew ; —  
And I, like-minded, am content,  
While music to my soul is sent,  
To question not the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy. 40

Years pass — my life with them shall pass :  
And soon, the cricket in the grass  
And summer bird, shall louder sing  
Than she who owns a minstrel's string.  
Oh then may some, the dear and few,  
Recall her love, whose truth they knew ;  
When all forget to question why  
She had delight in minstrelsy !

TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR UVEDALE PRICE, BART.

FAREWELL ! — a word that human lips bestow  
 On all that human hearts delight to know :  
 On summer skies, and scenes that change as fast ;  
 On ocean calms, and faith as fit to last ;  
 On Life, from Love's own arms, that breaks away ;  
 On hopes that blind, and glories that decay !

And ever thus, ' farewell, farewell,' is said,  
 As round the hills of lengthening time, we tread ;  
 As at each step, the winding ways unfold  
 Some untried prospect which obscures the old ; — 10  
 Perhaps a prospect brightly color'd o'er,  
 Yet not with brightness that we loved before ;  
 And dull and dark the brightest hue appears  
 To eyes like ours, surcharged and dim with tears.

Oft, oft we wish the winding road were past,  
 And yon supernal summit gain'd at last ;  
 Where all that gradual change removed, is found  
 At once, for ever, as you look around ;  
 Where every scene by tender eyes survey'd,  
 And lost and wept for, to their gaze is spread — 20  
 No tear to dim the sight, no shade to fall,  
 But Heaven's own sunshine lighting, charming all.

Farewell ! — a common word — and yet how drear  
 And strange it soundeth as I write it here !  
 How strange that *thou* a place of death shouldst fill,  
 Thy brain unlighted, and thine heart grown chill !  
 And dark the eye, whose plausive glance to draw,  
 Incited Nature brake her tyrant's law !

And deaf the ear, to charm whose organ true,  
 Mæonian music tuned her harp anew ! 30  
 And mute the lips where Plato's bee hath roved ;  
 And motionless the hand that genius moved ! —  
 Ah friend ! thou speakest not ! — but still to me  
 Do Genius, Music, Nature, speak of *thee* ! —  
 Still golden fancy, still the sounding line,  
 And waving wood, recall some word of thine :  
 Some word, some look, whose living light is o'er —  
 And Memory sees what Hope can see no more.

Twice, twice, thy voice hath spoken. Twice there  
 came

To us, a change, a joy — to thee, a fame ! 40  
 Thou spakest once ; and every pleasant sight,  
 Woods waving wild, and fountains gushing bright,  
 Cool copses, grassy banks, and all the dyes  
 Of shade and sunshine gleam'd before our eyes.  
 Thou spakest twice ; and every pleasant sound  
 Its ancient silken harmony unwound,  
 From Doric pipe and Attic lyre that lay  
 Enclasp'd in hands whose cunning is decay.  
 And now no more thou speakest ! Death hath met  
 And won thee to him ! Oh remember'd yet ! 50  
 We cannot *see*, and *bearken*, and forget !

My thoughts are far. I think upon the time,  
 When Foxley's purple hills and woods sublime  
 Were thrilling at thy step ; when thou didst throw  
 Thy burning spirit on the vale below,  
 To bathe its sense in beauty. Lovely ground !  
 There, never more shall step of thine resound !  
 There, Spring again shall come, but find thee not,  
 And deck with humid eyes her favorite spot ;



Strew tender green on paths thy foot forsakes, 60  
 And make that fair, which Memory saddest makes.  
 For me, all sorrowful, unused to raise  
 A minstrel song and dream not of thy praise,  
 Upon thy grave, my tuneless harp I lay,  
 Nor try to sing what only tears can say.  
 So warm and fast the ready waters swell —  
 So weak the faltering voice thou knewest well !  
 Thy words of kindness calm'd that voice before ;  
*Now*, thoughts of *them* but make it tremble more ;  
 And leave its theme to others, and depart 70  
 To dwell within the silence where thou art.

### THE AUTUMN.

Go, sit upon the lofty hill,  
 And turn your eyes around,  
 Where waving woods and waters wild  
 Do hymn an autumn sound.  
 The summer sun is faint on them —  
 The summer flowers depart —  
 Sit still — as all transform'd to stone,  
 Except your musing heart.

How there you sat in summer-time,  
 May yet be in your mind ;  
 And how you heard the green woods sing  
 Beneath the freshening wind.  
 Though the same wind now blows around,  
 You would its blast recall ;  
 For every breath that stirs the trees,  
 Doth cause a leaf to fall.

Oh ! like that wind, is all the mirth  
 That flesh and dust impart :  
 We cannot bear its visitings,  
 When change is on the heart. 20  
 Gay words and jests may make us smile,  
 When Sorrow is asleep ;  
 But other things must make us smile,  
 When Sorrow bids us *weep* !

The dearest hands that clasp our hands, —  
*Their* presence may be o'er ;  
 The dearest voice that meets our ear,  
*That* tone may come no more !  
 Youth fades ; and then, the joys of youth,  
 Which once refresh'd our mind, 30  
 Shall come — as, on those sighing woods,  
 The chilling autumn wind.

Hear not the wind — view not the woods ;  
 Look out o'er vale and hill :  
 In spring, the sky encircled them —  
 The sky is round them still.  
 Come autumn's scathe — come winter's cold —  
 Come change — and human fate !  
 Whatever prospect HEAVEN doth bound,  
 Can ne'er be desolate. 40

# THE DEATH-BED OF TERESA DEL RIEGO.

—— “ Si fia muta ogni altra cosa, al fine  
Parlerà il mio morire,  
E ti dirà la morte il mio martire.”

— *Guarini.*

THE room was darken'd ; but a wan lamp shed  
Its light upon a half-uncurtain'd bed,  
Whereon the widow'd sate. Blackly as death  
Her veiling hair hung round her, and no breath  
Came from her lips to motion it. Between  
Its parted clouds, the calm fair face was seen  
In a snow paleness and snow silentness,  
With eyes unquenchable, whereon did press  
A little, their white lids, so taught to lie,  
By weights of frequent tears wept secretly. 10  
Her hands were clasp'd and raised — the lamp did  
fling

A glory on her brow's meek suffering.

Beautiful form of woman ! seeming made  
Alone to shine in mirrors, there to braid  
The hair and zone the waist — to garland flowers —  
To walk like sunshine through the orange bowers —  
To strike her land's guitar — and often see  
In other eyes how lovely hers must be —  
Grew she acquaint with anguish ? Did she sever  
For ever from the one she loved for ever, 20  
To dwell among the strangers ? Ay ! and she,  
Who shone most brightly in that festive glee,  
Sate down in this despair most patiently.

Some hearts are Niobes ! In grief's down-sweeping,  
They turn to very stone from over-weeping,

And after, feel no more. Hers did remain  
 In life, which is the power of feeling pain,  
 Till pain consumed the life so call'd below.  
 She heard that he was dead ! — she ask'd not how —  
 For *he* was dead ! She wail'd not o'er his urn, 30  
 For *he* was dead — and in *her* hands, should burn  
 His vestal flame of honor radiantly.  
 Sighing would dim its light — she did not sigh.

She only died. They laid her in the ground,  
 Whereon th' unloving tread, and accents sound  
 Which are not of her Spain. She left behind,  
 For those among the strangers who were kind  
 Unto the poor heart-broken, her dark hair.  
 It once was gauded out with jewels rare ;  
 It swept her dying pillow — it doth lie 40  
 Beside me, (thank the giver) droopingly,  
 And very long and bright ! Its tale doth go  
 Half to the dumb grave, half to life-time woe,  
 Making the heart of man, if manly, ring  
 Like Dodonæan brass, with echoing.

## TO VICTOIRE, ON HER MARRIAGE.

VICTOIRE ! I knew thee in thy land,  
 Where I was strange to all :  
 I heard thee ; and were strange to me  
 The words thy lips let fall.

I loved thee — for the Babel curse  
 Was meant not for the heart :  
 I parted from thee, in such way  
 As those who love may part.

And now a change hath come to us,  
A sea doth rush between !  
I do not know if we can be  
Again as we have been. 10

I sit down in mine English land,  
Mine English hearth beside ;  
And thou, to one I never knew,  
Art plighted for a bride.

It will not wrong thy present joy,  
With by-gone days to wend ;  
Nor wrongeth it mine English hearth,  
To love my Gallic friend. 20

Bind, bind the wreath ! the slender ring  
Thy wedded finger press !  
May he who calls thy love his own,  
Call so thine happiness !

Be he Terpander to thine heart,  
And string fresh strings of gold,  
Which may out-give new melodies,  
But never mar the old !

And though I clasp no more thy hand  
In my hand, and rejoice —  
And though I see thy face no more,  
And hear no more thy voice — 30

Farewell, farewell ! — let thought of me  
Visit thine heart ! There is  
In mine the very selfish prayer  
That prayeth for thy bliss !

## TO A BOY.

WHEN my last song was said for thee,  
 Thy golden hair swept, long and free,  
 Around thee ; and a dove-like tone  
 Was on thy voice — or Nature's own :  
 And every phrase and word of thine  
 Went out in lisplings infantine !  
 Thy small steps faltering round our hearth —  
 Thine een out-peering in their mirth —  
 Blue een ! that, like thine heart, seem'd given  
 To be, for ever, full of heaven ! 10  
 Wert thou, in sooth, made up of glee,  
 When my last song was said for thee ?  
 And now more years are finish'd, —  
 For thee another song is said.  
 Thy voice hath lost its cooing tone ;  
 The lisping of thy words is gone :  
 Thy step treads firm — thine hair not flings  
 Round thee its length of golden rings —  
 Departed, like all lovely things !  
 Yet art thou still made up of glee, 20  
 When my *now* song is said for thee.

Wisely and well responded they,  
 Who cut thy golden hair away,  
 What time I made the bootless prayer,  
 That they should pause awhile, and spare.  
 They said, 'its sheen did less agree  
 With boyhood than with infancy.'  
 And thus I know it aye must be.  
 Before the revel noise is done,  
 The revel lamps pale one by one. 30  
 Ay ! Nature loveth not to bring

Crown'd victims to life's labouring.  
 The mirth-effulgent eye appears  
 Less sparkling — to make room for tears :  
 After the heart's quick throbs depart,  
 We lose the gladness of the heart :  
 And, after we have lost awhile  
 The rose o' the lip, we lose its smile ;  
 As Beauty could not bear to press  
 Near the death pyre of Happiness. 40

This seemeth but a sombre dream ?  
 It hath more pleasant thoughts than seem.  
 The older a young tree doth grow,  
 The deeper shade it sheds below ;  
 But makes the grass more green — the air  
 More fresh, than had the sun been there.  
 And thus our human life is found,  
 Albeit a darkness gather round :  
 For patient virtues, that their light  
 May shine to all men, wait the night : 50  
 And holy Peace, unused to cope,  
 Sits meekly at the tomb of Hope,  
 Saying that ' she is risen ! '

Then I

Will sorrow not at destiny,—  
 Though from thine eyes, and from thine heart,  
 The glory of their light depart ;  
 Though on thy voice, and on thy brow,  
 Should come a fiercer change than now ;  
 Though thou no more be made of glee,  
 When my next song is said for thee. 60



REMONSTRANCE.

Oh say not it is vain to weep  
 That deafen'd bier above ;  
 Where genius has made room for death,  
 And life is past from love ;  
 That tears can never his bright looks  
 And tender words restore :  
 I know it is most vain to weep —  
 And therefore, weep the more !

Oh say not I shall cease to weep  
 When years have wither'd by ;  
 That ever I shall speak of joy,  
 As if he could reply ;  
 That ever mine unquivering lips  
 Shall name the name he bore :  
 I know that I may cease to weep,  
 And therefore weep the more !

10

Say, Time, who slew mine happiness,  
 Will leave to me my woe ;  
 And woe's own stony strength shall chain  
 These tears' impassion'd flow :  
 Or say, that these, my ceaseless tears,  
 May life to death restore ;  
 For then my soul were wept away,  
 And I should weep no more !

20

REPLY.

To weep awhile beside the bier,  
 Whereon his ashes lie,  
 Is well ! — I know that rains must fall  
 When clouds are in the sky :

I know, *to die — to part*, will cloud  
 The brightest spirit o'er ; 30  
 And yet, wouldst *thou* for ever weep,  
 When *he* can weep no more ?

Fix not thy sight, so long and fast,  
 Upon the shroud's despair ;  
 Look upward unto Zion's hill,  
 For death was also *there* !  
 And think, 'The death, the scourge, the scorn,  
 My sinless Saviour bore —  
 The curse — the pang, too deep for tears —  
 That *I* should weep no more !' 40

#### EPITAPH.

BEAUTY, who softly walkest all thy days,  
 In silken garment to the tunes of praise ; —  
 Lover, whose dreamings by the green-bank'd river,  
 Where once she wander'd, fain would last forever ; —  
 King, whom the nations scan, adoring scan,  
 And shout 'a god,' when sin hath mark'd thee  
 man ; —

Bard, on whose brow the Hyblan dew remains,  
 Albeit the fever burneth in the veins ; —  
 Hero, whose sword in tyrant's blood is hot ; —  
 Sceptic, who doubting, wouldst be doubted not ; — 10  
 Man, whosoe'er thou art, whate'er thy trust ; —  
 Respect thyself in me ; — thou treadest *dust*.

## THE IMAGE OF GOD.

“I am God, and there is none like me.”

— *Isaiah* xlv. 9.

“Christ, who is the image of God.” — *2 Cor.* iv. 4.

THOU ! art thou like to God ?

(I ask'd this question of the glorious sun)

Thou high unwearied one,

Whose course in heat, and light, and life is run ?

Eagles may view thy face — clouds can assuage

Thy fiery wrath — the sage

Can mete thy stature — thou shalt fade with age,

*Thou* art not like to God.

Thou ! art thou like to God ?

(I ask'd this question of the bounteous earth)

10

Oh thou, who givest birth

To forms of beauty and to sounds of mirth ?

In all thy glory works the worm decay —

Thy golden harvests stay

For seed and toil — thy power shall pass away.

*Thou* art not like to God.

Thou ! art thou like to God ?

(I ask'd this question of my deathless soul)

Oh thou, whose musings roll

Above the thunder, o'er creation's whole ?

20

Thou art not. Sin, and shame, and agony

Within thy deepness lie :

They utter forth their voice in thee, and cry

‘*Thou* art not like to God.’

Then art Thou like to God ;  
 Thou, who didst bear the sin, and shame, and woe —  
 O Thou, whose sweat did flow —  
 Whose tears did gush — whose brow was dead and  
 low ?

No grief is like thy grief ; no heart can prove  
 Love like unto thy love ; 30  
 And none, save only Thou, — below, above, —  
 Oh God, is like to God !

### THE APPEAL.

CHILDREN of our England ! stand  
 On the shores that girt our land ;  
 The ægis of whose cloud-white rock  
 Braveth Time's own battle shock.  
 Look above the wide, wide world ;  
 Where the northern blasts have furl'd  
 Their numb'd wings amid the snows,  
 Mutt'ring in a forced repose —  
 Or where the madden'd sun on high  
 Shakes his torch athwart the sky, 10  
 Till within their prison sere,  
 Chain'd earthquakes groan for fear !  
 Look above the wide, wide world,  
 Where a gauntlet Sin hath hurl'd  
 To astonied Life ; and where  
 Death's gladiatorial smile doth glare,  
 On making the arena bare.  
 Shout aloud the words that show  
 Jesus in the sands and snow ; —  
 Shout aloud the words that free, 20  
 Over the perpetual sea.

Speak ye. As a breath will sweep  
Avalanche from Alpine steep,  
So the spoken word shall roll  
Fear and darkness from the soul.  
Are ye men, and love not man ?  
Love ye, and permit his ban ?  
Can ye, dare ye, rend the chain  
Wrought of common joy and pain,  
Clasping with its links of gold, 30  
Man to man in one strong hold ?  
Lo ! if the golden links ye sever,  
Ye shall make your heart's flesh quiver ;  
And wheresoe'er the links are reft,  
There, shall be a blood-stain left.  
To earth's remotest rock repair,  
Ye shall find a vulture there :  
Though for others sorrowing not,  
Your own tears shall still be hot :  
Though ye play a lonely part ; 40  
Though ye bear an iron heart ; —  
Woe, like Echetus, still must  
Grind your iron into dust.  
But children of our Britain, ye  
Rend not man's chain of sympathy ;  
To those who sit in woe and night,  
Denying tears and hiding light.  
Ye have stretch'd your hands abroad  
With the Spirit's sheathless sword :  
Ye have spoken — and the tone 50  
To earth's extremest verge hath gone :  
East and west sublime it rolls,  
Echoed by a million souls !  
The wheels of rapid circling years,  
Erst hot with crime, are quench'd in tears.

Rocky hearts wild waters pour,  
 That were chain'd in stone before :  
 Bloody hands, that only bare  
 Hilted sword, are clasp'd in prayer.  
 Savage tongues, that wont to fling  
 Shouts of war in deathly ring,  
 Speak the name which angels sing.  
 Dying lips are lit the while  
 With a most undying smile,  
 Which reposing there, instead  
 Of language, when the lips are dead,  
 Saith, — ' No sound of grief or pain,  
 Shall haunt us when we move again.'

60

Children of our country ! brothers  
 To the children of all others !  
 Shout aloud the words that show  
 Jesus in the sands and snow ; —  
 Shout aloud the words that free,  
 Over the perpetual sea !

70

### IDOLS.

How weak the gods of this world are —  
 And weaker yet their worship made me !  
 I have been an idolater  
 Of three — and three times they betray'd me.

Mine oldest worshipping was given  
 To natural Beauty, aye residing  
 In bowery earth and starry heav'n,  
 In ebbing sea, and river gliding.

But natural Beauty shuts her bosom  
To what the natural feelings tell ! 10  
Albeit I sigh'd, the trees would blossom —  
Albeit I smiled, the blossoms fell.

Then left I earthly sights, to wander  
Amid a grove of name divine,  
Where bay-reflecting streams meander,  
And Moloch Fame hath rear'd a shrine.

Not green, but black, is that reflection ;  
On rocky beds those waters lie ;  
That grove hath chilness and dejection —  
How could I sing ? I had to sigh. 20

Last, human Love, thy Lares greeting,  
To rest and warmth I vow'd my years.  
To rest ? how wild my pulse is beating !  
To warmth ? ah me ! my burning tears.

Ay ! *they* may burn — though thou be frozen  
By death, and changes wint'ring on !  
Fame — Beauty ! — idols madly chosen —  
Were yet of gold ; but *thou* art STONE !

Crumble like stone ! my voice no longer  
Shall wail their names, who silent be : 30  
There is a voice that soundeth stronger —  
' My daughter, give thine heart to *me*.'

Lord ! take mine heart ! Oh first and fairest,  
Whom all creation's ends shall hear ;  
Who deathless love in death declarest !  
None else is beauteous — famous — dear !



## HYMN.

“ Lord, I cry unto thee, make haste unto me.”

— *Psalm cxli.*

“ The Lord is nigh unto them that call upon him.”

— *Psalm cxlv.*

SINCE without Thee we do no good,  
And with Thee do no ill,  
Abide with us in weal and woe, —  
In action and in will.

In weal, — that while our lips confess  
The Lord who ‘ gives,’ we may  
Remember, with an humble thought,  
The Lord who ‘ takes away.’

In woe, — that, while to drowning tears  
Our hearts their joys resign, 10  
We may remember *who* can turn  
Such water into wine.

By hours of day, — that when our feet  
O’er hill and valley run,  
We still may think the light of truth  
More welcome than the sun.

By hours of night, — that when the air  
Its dew and shadow yields,  
We still may hear the voice of God 20  
In silence of the fields.

Oh ! then sleep comes on us like death,  
All soundless, deaf and deep :  
Lord ! teach us so to watch and pray,  
That death may come like sleep.

Abide with *us*, abide with *us*,  
 While flesh and soul agree ;  
 And when our flesh is only dust,  
 Abide our souls with *Thee*.

## WEARINESS.

MINE eyes are weary of surveying  
 The fairest things, too soon decaying ;  
 Mine ears are weary of receiving  
 The kindest words — ah, past believing !  
 Weary my hope, of ebb and flow ;  
 Weary my pulse, of tunes of woe :  
 My trusting heart is weariest !  
 I would — I would, I were at rest !

For *me*, can earth refuse to fade ?  
 For *me*, can words be faithful made ?                    10  
 Will *my* embitter'd hope be sweet ?  
 My pulse forego the human beat ?  
 No ! Darkness must consume mine eye —  
 Silence, mine ear — hope cease — pulse die —  
 And o'er mine heart a stone be press'd —  
 Or vain this, — ' Would I were at rest ! '

There is a land of rest deferr'd :  
 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor Hope hath trod the precinct o'er ;  
 For hope beheld is hope no more !                    20  
 There, human pulse forgets its tone —  
 There, hearts may know as they are known !  
 Oh, for dove's wings, thou dwelling blest,  
 To fly to *thee*, and be at rest !

THE SERAPHIM,  
AND OTHER POEMS.

1838.

“Some to sing, and some to say,  
Some to weep, and some to praye.”—*Skelton*.

PREFACE.

It is natural for every writer who has not published frequently, to revert, at least in thought, to his last work, in risking the publication of a new one. To me, this is most natural; the subject of the principal poem in the present collection having suggested itself to me, though very faintly and imperfectly, when I was engaged upon my translation of the “Prometheus Bound” of *Æschylus*.

I thought, that had *Æschylus* lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the “faded white flower” of the Titanic brow, to the “withered grass” of a Heart trampled on by its own beloved; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublimer meekness of the Taster of death for every man; from the taunt stung into being by the torment, to his more awful silence, when the agony stood dumb before the love! And I thought, how, “from the height of this great argument,” the scenery of the *Prometheus* would have dwarfed itself even in the eyes

of its poet, — how the fissures of his rocks and the innumerable smiles of his ocean would have closed and waned into blankness, — and his demigod stood confest, so human a conception as to fall below the aspiration of his own humanity. He would have turned from such to the rent rocks and darkened sun — rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through nature but leaving man's heart untouched — to the multitudes whose victim was their Saviour — to the Victim, whose sustaining thought beneath an unexampled agony was not the Titanic 'I can revenge,' but the celestial 'I can forgive !'

The subjects of my two books lie side by side. The Prometheus of Æschylus is avowedly one of the very noblest of human imaginations ; and when we measure it with the eternal Counsel, we know at once and for ever how wide is the difference between man's ideal and God's divine !

The great tragic Soul, though untaught directly of Deity, brooded over His creation with exhaustless faculties, until it gave back to her a THOUGHT — vast, melancholy, beneficent, malign — the Titan on the rock, the reflected image of her own fallen immortality ; rejoicing in bounty, agonizing in wrong, and triumphant in revenge. This was all. "Then," said He, "Lo I come !" and we knew LOVE, in that He laid down His life for us. "By this we know love" — LOVE in its intense meaning. "The splendour in the grass and fragrance in the flower" are the splendour and fragrance of a love beyond them. "All thoughts, all passions, all delights," are "ministers" of a love around us. All citizenship, all brotherhood, all things for which men bless us, saying, 'Surely this is good,' — are manifestations of a love

within us. All exaltations of our inward nature, in which we bless ourselves, saying, 'Surely this is great,' — are yearnings to a love above us. And thus, among the fragments of our fallen state, we may guess at LOVE even as Plato guessed at God : but by this, and this only, can we *know* it, — that Christ laid down His life for us. Has not LOVE a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power ? I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often quoted words "God is love," to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him who is infinite.

But if my dream be true that Æschylus might have turned to the subject before us, in poetic instinct ; and if in such a case — and here is no dream — its terror and its pathos would have shattered into weakness the strong Greek tongue, and caused the conscious chorus to tremble round the thymele, — how much more may *I* turn from it, in the instinct of incompetence ! In a manner I have done so. I have worn no shoes upon this holy ground : I have stood there, but have not walked. I have drawn no copy of the statue of this GREAT PAN, — but have caught its shadow, — shortened in the dawn of my imperfect knowledge, and distorted and broken by the unevenness of our earthly ground. I have written no work, but a suggestion. Nor has even so little been attempted, without as deep a consciousness of weakness as the severest critic and the humblest Christian could desire to impress upon me. I have felt in the midst of my own thoughts upon my own theme, like Homer's 'children in a battle.'

The agents in this poem of imperfect form — a dramatic lyric, rather than a lyrical drama — are

those mystic beings who are designated in Scripture the Seraphim. The subject has thus assumed a character of exaggerated difficulty, the full sense of which I have tried to express in my Epilogue. But my desire was, to gather some vision of the supreme spectacle under a less usual aspect, — to glance at it, as dilated in seraphic eyes, and darkened and deepened by the near association with blessedness and Heaven. Are we not too apt to measure the depth of the Saviour's humiliation from the common estate of man, instead of from His own peculiar and primæval one? To avoid which error, I have endeavoured to count some steps of the ladder at Bethel, — a very few steps, and as seen between the clouds.

And thus I have endeavoured to mark in my two Seraphic personages, distinctly and predominantly, that shrinking from, and repugnance to, evil, which in my weaker Seraph is expressed by *fear*, and in my stronger one by a more complex passion; in order to contrast with such, the voluntary debasement of Him who became lower than the angels, and touched in His own sinless being, sin and sorrow and death. In my attempted production of such a contrast, I have been true to at least my own idea of angelic excellence, as well as to that of His perfection. For one holiness differs from another holiness in glory. To recoil from evil, is according to the stature of an angel; to subdue it, is according to the infinitude of a God.

Of the poems which succeed 'The Seraphim,' two ballads have been published in the *New Monthly Magazine*; one, the 'Romance of the Ganges,' was written for the illustration of "Finden's Tableaux," edited by Miss Mitford; and a few miscellaneous verses have appeared in the *Athenæum*.

Least in any of these poems a dreaminess be observed upon, while a lawlessness is imputed to their writer, she is anxious to assure whatever reader may think it worth while to listen to her defence, that none of them were written with a lawless purpose. For instance, 'The Poet's Vow' was intended to enforce a truth — that the creature cannot be *isolated* from the creature; and the 'Romaunt of Margret,' a corresponding one, that the creature cannot be *sustained* by the creature. And if, indeed, the faintest character of poetry be granted to these compositions, it must be granted to them besides, that they contain a certain verity. For there is no greater fiction, than that poetry is fiction. Poetry is essentially truthfulness; and the very incoherences of poetic dreaming are but the struggle and the strife to reach the True in the Unknown. "If you please to call it but a dream," says Cowley, "I shall not take it ill; because the father of poets tells us, even dreams, too, are from God."

It was subsequent to my writing the poem called "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus," that I read in a selection of religious poetry, made by Mr. James Montgomery, a lyric of the sixteenth century upon the same subject, together with an observation of the editor, that no living poet would be daring enough to approach it. As it has here been approached and attempted by the "weak'st of many," I would prove by this explanation, that consciously to impugn an opinion of Mr. Montgomery's, and to enter into rivalry with the bold simplicity of an ancient ballad, made no part of the daringness of which I confess myself guilty.

Nothing more is left to me to explain in relation to



any particular poem of this collection. I need not defend them for being religious in their general character. The generation of such as held the doctrine of that critic who was *not* Longinus, and believed in the inadmissibility of religion into poetry, may have seen the end of vanity. That "contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical," is true *if* it be true that the human soul having such intercourse is parted from its humanity, or *if* it be true that poetry is not expressive of that humanity's most exalted state. The first supposition is contradicted by man's own experience, and the latter by the testimony of Him who knoweth what is in man. For otherwise David's 'glory' would have awakened with no 'harp and lute;' and Isaiah's poetry of diction would have fallen in ashes from his lips, beneath the fire which cleansed them.

To any less reverent objection, I would not willingly reply. "An irreligious poet," said Burns, meaning an undevotional one, "is a monster." An irreligious poet, he might have said, is no poet at all. The gravitation of poetry is upwards. The poetic wing, if it move, ascends. What did even the heathen Greeks — Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar? Sublimely, because born poets, darkly, because born of Adam and unrenewed in Christ, their spirits wandered like the rushing chariots and winged horses, black and white, of their brother-poet Plato,<sup>1</sup> through the universe of Deity, seeking if haply they might find Him: and as that universe closed around the seekers, not with the transparency in which it flowed first from His hand, but opaquely, as double-dyed

<sup>1</sup> See his Phædrus.

with the transgression of its sons, — they felt though they could not discern the God beyond, and used the gesture though ignorant of the language of worshipping. The blind eagle missed the sun, but soared towards its sphere. Shall the blind eagle soar — and the seeing eagle peck chaff? Surely it should be the gladness and the gratitude of such as are poets among us, that in turning towards the beautiful, they may behold the true face of God.

The disparaging speeches of prefaces are not proverbial for their real humility. I remember smiling over a preface of Pomfret, which intimates that *he* might hope for readers, as even Quarles and Wither found them! He does not add in words, — perhaps he did in thought, ‘*Fortunati nimium!*’

Without disparaging speeches, and yet with a self-distrust amounting to emotion, I offer to the public, and for the first time in my own name, these poems, which were not written because there is a public, but because they were thought and felt, and perhaps under some of the constraint referred to by Wither himself — for he *has* readers!

“ ——— Those that only sip,  
Or but even their fingers dip  
In that sacred fount (poor elves!)  
Of that brood will show themselves:  
Yea, in hope to get them fame,  
*They will speake though to their shame.*”

May the omen be averted!

I assume no power of art, except that power of love towards it, which has remained with me from my childhood until now. In the power of such a love, and in the event of my life being prolonged, I would

fain hope to write hereafter better verses ; but I never can feel more intensely than at this moment — nor can it be needful that any should — the sublime uses of poetry, and the solemn responsibilities of the poet.  
LONDON : 1838.

## THE SERAPHIM.

Σὼ δὲ θρόνῳ πυροέντι παρεστᾶσιν πολύμοχοι Ἄγγελοι. —  
*Orpheus.*

“I look for Angels' songs, and hear Him cry.”  
— *Giles Fletcher.*

## PART THE FIRST.

[*It is the time of the Crucifixion ; and the Angels of Heaven have departed towards the Earth, except the two Seraphim, ADOR the Strong and ZERAH the Bright One.*

*The place is the outer side of the shut Heavenly Gate.]*

*Ador.* O Seraph, pause no more !

Beside this gate of heaven we stand alone.

*Zerah.* Of heaven !

*Ador.* Our brother hosts are gone —

*Zerah.* Are gone before.

*Ador.* And the golden harps the angels bore

To help the songs of their desire,

Still burning from their hands of fire,

Lie without touch or tone

Upon the glass-sea shore.

*Zerah.* Silent upon the glass-sea shore !

10

*Ador.* There the Shadow from the throne

Formless with infinity

Hovers o'er the crystal sea

Awfuller than light derived,  
 And red with those primæval heats  
 Whereby all life has lived.

*Zerah.* Our visible God, our heavenly seats !

*Ador.* Beneath us sinks the pomp angelical,  
 Cherub and seraph, powers and virtues, all, —  
 The roar of whose descent has died 20  
 To a still sound, as thunder into rain.

Immeasurable space spreads magnified  
 With that thick life, along the plane  
 The worlds slid out on. What a fall  
 And eddy of wings innumerable, crossed  
 By trailing curls that have not lost  
 The glitter of the God-smile shed  
 On every prostrate angel's head !  
 What gleaming up of hands that fling

Their homage in retorted rays, 30  
 From high instinct of worshipping,  
 And habitude of praise !

*Zerah.* Rapidly they drop below us :

Pointed palm and wing and hair  
 Indistinguishable show us

Only pulses in the air  
 Throbbing with a fiery beat,  
 As if a new creation heard  
 Some divine and plastic word,

And trembling at its new-found being, 40  
 Awakened at our feet.

*Ador.* Zerah, do not wait for seeing !

His voice, his, that thrills us so  
 As we our harpstrings, uttered *Go*,  
*Behold the Holy in his woe !*

And all are gone, save thee and —

*Zerah.* Thee !

*Ador.* I stood the nearest to the throne  
 In hierarchical degree,  
 What time the Voice said *Go!*  
 And whether I was moved alone 50  
 By the storm-pathos of the tone  
 Which swept through heaven the alien name of *woe*,  
 Or whether the subtle glory broke  
 Through my strong and shielding wings,  
 Bearing to my finite essence  
 Incapacious of their presence,  
 Infinite imaginings,  
 None knoweth save the Throned who spoke ;  
 But I who at creation stood upright  
 And heard the God-breath move 60  
 Shaping the words that lightened, “Be there light,”  
 Nor trembled but with love,  
 Now fell down shudderingly,  
 My face upon the pavement whence I had towered,  
 As if in mine immortal overpowered  
 By God’s eternity.  
*Zerab.* Let me wait ! —let me wait ! —  
*Ador.* Nay, gaze not backward through the gate !  
 God fills our heaven with God’s own solitude  
 Till all the pavements glow : 70  
 His Godhead being no more subdued,  
 By itself, to glories low  
 Which seraphs can sustain.  
 What if thou, in gazing so,  
 Shouldst behold but only one  
 Attribute, the veil undone —  
 Even that to which we dare to press  
 Nearest, for its gentleness —  
 Ay, his love !  
 How the deep ecstatic pain 80

Thy being's strength would capture !  
 Without language for the rapture,  
 Without music strong to come  
     And set the adoration free,  
     For ever, ever, wouldst thou be  
 Amid the general chorus dumb,  
 God-stricken to seraphic agony.  
     Or, brother, what if on thine eyes  
     In vision bare should rise  
 The life-fount whence his hand did gather                      90  
     With solitary force  
     Our immortalities !  
 Straightway how thine own would wither,  
     Falter like a human breath,  
     And shrink into a point like death,  
     By gazing on its source ! —  
 My words have imaged dread.  
 Meekly hast thou bent thine head,  
 And dropt thy wings in languishment :  
 Overclouding foot and face,                      100  
 As if God's throne were eminent  
     Before thee, in the place.  
     Yet not — not so,  
 O loving spirit and meek, dost thou fulfil  
 The supreme Will.  
 Not for obeisance but obedience,  
 Give motion to thy wings ! Depart from hence !  
     The voice said " Go ! "  
     *Zerab.* Beloved, I depart,  
 His will is as a spirit within my spirit,                      110  
 A portion of the being I inherit.  
 His will is mine obedience. I resemble  
 A flame all undefiled though it tremble ;  
 I go and tremble. Love me, O beloved !

O thou, who stronger art,  
 And standest, ever near the infinite,  
 Pale with the light of Light,  
 Love me, beloved ! me, more newly made,  
 More feeble, more afraid ;  
 And let me hear with mine thy pinions moved, 120  
 As close and gentle as the loving are,  
 That love being near, heaven may not seem so far.

*Ador.* I am near thee and I love thee.

Were I loveless, from thee gone,  
 Love is round, beneath, above thee,  
 God, the omnipresent one.  
 Spread the wing and lift the brow  
 Well-beloved, what fearest thou ?

*Zerah.* I fear, I fear —

*Ador.* What fear ?

*Zerah.* The fear of earth.

*Ador.* Of earth, the God-created and God-praised  
 In the hour of birth ? 131

Where every night the moon in light  
 Doth lead the waters silver-faced ?

Where every day the sun doth lay  
 A rapture to the heart of all  
 The leafy and reeded pastoral,  
 As if the joyous shout which burst  
 From angel lips to see him first,

Had left a silent echo in his ray ?

*Zerah.* Of earth—the God-created and God-curst,

Where man is, and the thorn 141

Where sun and moon have borne

No light to souls forlorn :

Where Eden's tree of life no more uprears  
 Its spiral leaves and fruitage, but instead  
 The yew-tree bows its melancholy head





*Zerab.*

Before.

When thrilling from His hand along 180  
 Its lustrous path with spheric song  
 The earth was deathless, sorrowless.  
 Unfearing, then, pure feet might press  
 The grasses brightening with their feet,  
 For God's own voice did mix its sound  
 In a solemn confluence oft  
 With the rivers' flowing round,  
 And the life-tree's waving soft.  
 Beautiful new earth and strange !

*Ador.* Hast thou seen it since — the change ? 190*Zerab.* Nay, or wherefore should I fear

To look upon it now ?  
 I have beheld the ruined things  
 Only in depicturings  
 Of angels from an earthly mission, —  
 Strong one, even upon thy brow,  
 When, with task completed, given  
 Back to us in that transition,  
 I have beheld thee silent stand,  
 Abstracted in the seraph band, 200  
 Without a smile in heaven.

*Ador.* Then thou wast not one of those

Whom the loving Father chose  
 In visionary pomp to sweep  
 O'er Judæa's grassy places,  
 O'er the shepherds and the sheep,  
 Though thou art so tender ? — dimming  
 All the stars except one star  
 With their brighter kinder faces  
 And using heaven's own tune in hymning, 210

While deep response from earth's own mountains ran,  
 "Peace upon earth, good will to man."

*Zerab.* "Glory to God." I said amen afar.  
 And those who from that earthly mission are,  
     Within mine ears have told  
 That the seven everlasting Spirits did hold  
 With such a sweet and prodigal constraint  
 The meaning yet the mystery of the song  
 What time they sang it, on their natures strong,  
 That, gazing down on earth's dark steadfastness 220  
 And speaking the new peace in promises,  
 The love and pity made their voices faint  
 Into the low and tender music, keeping  
 The place in heaven of what on earth is weeping.

*Ador.* "Peace upon earth." Come down to it.  
*Zerab.* Ah me !

I hear thereof uncomprehendingly.  
 Peace where the tempest, where the sighing is,  
 And worship of the idol, 'stead of His ?

*Ador.* Yea, peace, where He is.  
*Zerab.* He !

Say it again.

*Ador.* Where He is.

*Zerab.* Can it be 230

That earth retains a tree  
 Whose leaves, like Eden foliage, can be swayed  
 By the breathing of His voice, nor shrink and fade ?

*Ador.* There is a tree !— it hath no leaf nor root ;

Upon it hangs a curse for all its fruit :

Its shadow on his head is laid.

For he, the crownèd Son,

Has left his crown and throne,

Walks earth in Adam's clay,

Eve's snake to bruise and slay — 240

*Zerab.* Walks earth in clay ?

*Ador.* And walking in the clay which he created,

He through it shall touch death.  
 What do I utter ? what conceive ? did breath  
 Of demon howl it in a blasphemy ?  
 Or was it mine own voice, informed, dilated  
 By the seven confluent Spirits ? — Speak — answer  
 me !

*Who* said man's victim was his deity ?

*Zerab.* Beloved, beloved, the word came forth  
 from thee.

Thine eyes are rolling a tempestuous light 250  
 Above, below, around,

As putting thunder-questions without cloud,  
 Reverberate without sound,

To universal nature's depth and height.

The tremor of an inexpressive thought

Too self-amazed to shape itself aloud,

O'erruns the awful curving of thy lips ;

And while thine hands are stretched above,

As newly they had caught 259

Some lightning from the Throne, or showed the Lord

Some retributive sword,

Thy brows do alternate with wild eclipse

And radiance, with contrasted wrath and love,

As God had called thee to a seraph's part,

With a man's quailing heart.

*Ador.* O heart — O heart of man !

O ta'en from human clay

To be no seraph's but Jehovah's own !

Made holy in the taking,

And yet unseparate 270

From death's perpetual ban,

And human feelings sad and passionate :

Still subject to the treacherous forsaking

Of other hearts, and its own steadfast pain.

O heart of man — of God ! which God has ta'en  
 From out the dust, with its humanity  
 Mournful and weak yet innocent around it,  
 And bade its many pulses beating lie  
 Beside that incommunicable stir  
 Of Deity wherewith he interwound it. 280  
 O man ! and is thy nature so defiled  
 That all that holy Heart's devout law-keeping,  
 And low pathetic beat in deserts wild,  
 And gushings pitiful of tender weeping  
 For traitors who consigned it to such woe —  
 That all could cleanse thee not, without the flow  
 Of blood, the life-blood — *His* — and streaming so ?  
 O earth the thundercleft, windshaken, where  
 The louder voice of " blood and blood " doth rise,  
 Hast thou an altar for this sacrifice ? 290

O heaven ! O vacant throne !

O crownèd hierarchies that wear your crown  
 When His is put away !

Are ye unshamèd that ye cannot dim  
 Your alien brightness to be liker him,  
 Assume a human passion, and down-lay  
 Your sweet secureness for congenial fears,  
 And teach your cloudless ever-burning eyes  
 The mystery of his tears ?

*Zerab.* I am strong, I am strong. 300  
 Were I never to see my heaven again,  
 I would wheel to earth like the tempest rain  
 Which sweeps there with an exultant sound  
 To lose its life as it reaches the ground.  
 I am strong, I am strong.  
 Away from mine inward vision swim  
 The shining seats of my heavenly birth,  
 I see but his, I see but him —

The Maker's steps on his cruel earth.  
 Will the bitter herbs of earth grow sweet 310  
 To me, as trodden by his feet ?  
 Will the vexed, accurst humanity,  
 As worn by him, begin to be  
 A blessed, yea, a sacred thing  
 For love and awe and ministering ?  
     I am strong, I am strong.  
 By our angel ken shall we survey  
 His loving smile through his woeful clay ?  
     I am swift, I am strong,  
 The love is bearing me along. 320  
     *Ador.* One love is bearing us along.

## PART THE SECOND.

*Mid-air, above Judæa. ADOR and ZERAH are a  
 little apart from the visible Angelic Hosts.*

*Ador.* Beloved ! dost thou see ? —  
*Zerah.* Thee, — thee.  
 Thy burning eyes already are  
 Grown wild and mournful as a star  
 Whose occupation is for aye  
 To look upon the place of clay  
     Whereon thou lookest now.  
 The crown is fainting on thy brow  
 To the likeness of a cloud, 330  
 The forehead's self a little bowed  
 From its aspect high and holy,  
 As it would in meekness meet  
 Some seraphic melancholy :  
 Thy very wings that lately flung  
 An outline clear, do flicker here

And wear to each a shadow hung,  
 Dropped across thy feet.  
 In these strange contrasting glooms  
 Stagnant with the scent of tombs, 340  
 Seraph faces, O my brother,  
 Show awfully to one another.

*Ador.* Dost thou see ?

*Zerah.* Even so ; I see

Our empyreal company,  
 Alone the memory of their brightness  
 Left in them, as in thee.  
 The circle upon circle, tier on tier,  
 Piling earth's hemisphere  
 With heavenly infiniteness,  
 Above us and around, 350

Straining the whole horizon like a bow :  
 Their songful lips divorcèd from all sound,  
 A darkness gliding down their silvery glances, —  
 Bowing their steadfast solemn countenances  
 As if they heard God speak, and could not glow.

*Ador.* Look downward ! dost thou see ?

*Zerah.* And wouldst thou press *that* vision on my  
 words ?

Doth not earth speak enough  
 Of change and of undoing,  
 Without a seraph's witness ? Oceans rough 360  
 With tempest, pastoral swards  
 Displaced by fiery deserts, mountains ruing  
 The bolt fallen yesterday,  
 That shake their piny heads, as who would say  
 " We are too beautiful for our decay " —  
 Shall seraphs speak of these things ? Let alone  
 Earth to her earthly moan !

*Voice of all things.* Is there no moan but hers ?



- Ador.* Hearest thou the attestation  
 Of the roused universe 370  
 Like a desert-lion shaking  
 Dewes of silence from its mane?  
 With an irrepressive passion  
 Uprising at once,  
 Rising up and forsaking  
 Its solemn state in the circle of suns,  
 To attest the pain  
 Of him who stands (O patience sweet!)  
 In his own hand-prints of creation,  
 With human feet? 380
- Voice of all things.* Is there no moan but ours?
- Zerab.* Forms, Spaces, Motions wide,  
 O meek, insensate things,  
 O congregated matters! who inherit,  
 Instead of vital powers,  
 Impulsions God-supplied;  
 Instead of influent spirit,  
 A clear informing beauty;  
 Instead of creature-duty,  
 Submission calm as rest. 390  
 Lights, without feet or wings,  
 In golden courses sliding!  
 Glooms, stagnantly subsiding,  
 Whose lustrous heart away was prest  
 Into the argent stars!  
 Ye crystal firmamental bars  
 That hold the skyey waters free  
 From tide or tempest's ecstasy!  
 Airs universal! thunders lorn  
 That wait your lightnings in cloud-cave 400  
 Hewn out by the winds! O brave  
 And subtle elements! the Holy

Hath charged me by your voice with folly.  
 Enough, the mystic arrow leaves its wound.  
 Return ye to your silences inborn,  
 Or to your inarticulated sound !

*Ador.* Zerah !

*Zerah.* Wilt *thou* rebuke ?

God hath rebuked me, brother. I am weak.

*Ador.* Zerah, my brother Zerah ! could I speak  
 Of thee, 'twould be of love to thee.

*Zerah.* Thy look 410

Is fixed on earth, as mine upon thy face.  
 Where shall I seek His !

I have thrown

One look upon earth, but one,  
 Over the blue mountain-lines,  
 Over the forests of palms and pines,  
 Over the harvest-lands golden,  
 Over the valleys that fold in  
 The gardens and vines —

He is not there.

All these are unworthy

420

Those footsteps to bear,

Before which, bowing down

I would fain quench the stars of my crown

In the dark of the earthy.

Where shall I seek him ?

No reply ?

Hath language left thy lips, to place

Its vocal in thine eye ?

Ador, Ador ! are we come

To a double portent, that

Dumb matter grows articulate

430

And songful seraphs dumb ?

Ador, Ador !

*Ador.* I constrain  
 The passion of my silence. None  
 Of those places gazed upon  
 Are gloomy enow to fit his pain.  
 Unto Him, whose forming word  
 Gave to Nature flower and sward,  
 She hath given back again,  
 For the myrtle — the thorn,

For the sylvan calm — the human scorn. 440  
 Still, still, reluctant seraph, gaze beneath !  
 There is a city —

*Zerab.* Temple and tower,  
 Palace and purple would droop like a flower,  
 (Or a cloud at our breath)  
 If He neared in his state  
 The outermost gate.

*Ador.* Ah me, not so  
 In the state of a king did the victim go !  
 And Thou who hankest mute of speech  
 'Twixt heaven and earth, with forehead yet  
 Stained by the bloody sweat, 450  
 God ! man ! Thou hast forgone thy throne in each.

*Zerab.* Thine eyes behold him ?

*Ador.* Yea, below.

Track the gazing of mine eyes,  
 Naming God within thine heart  
 That its weakness may depart  
 And the vision rise !  
 Seest thou yet, beloved ?

*Zerab.* I see  
 Beyond the city, crosses three  
 And mortals three that hang thereon  
 'Ghast and silent to the sun. 460  
 Round them blacken and welter and press

Staring multitudes whose father  
 Adam was, whose brows are dark  
 With his Cain's corroded mark, —  
 Who curse with looks. Nay — let me rather  
 Turn unto the wilderness !

*Ador.* Turn not ! God dwells with men.

*Zerah.*

Above

He dwells with angels, and they love.  
 Can these love ? With the living's pride  
 They stare at those who die, who hang 470  
 In their sight and die. They bear the streak  
 Of the crosses' shadow, black not wide,  
 To fall on their heads, as it swerves aside  
 When the victims' pang  
 Makes the dry wood creak.

*Ador.* The cross — the cross !

*Zerah.*

A woman kneels

The mid cross under,  
 With white lips asunder,  
 And motion on each.  
 They throb, as she feels, 480  
 With a spasm, not a speech ;  
 And her lids, close as sleep,  
 Are less calm, for the eyes  
 Have made room there to weep  
 Drop on drop —

*Ador.* Weep ? Weep blood,

All women, all men !  
 He sweated it, He,  
 For your pale womanhood  
 And base manhood. Agree  
 That these water-tears, then, 490  
 Are vain, mocking like laughter :  
 Weep blood ! Shall the flood

Of salt curses, whose foam is the darkness, on roll  
Forward, on from the strand of the storm-beaten  
years,

And back from the rocks of the horrid hereafter,  
And up, in a coil, from the present's wrathspring,  
Yea, down from the windows of heaven opening,  
Deep calling to deep as they meet on His soul —

And men weep only tears ?

*Zerab.* Little drops in the lapse ! 500

And yet, Ador, perhaps

It is all that they can.

Tears ! the lovingest man

Has no better bestowed

Upon man.

*Ador.* Nor on God.

*Zerab.* Do all-givers need gifts ?

If the Giver said " Give," the first motion would  
slay

Our Immortals, the echo would ruin away

The same worlds which he made. Why, what angel  
uplifts

Such a music, so clear,

It may seem in God's ear 510

Worth more than a woman's hoarse weeping ? And  
thus,

Pity tender as tears, I above thee would speak,

Thou woman that weepest ! weep unscorned of us !

I, the tearless and pure, am but loving and weak.

*Ador.* Speak low, my brother, low, — and not of  
love

Or human or angelic ! Rather stand

Before the throne of that Supreme above,

In whose infinitude the secrecies

Of thine own being lie hid, and lift thine hand

Exultant, saying, "Lord God, I am wise!" — 520  
 Than utter *here*, "I love."

*Zerab.* And yet thine eyes  
 Do utter it. They melt in tender light,  
 The tears of heaven.

*Ador.* Of heaven. Ah me!

*Zerab.* Ador!

*Ador.* Say on!

*Zerab.* The crucified are three.  
 Beloved, they are unlike.

*Ador.* Unlike.

*Zerab.* For one

Is as a man who has sinned and still

Doth wear the wicked will,

The hard malign life-energy,

Tossed outward, in the parting soul's disdain,  
 On brow and lip that cannot change again. 530

*Ador.* And one —

*Zerab.* Has also sinned.

And yet (O marvel!) doth the Spirit-wind

Blow white those waters? Death upon his face

Is rather shine than shade,

A tender shine by looks belovèd made:

He seemeth dying in a quiet place,

And less by iron wounds in hands and feet

Than heart-broke by new joy too sudden and sweet.

*Ador.* And ONE! —

*Zerab.* And ONE! —

*Ador.* Why dost thou pause?

*Zerab.* God! God!

Spirit of my spirit! who movest 540

Through seraph veins in burning deity

To light the quenchless pulses! —

*Ador.* But has trod

The depths of love in thy peculiar nature,  
And not in any thou hast made and lovest  
In narrow seraph hearts ! —

*Zerab.* Above, Creator !  
Within, Upholder !

*Ador.* And below, below,  
The creature's and the upholden's sacrifice !

*Zerab.* Why do I pause ? —

*Ador.* There is a silentness

That answers thee enow,

That, like a brazen sound 550

Excluding others, doth ensheathe us round,—

Hear it. It is not from the visible skies

Though they are still,

Unconscious that their own dropped dew's express

The light of heaven on every earthly hill.

It is not from the hills, though calm and bare

They, since their first creation,

Through midnight cloud or morning's glittering air

Or the deep deluge blindness, toward the place

Whence thrilled the mystic word's creative grace, 560

And whence again shall come

The word that uncreates,

Have lift their brows in voiceless expectation.

It is not from the places that entomb

Man's dead, though common Silence there dilates

Her soul to grand proportions, worthily

To fill life's vacant room.

Not there : not there.

Not yet within those chambers lieth He,

A dead one in his living world ; his south 570

And west winds blowing over earth and sea,

And not a breath on that creating mouth.

But now, — a silence keeps



(Not death's, nor sleep's)  
 The lips whose whispered word  
 Might roll the thunders round reverberated.  
 Silent art thou, O my Lord,  
 Bowing down thy stricken head !  
 Fearest thou, a groan of thine  
 Would make the pulse of thy creation fail 580  
 As thine own pulse ? — would rend the veil  
 Of visible things and let the flood  
 Of the unseen Light, the essential God,  
 Rush in to overwhelm the undivine ?  
 Thy silence, to my thinking, is as dread.  
*Zerab.* O silence !  
*Ador.* Doth it say to thee — the NAME,  
 Slow-learning seraph ?  
*Zerab.* I have learnt.  
*Ador.* The flame  
 Perishes in thine eyes.  
*Zerab.* He opened his,  
 And looked. I cannot bear —  
*Ador.* Their agony ?  
*Zerab.* Their love. God's depth is in them.  
 From his brows 590  
 White, terrible in meekness, didst thou see  
 The lifted eyes unclosed ?  
 He is God, seraph ! Look no more on me,  
 O God — I am not God.  
*Ador.* The loving is  
 Sublimed within them by the sorrowful.  
 In heaven we could sustain them.  
*Zerab.* Heaven is dull,  
 Mine Ador, to man's earth. The light that burns  
 In fluent, reflux motion  
 Along the crystal ocean ;

The springing of the golden harps between 600  
 The bowery wings, in fountains of sweet sound,  
 The winding, wandering music that returns  
 Upon itself, exultingly self-bound  
 In the great spheric round

Of everlasting praises ;  
 The God-thoughts in our midst that intervene,  
 Visibly flashing from the supreme throne  
 Full in seraphic faces

Till each astonishes the other, grown  
 More beautiful with worship and delight — 610  
 My heaven ! my home of heaven ! my infinite  
 Heaven-choirs ! what are ye to this dust and death,  
 This cloud, this cold, these tears, this failing breath,  
 Where God's immortal love now issueth

In this MAN'S woe ?

*Ador.* His eyes are very deep yet calm.

*Zerah.*

No more

On *me*, Jehovah-man —

*Ador.*

Calm-deep. They show

A passion which is tranquil. They are seeing  
 No earth, no heaven, no men that slay and curse,

No seraphs that adore ; 620

Their gaze is on the invisible, the dread,  
 The things we cannot view or think or speak,  
 Because we are too happy, or too weak, —  
 The sea of ill, for which the universe,  
 With all its piled space, can find no shore,  
 With all its life, no living foot to tread.

But he, accomplished in Jehovah-being,

Sustains the gaze adown,

Conceives the vast despair,

And feels the billowy griefs come up to drown, 630

Nor fears, nor faints, nor fails, till all be finished.

*Zerab.* Thus, do I find Thee thus? My un-  
 diminished  
 And undiminishable God! — my God!  
 The echoes are still tremulous along  
 The heavenly mountains, of the latest song  
 Thy manifested glory swept abroad  
 In rushing past our lips: they echo aye  
     “Creator, thou art strong!  
 Creator, thou art blessed over all.”  
 By what new utterance shall I now recall,                      640  
 Unteaching the heaven-echoes? Dare I say,  
 “Creator, thou art feeble than thy work!  
 Creator, thou art sadder than thy creature!  
     A worm, and not a man,  
     Yea, no worm, but a curse?”  
 I dare not so mine heavenly phrase reverse.  
 Albeit the piercing thorn and thistle-fork  
     (Whose seed disordered ran  
 From Eve’s hand trembling when the curse did reach  
     her)  
 Be garnered darklier in thy soul, the rod                      650  
 That smites thee never blossoming, and thou  
 Grief-bearer for thy world, with unkinged brow —  
 I leave to men their song of Ichabod:  
 I have an angel-tongue — I know but praise.  
     *Ador.* Hereafter shall the blood-bought captives  
         raise  
 The passion-song of blood.  
     *Zerab.*                      And *we*, extend  
 Our holy vacant hands towards the Throne,  
 Crying “We have no music.”  
     *Ador.*                      Rather, blend  
         Both musics into one.  
 The sanctities and sanctified above                      660

Shall each to each, with lifted looks serene,  
 Their shining faces lean,  
 And mix the adoring breath  
 And breathe the full thanksgiving.

*Zerab.*

But the love —

The love, mine Ador !

*Ador.*

Do we love not ?

*Zerab.*

Yea,

But not as man shall ! not with life for death,  
 New-throbbing through the startled being ; not  
 With strange astonished smiles, that ever may  
 Gush passionate like tears and fill their place :  
 Nor yet with speechless memories of what 670  
 Earth's winters were, enverduring the green

Of every heavenly palm

Whose windless, shadeless calm

Moves only at the breath of the Unseen.

Oh, not with this blood on us — and this face, —

Still, haply, pale with sorrow that it bore

In our behalf, and tender evermore

With nature all our own, upon us gazing —

Nor yet with these forgiving hands upraising

Their unreproachful wounds, alone to bless ! 680

Alas, Creator ! shall we love thee less

Than mortals shall ?

*Ador.*

Amen ! so let it be.

We love in our proportion, to the bound

Thine infinite our finite set around,

And that is finitely, — thou, infinite

And worthy infinite love ! And our delight

Is, watching the dear love poured out to thee

From ever fuller chalice. Blessèd they,

Who love thee more than we do : blessèd we,

Viewing that love which shall exceed even this, 690

And winning in the sight a double bliss  
 For all so lost in love's supremacy.  
 The bliss is better. Only on the sad  
     Cold earth there are who say  
 It seemeth better to be great than glad.  
 The bliss is better. Love him more, O man,  
     Than sinless seraphs can !

*Zerah.* Yea, love him more !

*Voices of the Angelic Multitude.* Yea, more !

*Ador.* The loving word

Is caught by those from whom we stand apart. 700  
 For silence hath no deepness in her heart  
 Where love's low name low-breathed would not be  
     heard

By angels, clear as thunder.

*Angelic Voices.* Love him more !

*Ador.* Sweet voices, swooning o'er  
     The music which ye make !

Albeit to love there were not ever given  
 A mournful sound when uttered out of heaven,  
 That angel-sadness ye would fitly take.  
 Of love be silent now ! we gaze adown  
 Upon the incarnate Love who wears no crown. 710

*Zerah.* No crown ! the woe instead

Is heavy on his head,  
 Pressing inward on his brain  
 With a hot and clinging pain  
 Till all tears are prest away,

And clear and calm his vision may

Peruse the black abyss.

No rod, no sceptre is

Holden in his fingers pale ;

They close instead upon the nail,

Concealing the sharp dole,

720

Never stirring to put by  
     The fair hair peaked with blood,  
 Drooping forward from the rood  
     Helplessly, heavily  
 On the cheek that waxeth colder,  
 Whiter ever, and the shoulder  
     Where the government was laid.  
     His glory made the heavens afraid;   729  
 Will he not unearth this cross from its hole?  
 His pity makes his piteous state;  
 Will he be uncompassionate  
     Alone to his proper soul?  
     Yea, will he not lift up  
     His lips from the bitter cup,  
     His brows from the dreary weight,  
     His hand from the clenching cross,  
 Crying, "My Father, give to me  
 Again the joy I had with thee  
 Or e'er this earth was made for loss?"   740  
     No stir : no sound.  
 The love and woe being interwound  
     He cleaveth to the woe;  
 And putteth forth heaven's strength below,  
     To bear.

*Ador.* And that creates his anguish now,  
     Which made his glory there.

*Zerah.* Shall it need be so?  
     Awake, thou earth ! behold.  
     Thou, uttered forth of old                   750  
     In all thy life-emotion,  
     In all thy vernal noises,  
     In the rollings of thine ocean,  
     Leaping founts, and rivers running, —  
     In thy woods' prophetic heaving

Ere the rains a stroke have given,  
 In thy winds' exultant voices  
 When they feel the hills anear, —  
     In the firmamental sunning,  
     And the tempest which rejoices      760  
 Thy full heart with an awful cheer.  
     Thou, uttered forth of old  
     And with all thy music rolled  
     In a breath abroad  
     By the breathing God, —  
 Awake ! He is here ! behold !  
 Even *thou* —  
                     beseems it good  
 To thy vacant vision dim,  
 That the deadly ruin should,  
 For thy sake, encompass him ?      770  
 That the Master-word should lie  
 A mere silence, while his own  
     Processive harmony,  
 The faintest echo of his lightest tone,  
 Is sweeping in a choral triumph by ?  
     Awake ! emit a cry !  
     And say, albeit used  
     From Adam's ancient years  
     To falls of acrid tears,  
     To frequent sighs unloosed,      780  
     Caught back to press again  
 ~ On bosoms zoned with pain —  
     To corsers still and sullen  
     The shine and music dulling  
     With closèd eyes and ears  
     That nothing sweet can enter,  
     Commoving thee no less  
     With that forced quietness



Than the earthquake in thy centre —  
 Thou hast not learned to bear 790  
 This new divine despair !  
 These tears that sink into thee,  
 These dying eyes that view thee,  
 This dropping blood from lifted rood,  
 They darken and undo thee.  
 Thou canst not presently sustain this corse —  
 Cry, cry, thou hast not force !  
 Cry, thou wouldst fainer keep  
 Thy hopeless charnels deep,  
 Thyself a general tomb 800  
 Where the first and the second Death  
 Sit gazing face to face  
 And mar each other's breath,  
 While silent bones through all the place  
 'Neath sun and moon do faintly glisten  
 And seem to lie and listen  
 For the tramp of the coming Doom.  
 Is it not meet  
 That they who erst the Eden fruit did eat,  
 Should champ the ashes ? 810  
 That they who wrap them in the thundercloud  
 Should wear it as a shroud,  
 Perishing by its flashes ?  
 That they who vexed the lion should be rent ?  
 Cry, cry "I will sustain my punishment,  
 The sin being mine ; but take away from me  
 This visioned Dread — this man — this Deity !"  
*The Earth.* I have groaned ; I have travailed :  
 I am weary.  
 I am blind with my own grief, and cannot see,  
 As clear-eyed angels can, his agony, 820  
 And what I see I also can sustain,

Because his power protects me from his pain.  
 I have groaned ; I have travailed : I am dreary,  
 Harkening the thick sobs of my children's heart :

How can I say "Depart "

To that Atoner making calm and free ?

Am I a God as he,

To lay down peace and power as willingly ?

*Ador.* He looked for some to pity. There is none.

All pity is within him and not for him. 830

His earth is iron under him, and o'er him

His skies are brass.

His seraphs cry "Alas !"

With hallelujah voice that cannot weep.

And man, for whom the dreadful work is done . . .

*Scornful Voices from the Earth.* If verily this be  
 the Eternal's son —

*Ador.* Thou hearest. Man is grateful.

*Zerah.*

Can I hear

Nor darken into man and cease for ever

My seraph-smile to wear ?

Was it for such,

840

It pleased him to overleap

His glory with his love and sever

From the God-light and the throne

And all angels bowing down,

For whom his every look did touch

New notes of joy on the unworn string

Of an eternal worshipping ?

For such, he left his heaven ?

There, though never bought by blood

And tears, we gave him gratitude : 850

We loved him there, though unforgiven.

*Ador.*

The light is riven

Above, around,

And down in lurid fragments flung,  
 That catch the mountain-peak and stream  
     With momentary gleam,  
 Then perish in the water and the ground.  
     River and waterfall,  
     Forest and wilderness,  
 Mountain and city, are together wrung   860  
 Into one shape, and that is shapelessness ;  
     The darkness stands for all.

*Zerab.*   The pathos hath the day undone :  
             The death-look of His eyes  
             Hath overcome the sun

And made it sicken in its narrow skies.

*Ador.*   Is it to death ?   He dieth.

*Zerab.*                                   Through the dark  
 He still, he only, is discernible —  
 The naked hands and feet transfixèd stark,  
 The countenance of patient anguish white,           870  
     Do make themselves a light  
 More dreadful than the glooms which round them  
     dwell,  
 And therein do they shine.

*Ador.*                                   God ! Father-God !  
 Perpetual Radiance on the radiant throne !  
 Uplift the lids of inward deity,  
     Flashing abroad  
     Thy burning Infinite !  
 Light up this dark where there is nought to see  
 Except the unimagined agony  
 Upon the sinless forehead of the Son !           880

*Zerab.*   God, tarry not !   Behold, enow  
 Hath he wandered as a stranger,  
 Sorrowed as a victim.   Thou  
     Appear for him, O Father !

Appear for him, Avenger !  
 Appear for him, just One and holy One,  
 For he is holy and just !  
 At once the darkness and dishonour rather  
 To the ragged jaws of hungry chaos rake,  
 And hurl aback to ancient dust 890  
 These mortals that make blasphemies  
 With their made breath, this earth and skies  
 That only grow a little dim,  
 Seeing their curse on him.  
 But him, of all forsaken,  
 Of creature and of brother,  
 Never wilt thou forsake !  
 Thy living and thy loving cannot slacken  
 Their firm essential hold upon each other,  
 And well thou dost remember how his part 900  
 Was still to lie upon thy breast and be  
 Partaker of the light that dwelt in thee  
 Ere sun or seraph shone ;  
 And how while silence trembled round the throne  
 Thou countedst by the beatings of his heart  
 The moments of thine own eternity.  
 Awaken,  
 O right hand with the lightnings ! Again gather  
 His glory to thy glory ! What stranger,  
 What ill supreme in evil, can be thrust 910  
 Between the faithful Father and the Son ?  
 Appear for him, O Father !  
 Appear for him, Avenger !  
 Appear for him, just One and holy One,  
 For he is holy and just !  
*Ador.* Thy face upturned toward the throne is  
 dark ;  
 Thou hast no answer, Zerah.

*Zerab.* No reply,  
 O unforsaking Father ?  
*Ador.* Hark !  
 Instead of downward voice, a cry  
     Is uttered from beneath. 920  
*Zerab.* And by a sharper sound than death,  
     Mine immortality is riven.  
 The heavy darkness which doth tent the sky  
 Floats backward as by a sudden wind :  
     But I see no light behind,  
     But I feel the farthest stars are all  
     Stricken and shaken,  
 And I know a shadow sad and broad  
     Doth fall — doth fall  
 On our vacant thrones in heaven. 930  
*Voice from the Cross.* MY GOD, MY GOD,  
 WHY HAST THOU ME FORSAKEN ?  
*The Earth.* Ah me, ah me, ah me ! the dreadful  
     Why !  
 My sin is on thee, sinless one ! Thou art  
 God-orphaned, for my burden on thy head.  
 Dark sin, white innocence, endurance dread !  
 Be still, within your shrouds, my buried dead ;  
 Nor work with this quick horror round mine heart.  
*Zerab.* He hath forsaken *him*. I perish.  
*Ador.* Hold  
 Upon his name ! we perish not. Of old 940  
 His will —  
*Zerab.* I seek his will. Seek, seraphim !  
 My God, my God ! where is it ? Doth that curse  
 Reverberate spare us, seraph or universe ?  
     He hath forsaken *him*.  
*Ador.* He cannot fail.  
*Angel Voices.* We faint, we droop,

Our love doth tremble like fear.

*Voices of Fallen Angels from the Earth.* Do we prevail ?

Or are we lost ? Hath not the ill we did

Been heretofore our good ? 950

Is it not ill that one, all sinless, should

Hang heavy with all curses on a cross ?

Nathless, that cry ! With huddled faces hid

Within the empty graves which men did scoop

To hold more damned dead, we shudder through

What shall exalt us or undo,

Our triumph, or our loss.

*Voice from the Cross.* IT IS FINISHED.

*Zerah.* Hark, again !

Like a victor, speaks the slain.

*Angel Voices.* Finished be the trembling vain ! 960

*Ador.* Upward, like a well-loved son,

Looketh he, the orphaned one.

*Angel Voices.* Finished is the mystic pain.

*Voices of Fallen Angels.* His deathly forehead at the word,

Gleameth like a seraph sword.

*Angel Voices.* Finished is the demon reign.

*Ador.* His breath, as living God, createth,

His breath, as dying man, completeth.

*Angel Voices.* Finished work his hands sustain.

*The Earth.* In mine ancient sepulchres 970

Where my kings and prophets freeze,

Adam dead four thousand years,

Unwakened by the universe's

Everlasting moan,

Aye his ghastly silence mocking —

Unwakened by his children's knocking

At his old sepulchral stone,

“ Adam, Adam, all this curse is

Thine and on us yet ! ” —

Unwakened by the ceaseless tears 980

Wherewith they made his cerement wet,

“ Adam, must thy curse remain ? ” —

Starts with sudden life and hears

Through the slow dripping of the caverned eaves, —

*Angel Voices.* Finished is his bane.

*Voice from the Cross.* FATHER ! MY SPIRIT TO

THINE HANDS IS GIVEN.

*Ador.* Hear the wailing winds that be

By wings of unclean spirits made !

They, in that last look, surveyed

The love they lost in losing heaven, 990

And passionately flee

With a desolate cry that cleaves

The natural storms — though *they* are lifting

God's strong cedar-roots like leaves,

And the earthquake and the thunder,

Neither keeping either under,

Roar and hurtle through the glooms —

And a few pale stars are drifting

Past the dark, to disappear,

What time, from the splitting tombs 1000

Gleamingly the dead arise,

Viewing with their death-calmed eyes

The elemental strategies,

To witness, victory is the Lord's.

Hear the wail o' the spirits ! hear !

*Zerah.* I hear alone the memory of his words.



## EPILOGUE.

## I.

My song is done.  
 My voice that long hath faltered shall be still.  
 The mystic darkness drops from Calvary's hill  
 Into the common light of this day's sun. 1010

## II.

I see no more thy cross, O holy Slain !  
 I hear no more the horror and the coil  
     Of the great world's turmoil  
 Feeling thy countenance *too still*, — nor yell  
 Of demons sweeping past it to their prison.  
 The skies that turned to darkness with thy pain  
     Make now a summer's day ;  
 And on my changèd ear that sabbath bell  
     Records how CHRIST IS RISEN.

## III.

And I — ah ! what am I 1020  
 To counterfeit, with faculty earth-darkened,  
     Seraphic brows of light  
 And seraph language never used nor hearkened ?  
 Ah me ! what word that seraphs say, could come  
 From mouth so used to sighs, so soon to lie  
 Sighless, because then breathless, in the tomb ?

## IV.

Bright ministers of God and grace — of grace  
 Because of God ! whether ye bow adown  
 In your own heaven, before the living face 1029  
 Of him who died and deathless wears the crown,

Or whether at this hour ye haply are  
 Anear, around me, hiding in the night  
 Of this permitted ignorance your light,  
     This feebleness to spare, —  
 Forgive me, that mine earthly heart should dare  
 Shape images of unincarnate spirits  
 And lay upon their burning lips a thought  
 Cold with the weeping which mine earth inherits.  
 And though ye find in such hoarse music, wrought  
 To copy yours, a cadence all the while      1040  
 Of sin and sorrow — only pitying smile !  
     Ye know to pity, well.

v.

*I* too may haply smile another day  
 At the far recollection of this lay,  
 When God may call me in your midst to dwell,  
 To hear your most sweet music's miracle  
 And see your wondrous faces.    May it be !  
 For his remembered sake, the Slain on rood,  
 Who rolled his earthly garment red in blood    1049  
 (Treading the wine-press) that the weak, like me,  
 Before his heavenly throne should walk in white.

## THE POET'S VOW.

"O be wiser thou,  
 Instructed that true knowledge leads to love."  
 — *Wordsworth.*

## PART THE FIRST.

SHOWING WHEREFORE THE VOW WAS MADE.

## I.

Eve is a twofold mystery ;  
 The stillness Earth doth keep,  
 The motion wherewith human hearts  
 Do each to either leap  
 As if all souls between the poles  
 Felt "Parting comes in sleep."

## II.

The rowers lift their oars to view  
 Each other in the sea ;  
 The landsmen watch the rocking boats  
 In a pleasant company ;  
 While up the hill go gladlier still  
 Dear friends by two and three.

10

## III.

The peasant's wife hath looked without  
 Her cottage door and smiled,  
 For there the peasant drops his spade  
 To clasp his youngest child  
 Which hath no speech, but its hand can reach  
 And stroke his forehead mild.

## IV.

A poet sate that eventide  
Within his hall alone, 20  
As silent as its ancient lords  
In the confined place of stone,  
When the bat hath shrunk from the praying monk,  
And the praying monk is gone.

## V.

Nor wore the dead a stiller face  
Beneath the cerement's roll :  
His lips refusing out in words  
Their mystic thoughts to dole,  
His steadfast eye burnt inwardly,  
As burning out his soul. 30

## VI.

You would not think that brow could e'er  
Ungentle moods express,  
Yet seemed it, in this troubled world,  
Too calm for gentleness,  
When the very star that shines from far  
Shines trembling ne'ertheless.

## VII.

It lacked, all need, the softening light  
Which other brows supply :  
We should conjoin the scathèd trunks  
Of our humanity, 40  
That each leafless spray entwining may  
Look softer 'gainst the sky.

## VIII.

None gazed within the poet's face,  
 The poet gazed in none ;  
 He threw a lonely shadow straight  
 Before the moon and sun,  
 Affronting nature's heaven-dwelling creatures  
 With wrong to nature done :

## IX.

Because this poet daringly,  
 — The nature at his heart, 50  
 And that quick tune along his veins  
 He could not change by art, —  
 Had vowed his blood of brotherhood  
 To a stagnant place apart.

## X.

He did not vow in fear, or wrath,  
 Or grief's fantastic whim,  
 But, weights and shows of sensual things  
 Too closely crossing him,  
 On his soul's eyelid the pressure slid  
 And made its vision dim. 60

## XI.

And darkening in the dark he strove  
 'Twixt earth and sea and sky  
 To lose in shadow, wave and cloud,  
 His brother's haunting cry :  
 The winds were welcome as they swept,  
 God's five-day work he would accept,  
 But let the rest go by.

## XII.

He cried, "O touching, patient Earth  
That weepest in thy glee,  
Whom God created very good, 70  
And very mournful, we !  
Thy voice of moan doth reach His throne,  
As Abel's rose from thee.

## XIII.

"Poor crystal sky with stars astray !  
Mad winds that howling go  
From east to west ! perplexèd seas  
That stagger from their blow !  
O motion wild ! O wave defiled !  
Our curse hath made you so.

## XIV.

"*We !* and *our* curse ! do *I* partake 80  
The desiccating sin ?  
Have *I* the apple at my lips ?  
The money-lust within ?  
Do *I* human stand with the wounding hand,  
To the blasting heart akin ?

## XV.

"Thou solemn pathos of all things  
For solemn joy designed !  
Behold, submissive to your cause,  
A holy wrath I find,  
And, for your sake, the bondage break 90  
That knits me to my kind.

## XVI.

"Hear me forswear man's sympathies,  
His pleasant yea and no,  
His riot on the piteous earth  
Whereon his thistles grow,  
His changing love — with stars above,  
His pride — with graves below.

## XVII.

"Hear me forswear his roof by night,  
His bread and salt by day,  
His talkings at the wood-fire hearth, 100  
His greetings by the way,  
His answering looks, his systemed books,  
All man, for aye and aye.

## XVIII.

"That so my purged, once human heart,  
From all the human rent,  
May gather strength to pledge and drink  
Your wine of wonderment,  
While you pardon me all blessingly  
The woe mine Adam sent.

## XIX.

"And I shall feel your unseen looks 110  
Innumerable, constant, deep  
And soft as haunted Adam once,  
Though sadder, round me creep, —  
As slumbering men have mystic ken  
Of watchers on their sleep.



XX.

"And ever, when I lift my brow  
 At evening to the sun,  
 No voice of woman or of child  
 Recording 'Day is done.'  
 Your silences shall a love express,  
 More deep than such an one."

120

## PART THE SECOND.

SHOWING TO WHOM THE VOW WAS DECLARED.

I.

THE poet's vow was inly sworn,  
 The poet's vow was told.  
 He shared among his crowding friends,  
 The silver and the gold,  
 They clasping bland his gift, — his hand  
 In a somewhat slacker hold.

II.

They wended forth, the crowding friends,  
 With farewells smooth and kind.  
 They wended forth, the solaced friends,      130  
 And left but twain behind :  
 One loved him true as brothers do,  
 And one was Rosalind.

III.

He said, "My friends have wended forth  
 With farewells smooth and kind ;

Mine oldest friend, my plighted bride,  
Ye need not stay behind :  
Friend, wed my fair bride for my sake,  
And let my lands ancestral make  
A dower for Rosalind.

140

## IV.

“And when beside your wassail board  
Ye bless your social lot,  
I charge you that the giver be  
In all his gifts forgot,  
Or alone of all his words recall  
The last, — Lament me not.”

## V.

She looked upon him silently  
With her large, doubting eyes,  
Like a child that never knew but love  
Whom words of wrath surprise,  
Till the rose did break from either cheek  
And the sudden tears did rise.

150

## VI.

She looked upon him mournfully,  
While her large eyes were grown  
Yet larger with the steady tears,  
Till, all his purpose known,  
She turnèd slow, as she would go —  
The tears were shaken down.

## VII.

She turnèd slow, as she would go,  
Then quickly turned again, 160  
And gazing in his face to seek  
Some little touch of pain,  
“I thought,” she said, — but shook her head, —  
She tried that speech in vain.

## VIII.

“I thought — but I am half a child  
And very sage art thou —  
The teachings of the heaven and earth  
Should keep us soft and low :  
They have drawn *my* tears in early years,  
Or ere I wept — as now. 170

## IX.

“But now that in thy face I read  
Their cruel homily,  
Before their beauty I would fain  
Untouched, unsoftened be, —  
If I indeed could look on even  
The senseless, loveless earth and heaven  
As thou canst look on me !

## X.

“And couldest thou as coldly view  
Thy childhood's far abode,  
Where little feet kept time with thine 180  
Along the dewy sod,  
And thy mother's look from holy book  
Rose like a thought of God ?

## XI.

“O brother, — called so, ere her last  
Betrothing words were said !  
O fellow-watcher in her room,  
With hushèd voice and tread !  
Rememberest thou how, hand in hand  
O friend, O lover, we did stand,  
And knew that she was dead ?

190

## XII.

“I will not live Sir Roland’s bride,  
That dower I will not hold ;  
I tread below my feet that go,  
These parchments bought and sold :  
The tears I weep are mine to keep,  
And worthier than thy gold.”

## XIII.

The poet and Sir Roland stood  
Alone, each turned to each,  
Till Roland brake the silence left  
By that soft-throbbing speech —  
“Poor heart !” he cried, “it vainly tried  
The distant heart to reach.

200

## XIV.

“And thou, O distant, sinful heart  
That climbest up so high  
To wrap and blind thee with the snows  
That cause to dream and die,  
What blessing can, from lips of man,  
Approach thee with his sigh ?

## XV.

“ Ay, what from earth — create for man  
And moaning in his moan ? 210  
Ay, what from stars — revealed to man  
And man-named one by one ?  
Ay, more ! what blessing can be given  
Where the Spirits seven do show in heaven  
A MAN upon the throne ?

## XVI.

“ A man on earth HE wandered once,  
All meek and undefiled,  
And those who loved Him said ‘ He wept ’ —  
None ever said He smiled ;  
Yet there might have been a smile unseen, 220  
When He bowed His holy face, I ween,  
To bless that happy child.

## XVII.

“ And now HE pleadeth up in heaven  
For our humanities,  
Till the ruddy light on seraphs’ wings  
In pale emotion dies.  
They can better bear their Godhead’s glare  
Than the pathos of His eyes.

## XVIII.

“ I will go pray our God to-day  
To teach thee how to scan 230  
His work divine, for human use  
Since earth on axle ran,—

To teach thee to discern as plain  
 His grief divine, the blood-drop's stain  
 He left there, MAN for man.

## XIX.

“So, for the blood's sake shed by Him  
 Whom angels God declare,  
 Tears like it, moist and warm with love,  
 Thy reverent eyes shall wear  
 To see i' the face of Adam's race . 240  
 The nature God doth share.”

## XX.

“I heard,” the poet said, “thy voice  
 As dimly as thy breath :  
 The sound was like the noise of life  
 To one anear his death, —  
 Or of waves that fail to stir the pale  
 Sere leaf they roll beneath.

## XXI.

“And still between the sound and me  
 White creatures like a mist  
 Did interfloat confusedly, 250  
 Mysterious shapes unwist :  
 Across my heart and across my brow  
 I felt them droop like wreaths of snow,  
 To still the pulse they kist.

## XXII.

“The castle and its lands are thine —  
 The poor's — it shall be done.

## THE POET'S VOW.

217

Go, *man*, to love ! I go to live  
In Courland hall, alone :  
The bats along the ceilings cling,  
The lizards in the floors do run,  
And storms and years have worn and reft  
The stain by human builders left  
In working at the stone."

260

## PART THE THIRD.

### SHOWING HOW THE VOW WAS KEPT.

#### I.

He dwelt alone, and sun and moon  
Were witness that he made  
Rejection of his humanness  
Until they seemed to fade ;  
His face did so, for he did grow  
Of his own soul afraid.

#### II.

The self-poised God may dwell alone  
With inward glorying,  
But God's chief angel waiteth for  
A brother's voice, to sing ;  
And a lonely creature of sinful nature  
It is an awful thing.

270

#### III.

An awful thing that feared itself ;  
While many years did roll,  
A lonely man, a feeble man,



A part beneath the whole,  
He bore by day, he bore by night 280  
That pressure of God's infinite  
Upon his finite soul.

## IV.

The poet at his lattice sate,  
And downward lookèd he.  
Three Christians wended by to prayers,  
With mute ones in their ee ;  
Each turned above a face of love  
And called him to the far chapèlle  
With voice more tuneful than its bell ;  
But still they wended three. 290

## V.

There journeyed by a bridal pomp,  
A bridegroom and his dame ;  
He speaketh low for happiness,  
She blusheth red for shame :  
But never a tone of benison  
From out the lattice came.

## VI.

A little child with inward song,  
No louder noise to dare,  
Stood near the wall to see at play  
The lizards green and rare — 300  
Unblessed the while for his childish smile  
Which cometh unaware.

## PART THE FOURTH.

SHOWING HOW ROSALIND FARED BY THE KEEPING  
OF THE VOW.

## I.

IN death-sheets lieth Rosalind  
As white and still as they ;  
And the old nurse that watched her bed  
Rose up with " Well-a-day ! "  
And oped the casement to let in  
The sun, and that sweet doubtful din  
Which droppeth from the grass and bough  
Sans wind and bird, none knoweth how — 310  
To cheer her as she lay.

## II.

The old nurse started when she saw  
Her sudden look of woe :  
But the quick wan tremblings round her mouth  
In a meek smile did go,  
And calm she said, " When I am dead,  
Dear nurse, it shall be so.

## III.

" Till then, shut out those sights and sounds,  
And pray God pardon me  
That I without this pain no more 320  
His blessèd works can see !  
And lean beside me, loving nurse,  
That thou mayst hear, ere I am worse,  
What thy last love should be."

## IV.

The loving nurse leant over her,  
 As white she lay beneath ;  
 The old eyes searching, dim with life,  
 The young ones dim with death,  
 To read their look if sound forsook  
 The trying, trembling breath.

330

## V.

“ When all this feeble breath is done,  
 And I on bier am laid,  
 My tresses smoothed for never a feast,  
 My body in shroud arrayed,  
 Uplift each palm in a saintly calm,  
 As if that still I prayed.

## VI.

“ And heap beneath mine head the flowers  
 You stoop so low to pull,  
 The little white flowers from the wood  
 Which grow there in the cool,  
 Which *be* and I, in childhood’s games,  
 Went plucking, knowing not their names,  
 And filled thine apron full.

340

## VII.

“ Weep not ! *I* weep not. Death is strong,  
 The eyes of Death are dry !  
 But lay this scroll upon my breast  
 When hushed its heavings lie,  
 And wait awhile for the corpse’s smile  
 Which shineth presently.

## VIII.

“ And when it shineth, straightway call      350  
Thy youngest children dear,  
And bid them gently carry me  
All barefaced on the bier ;  
But bid them pass my kirkyard grass  
That waveth long anear.

## IX.

“ And up the bank where I used to sit  
And dream what life would be,  
Along the brook with its sunny look  
Akin to living glee, —  
O'er the windy hill, through the forest still      360  
Let them gently carry me.

## X.

“ And through the piny forest still,  
And down the open moorland  
Round where the sea beats mistily  
And blindly on the foreland ;  
And let them chant that hymn I know,  
Bearing me soft, bearing me slow,  
To the ancient hall of Courland.

## XI.

“ And when withal they near the hall,  
In silence let them lay      370  
My bier before the bolted door,  
And leave it for a day :  
For I have vowed, though I am proud,  
To go there as a guest in shroud,  
And not be turned away.”

## XII.

The old nurse looked within her eyes  
 Whose mutual look was gone ;  
 The old nurse stooped upon her mouth,  
 Whose answering voice was done ;  
 And nought she heard, till a little bird 380  
 Upon the casement's woodbine swinging  
 Broke out into a loud sweet singing  
 For joy o' the summer sun :  
 " Alack ! alack ! " — she watched no more,  
 With head on knee she wailèd sore,  
 And the little bird sang o'er and o'er  
 For joy o' the summer sun.

## PART THE FIFTH.

## SHOWING HOW THE VOW WAS BROKEN.

THE poet oped his bolted door  
 The midnight sky to view ;  
 A spirit-feel was in the air 390  
 Which seemed to touch his spirit bare  
 Whenever his breath he drew ;  
 And the stars a liquid softness had,  
 As alone their holiness forbade  
 Their falling with the dew.

## II.

They shine upon the steadfast hills,  
 Upon the swinging tide,  
 Upon the narrow track of beach  
 And the murmuring pebbles pied :  
 They shine on every lovely place, 400  
 They shine upon the corpse's face,  
 As *it* were fair beside.

## III.

It lay before him, humanlike,  
 Yet so unlike a thing !  
 More awful in its shrouded pomp  
 Than any crownèd king :  
 All calm and cold, as it did hold  
 Some secret, glorying.

## IV.

A heavier weight than of its clay  
 Clung to its heart and knee :  
 As if those folded palms could strike  
 He staggered groaningly,  
 And then o'erhung, without a groan,  
 The meek close mouth that smiled alone,  
 Whose speech the scroll must be.

410

## THE WORDS OF ROSALIND'S SCROLL.

"I left thee last, a child at heart,  
 A woman scarce in years.  
 I come to thee, a solemn corpse  
 Which neither feels nor fears.  
 I have no breath to use in sighs ;  
 They laid the dead-weights on mine eyes  
 To seal them safe from tears.

420

"Look on me with thine own calm look :  
 I meet it calm as thou.  
 No look of thine can change *this* smile,  
 Or break thy sinful vow :  
 I tell thee that my poor scorned heart  
 Is of thine earth — thine earth, a part :  
 It cannot vex thee now.

“ But out, alas ! these words are writ                    430  
By a living, loving one,  
Adown whose cheeks, the proofs of life  
The warm quick tears do run :  
Ah, let the unloving corpse control  
Thy scorn back from the loving soul  
Whose place of rest is won.

“ I have prayed for thee with bursting sob  
When passion’s course was free ;  
I have prayed for thee with silent lips,  
In the anguish none could see :                    440  
They whispered oft, ‘ She sleepeth soft ’ —  
But I only prayed for thee.

“ Go to ! I pray for thee no more ;  
The corpse’s tongue is still,  
Its folded fingers point to heaven,  
But point there stiff and chill :  
No farther wrong, no farther woe  
Hath license from the sin below  
Its tranquil heart to thrill.

“ I charge thee, by the living’s prayer,                    450  
And the dead’s silentness,  
To wring from out thy soul a cry  
Which God shall hear and bless !  
Lest heaven’s own palm droop in my hand,  
And pale among the saints I stand,  
A saint companionless.”

## V.

Bow lower down before the throne,  
 Triumphant Rosalind !  
 He boweth on thy corpse his face,  
 And weepeth as the blind : 460  
 'Twas a dread sight to see them so,  
 For the senseless corpse rocked to and fro  
 With the wail of his living mind.

## VI.

But dreader sight, could such be seen,  
 His inward mind did lie,  
 Whose long-subjected humanness  
 Gave out its lion-cry,  
 And fiercely rent its tenement  
 In a mortal agony.

## VII.

I tell you, friends, had you heard his wail, 470  
 'Twould haunt you in court and mart,  
 And in merry feast until you set  
 Your cup down to depart —  
 That weeping wild of a reckless child  
 From a proud man's broken heart.

## VIII.

O broken heart, O broken vow,  
 That wore so proud a feature !  
 God, grasping as a thunderbolt  
 The man's rejected nature,  
 Smote him therewith i' the presence high 480  
 Of his so worshipped earth and sky  
 That looked on all indifferently —  
 A wailing human creature.



## IX.

A human creature found too weak  
 To bear his human pain —  
 (May Heaven's dear grace have spoken peace  
 To his dying heart and brain ! )  
 For when they came at dawn of day  
 To lift the lady's corpse away,  
 Her bier was holding twain. 490

## X.

They dug beneath the kirkyard grass,  
 For both one dwelling deep ;  
 To which, when years had mossed the stone,  
 Sir Roland brought his little son  
 To watch the funeral heap :  
 And when the happy boy would rather  
 Turn upward his blithe eyes to see  
 The wood-doves nodding from the tree,  
 " Nay, boy, look downward," said his father,  
 " Upon this human dust asleep. 500  
 And hold it in thy constant ken  
 That God's own unity compresses  
 (One into one) the human many,  
 And that his everlastingness is  
 The bond which is not loosed by any :  
 That thou and I this law must keep,  
 If not in love, in sorrow then, —  
 Though smiling not like other men,  
 Still, like them we must weep."

## NOTES.

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### THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

**The Battle of Marathon.** The important event in history upon which this poem is founded is thus described in brief by Labberton in his "Outlines of History" :

"In 490 B.C. Darius, King of Persia, sent his generals, Datis and Artaphernes, with the first of those prodigious armies with which the East has so often from that time overwhelmed the West. They sailed to Eubœa with an enormous fleet, took Eretria by treachery, and having crossed the channel into Attica, drew up their forces, which amounted to 100,000 men, on the plain of Marathon. This is a small plain in the northeastern part of Attica, somewhat in the form of a half-moon, the inner curve of which is bounded by the bay and the outer by a range of mountains, through which two narrow passes led to Athens. These passes were covered by the Athenians. For nine days the armies stood opposite one another. Before the expiration of these nine days the Persians had relinquished the plan of forcing the passes, and on the tenth day the fleet was already manned and the cavalry already on board. Then it was that Miltiades, who that day (Sept. 12, 490 B.C.) held the supreme command, ordered the Athenians to advance against the troops that were drawn up by the shore to cover the embarkation. The hosts of the great king were driven before the armed townsmen of Athens. They had no place whither to retreat and where they might

form in order. They were driven into the morasses and there slain in numbers. The first great turning-point in the rise of the Athenian people is the day of Marathon. Nothing ever yet said of that day has exaggerated its immense importance to Greece and to the world."

Mottoes. "*Behold what care employs me now,*" etc.: from Akenside's "The Pleasures of the Imagination," Book iii., lines 325-327.

"*Ancient of Days! August Athene*": from Byron's "Childe Harold," Canto ii., stanza 2.

Preface. Page 2. *Sallust*: (86-34 B.C.) historian of the "Conspiracy of Catiline," the "Jugurthine War," and "Civil and Military Deeds of the Roman Republic," of which latter history fragments only remain.

"*Alterum nobis cum diis, alterum cum belluis commune est*": We have one part in common with the gods, and one part in common with the brutes.

*Pope*: Alexander (1688-1744), the most distinguished poet of the so-called Augustan age in English literature, who described himself as having "lisp'd in numbers." He is said to have been vain and sensitive.

*Pegasus*: the winged steed that sprang from the blood of Medusa when Perseus cut off her head. Hesiod says of him that, winging his flight away, he left Earth, the mother of flocks, and came to the Immortals; in Jove's house he dwells, bearing to Counsellor Jove thunder and lightning.

He became the favorite of the Muses, and was given by Athena to Bellerophon. Attempting to fly to Heaven on the winged steed, he incurred the anger of Jove, who sent a gad-fly to sting Pegasus so that he threw his rider. He has become the symbol of poetic inspiration.

*Parnassus*: a mountain in Phocis with two peaks, one sacred to Apollo, the other to the Muses. The Castalian spring sacred to the Muses is at the foot of the mountain, and Delphi, where the oracle of Apollo was, is near by.

*Sappho*: (610-570 B.C.) distinguished Greek lyric poetess, who lived at Lesbos, and gathered around her a

group of young women whom she trained in the lyric art. Only fragments of her work remain, but they show that her genius was of the highest order.

Page 3. *Review*: probably the *Edinburgh Review*. Along with other magazines of the day, it used especially to enjoy abusing rising young poets.

*Homer*: supposed to have lived about 1000 B.C., and generally believed to be the author of the great Greek epics, the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey."

*Virgil*: (70-19 B.C.) the great Roman epic poet. The works of Virgil became school-books within a short time of his death. His great epic, the "Æneid," is founded largely upon the Homeric epics; but as Voltaire said, "If Homer is the creator of Virgil, Virgil is certainly the finest of his works."

*Byron*: Lord (1788-1824), English poet, who became at once famous upon the publication of his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." In Lord Macaulay's opinion he had no equal "in description, in meditation tinged with the gloomy egotism, the despairing misanthropy that his poetry for years after made a fashionable affectation."

*Moore*: Thomas (1779-1852), called the modern minstrel, celebrated especially for his melodies and his imaginative Oriental poem "Lalla Rookh."

*Scott*: Sir Walter (1771-1832), the great Scotch novelist and poet. The applause that greeted him upon the first appearance of his poetry was most enthusiastic. Its chief merit, as the young girl critic says, is its power of description and narrative.

Page 4. *Cicero*: Marcus Tullius (106-43 B.C.), called the prince of Roman orators. His works include orations, philosophical, rhetorical, and moral treatises, and familiar letters — all remarkable for their perfect Latin.

"*Quò minus ergo honoris erat pòetis èd minora studia fuerunt*": Wherever the poets have had less honor, there has been less application to learning.

Page 5. *Pope in this beautiful passage*: from his Preface to the Translation of the "Iliad." The quotation

has one or two little inexactnesses in it as compared with the Watson edition of the "Iliad" (1873), viz.: "utmost extent," for "utmost stretch;" "can but steal wisely," for "can at best but steal wisely."

Page 6. *Mr. Wakefield*: Rev. Gilbert (1756-1801), a writer of theological and other works.

*Horace*: (68-8 B.C.) one of the most eminent and popular of Latin poets, the author of odes, satires, and epistles.

"*Ingenium cui sit cui mens divinor atque os magna sonaturum*": Whoever has genius, has divine inspiration and a mouth that will sound forth great things.

Page 7. "*On vit manifestement, pendant le peu de temps que dura la tyrannie des decemvirs, à quel point l'agrandissement de Rome dependoit de sa liberté; l'état sembla avoir perdu l'âme qui la faisoit mouvoir*": It becomes manifest, during the short time the tyranny of the decemvirs lasted, to what extent the glory of Rome depended upon its liberty; the state seemed to have lost the soul which made it move.

*Montesquieu*: (1689-1755) eminent French writer. Among his works may be mentioned "Considerations upon the Causes of the Grandeur and the Decadence of the Romans," and "The Spirit of Laws."

*Bigland*: (1711-1784) English writer, author of "Letters on the Study and Use of Ancient and Modern History" and "A History of Spain."

*Glover*: Richard (1712-1785). His "Leonidas" is an epic on the Persian wars in blank verse in nine books, which, with his other works, no one ever reads now, notwithstanding Lyttleton's praise.

*Lyttleton*: George (1709-1773), English writer of essays and poems of some eminence. Known as "good Lord Lyttleton."

*Rollin*: (1661-1741) an eminent French historian and professor of belles-lettres. Published a book on "The Study of Belles Lettres," "A History of Rome," and an "Ancient History," which was translated into English, and enjoyed much popularity, especially with the young.

Page 8. *Rhymes of Pope . . . Miltonic verse*: in the dawn of the Elizabethan age there was great diversity of opinion as to the merits of blank verse and rhyme. The imitators of the classics determined upon a general surceasing of bald rhymes. Spenser, however, preserved rhyming traditions, and by the time Milton appeared with blank verse, opinion had changed so that he wrote an apology for it in the second edition of "*Paradise Lost*," to which the young poet refers. The opinion of the style of Pope's translation of the "*Iliad*" is confirmed by that of Professor Conington, himself a translator of the "*Iliad*," who said, in 1872: "Probably no other work of his had so much influence on the national taste and feeling for poetry. It has been — I hope it is still — the delight of every intelligent school-boy; they read of 'kings, and heroes, and of mighty deeds,' in language which, in its calm, majestic flow, unhasting, unresting, carries them on as irresistibly as Homer's own could do, were they born readers of Greek; and their minds are filled with a conception of the heroic age, not indeed strictly true, but almost as near the truth as that which was entertained by Virgil himself." In spite of this eulogy the fame of this translation has now somewhat faded.

*Dryden*: John (1631-1700), the most distinguished figure in the drama of the Restoration. According to Macaulay, his work presents, "on a reduced scale, the whole history of the school to which he belonged — the rudeness and extravagance of its infancy, the propriety, the grace, the dignified good sense, the temperate splendor of its maturity."

Page 9. "*Ponto nox incubat atra*": The sable night descends upon the sea. Virgil's "*Æneid*," Book i., line 89.

"*Oh terque quaterque beati*": Oh, thrice, four times blessed! "*Æneid*," Book i., line 94. The incident in Homer referred to is in the seventh book of the "*Odyssey*."

Book 1. Line 1. *Persia's haughty King*: Darius (about



550-485 B.C.), whose long reign forms an important epoch in Persian history. After having organized the vast mass of countries conquered by Cyrus and Cambyses, he sought to enlarge still further his great dominions. His capitol, Sardis, was burned by the Athenians. When King Darius heard of it he exclaimed: "The Athenians, who are *they*?" Upon being informed, he took his bow, shot an arrow high into the air, saying, "Grant me, Jove, to take vengeance upon the Athenians;" and he charged one of his attendants to remind him thrice every day at dinner, "Sire, remember the Athenians." (See Smith's "History of Greece.")

Line 2. *Eternal Goddess*: the Muse of epic poetry was Calliope. Ancient poets and the moderns who imitate them begin their epics by an address to the Muse.

3. *Pluto*: the ruler of the under world of shades. By virtue of the cap given him by the Cyclopes he moved hither and yon, unseen — hated of mortals. (See Gayley's "Classic Myths in English Literature.")

5. *Asia's powerful Prince*: Darius. (See note, line 1.)

7. *Cytherea's call*: after the Homeric pattern the poet causes the gods to take sides. Cytherea is one of the names given to Aphrodite or Venus, from the island to which she was wafted when she arose from the foam of the sea.

10. *Vulcan's artful spouse*: Aphrodite is meant, according to the myth as it appears in the "Odyssey." In the "Iliad" and Hesiod's "Theogony," Aglaia, the youngest of the Graces, is said to be Vulcan's wife.

11. *Venus*: goddess of love and beauty. According to Homer, she was a daughter of Jupiter and Dione, a goddess of the soil; but Hesiod says she arose from the foam of the sea, and was therefore called Aphrodite, or foam-born.

15. *Hippias*: ruled Athens along with his brother Hipparchus after their father's (Pisistratus) death. Hipparchus having been assassinated, Hippias became a tyrant and was finally expelled from Athens. Later the Spartans tried to reinstate him as despot of Athens, but

they did not succeed. Hippias afterwards went to the court of Darius, whose resentment against Athens he kept alive. The poet evidently got her hint that Darius undertook the war to reinstate Hippias from Rollins' "Ancient History," which states that "Artaphernes sent the Athenians word that they must reëstablish Hippias in his authority unless they chose rather to draw the whole power of Darius upon them." Herodotus also says that Hippias contrived "every means by which Athens might be subjected to himself and Darius." (See Book v., line 96, Bohn Edition.)

Line 16. *Pisistratus*: became despot of Athens in 560 B.C. He is described as ambitious, eloquent, and courageous, and as pursuing the policy which has so often succeeded in democracies, the gaining over of the lower classes by affability and unbounded liberality. He did not abolish the wise laws of Solon, but confirmed and extended them. Though twice expelled, he regained the sovereignty, and continued to exercise it, not as an oppressor, but as the father of his country.

17. *Her son Æneas' wrongs*: for account of these wrongs see Virgil's "Æneid," "wherein is described a scene in Olympus." Venus appears before Jupiter, while he is contemplating the affairs of men, and with tears complains of the hardships of Æneas, who is debarred, through the anger of Juno, from his destined home in Italy, in spite of his piety, and the Fates, and the promises of Jupiter, while Antenor, another Trojan prince, has been permitted already to find a resting-place on the shores of the Adriatic. Jupiter consoles her by reaffirming the promise that she shall hereafter receive her son into Olympus, and that his descendants in Italy shall rule the world. (Book i., lines 223-305.) The poet represents Venus as taking up the Persian side, because she still longs for revenge.

19. *Smoking Troy's once sacred wall*: it will be remembered that after the Greeks entered Troy by means of the stratagem of the wooden horse, they set fire to the



city, and put the people to the sword, and Troy was completely subdued.

Line 19. *Priam's reeking shade*: Priam, having taken refuge with his wife Hecuba and her daughters as suppliant at the altar of Jupiter, was slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, from whom he was trying to rescue his son Polites, as they rushed into the sanctuary.

21. *Minerva*: Athena, who was the guardian deity of Athens and the goddess of wisdom. — *Paphia's Queen*: Paphos was a famous city on the island of Cyprus, where Venus was specially worshipped; hence she was called the Paphian.

24. *Blue-eyed Goddess*: in Pope's translation of Homer this epithet is applied to Athena. Lang, Leaf, and Myer in their translation say, "the bright-eyed goddess," which is nearer the original γλαυκῶπις, gleaming-eyed, or piercing-eyed.

27. *Aristides*: one of the ten generals elected to lead the army at the time of the invasion of Darius, distinguished especially for his integrity. In his conduct of public affairs he acted only with a view to the public good, disregarding party ties and personal friendships.

34. *Pallas*: a name for Athena, said to be derived from her character as brandisher of the lightnings.

70. *Themistocles*: along with Miltiades and Aristides the most distinguished of the ten generals elected who fought in the battle of Marathon. The account which Smith gives in his history differs considerably from that imagined by the poet. The Spartans having refused their aid because the moon was not propitious, the generals were divided in opinion, five being opposed to an immediate engagement. Miltiades and the remaining four were in favor of an immediate engagement, but the decision depended upon Callimachus the Polemarch. To him Miltiades now addressed himself with the utmost earnestness, pointing out the danger of delay. Miltiades was warmly seconded by Themistocles and Aristides, and Callimachus gave his vote for the battle.

Line 80. *Dardanian*: Trojan. The name is derived from the first King of Troy, Dardanus.

142. *Be 't for Miltiades, experienced sage*: history says that the ten generals who were each to command the army for one day agreed to surrender to Miltiades their days of command, in order to invest the whole power in a single person. Thus Miltiades had the opportunity and the necessary skill to make himself the hero of the battle of Marathon.

168. *The bird of Jove*: the eagle.

177. *One on whose hand Darius' signet beamed*: Darius sent heralds to most of the Grecian states to demand from each earth and water as the symbol of submission. A large number of Grecian cities, inspired by fear, complied with the demand, but so indignant were the people of Athens and Sparta that the Athenians cast the herald into a deep pit and the Spartans threw him into a well, bidding him take earth and water from thence.

184. *Then earth and water give*: see preceding note.

258. *Cynthia's ray*: the moonlight. Diana, the goddess of the moon, was called Cynthia because she was born on Mount Cynthus.

280. *Th' eternal car*: Venus is spoken of in Homer and Virgil as going through the air without car or doves.

285. *The doves celestial*: the birds especially beloved of Venus were the swan, the sparrow, and the dove.

289. *The Mother . . . of Love*: Venus was the mother of Cupid, the god of love.

303. *Argive hands*: Argos was a city of Argolis in the Peloponnesus. Its inhabitants were called Argives, and the name was afterwards frequently used for all the Greeks.

304. *Anchises' Son*: Æneas. (See note, line 17.)

313. *The Thunderer*: a name given to Jupiter, as wielder of thunderbolts.

318. *Burning lake*: probably the poet had in mind the burning river Phlegethon, which rolled its fiery waters around Tartarus, the city of the condemned in the under world. (See the "*Æneid*," Book vi., line 551.)

Line 319. *Olympian calm*: Olympus was a mountain on the borders of Thessaly and Macedonia, called by the ancients the abode of the gods, hence the phrase "Olympian calm."

338. *And Athens' self must own imperial Rome*: according to Virgil the Delphic oracle said to Æneas, "Seek thy ancient mother; there the race of Æneas shall dwell and reduce all other nations to their sway."

348. *Thro' heaven's etherial vaults and shakes the Pole*: according to Plato, the pole is a line extending through the universe, about which the earth and the planets revolve. (See "Timæus," Jowett's translation.)

351. *Persia next to Rome most dear to Venus' breast*: the love of Venus for the Persians seems to be an entirely original idea with the poet, suggested by the fact that she was on the side of the Trojans in the Trojan war.

371. *The Pylia Sage*: Nestor, so called because he was born in Pylos, was the most renowned for wisdom of the heroes of the Trojan war.

373. *Twelve Chiefs*: if the poet is referring here to the Archons — the chief magistrates of the city — there should be only nine; if to the generals elected for the year there should be ten. (See notes, lines 27 and 70.)

Book II. 399-407. *Clombrotus . . . Thermosites in battle great*: the poet has evidently drawn upon her imagination for the names and characterization of these Marathon heroes.

403. *Night with sable wings*: night is described as having wings in the "Iliad." (See Pope's translation, Book xiv., line 296.)

413. *Acheron*: a river that rises in Molossia, flows through Thresprotia and into the sea near the Chimerian promontory, said by the ancients to be one of the roads to Hades. Homer, from the dead appearance of its waters, called it one of the rivers of hell. It is frequently used as a synonym for hell.

447. *Clammed*: clogged.

503. *Europe's homage*: the Europe known to the ancients

was one of three grand divisions of the earth. Herodotus says of it : " Whether Europe is surrounded by water either towards the east or towards the north, has not been fully discovered by any man ; but in length it is known to extend beyond both the other continents. . . . Nor is it clear whence it received this name, nor who gave it, unless we will say that the region received this name from the Tyrian Europa." According to the myth, Europa was carried there by Jupiter. According to another theory, Europe received its name from the worship of *Europ*, the serpent of the sun.

Line 554. *Procure the lots* : it was a custom among the Greeks to offer burnt offerings of animals to the gods, and then by divination to find out the will of the gods. In order to do this, they observed the appearance of the animal's entrails, the direction the smoke took, and various other signs and omens.

564. *Twelve bulls* : the animals sacred to Jupiter and which were used in the sacrifices to him were bulls, sheep, and goats. (See note, line 554.)

565. *Six snow-white heifers of a race divine* : white cattle were especially acceptable to Jupiter. (See notes, lines 554 and 564.)

567. *Six rams* : see note, line 554.

604. *Twelve ewes* : see note, line 554.

631. *Now midst the Senate's walls the herald stands* : the account of the herald's mission to Sparta is thus described by Herodotus : " And first while the generals were yet in the city, they dispatched a herald to Sparta, one Pheidippides, an Athenian, who was a courier by profession, one who attended to this very business. This man, then, as Pheidippides himself said and reported to the Athenians, Pan met near Mount Parthenion, above Tegea ; and Pan, calling out the name of Pheidippides, bade him ask the Athenians why they paid no attention to him, who was well inclined to the Athenians, and had often been useful to them, and would be so hereafter. The Athenians, therefore, as their affairs were then in a

prosperous condition, believed that this was true, and erected a temple to Pan beneath the Acropolis, and in consequence of that message they propitiate Pan with yearly sacrifices and the torch race. This Pheidippides, being sent by the generals at that time when he said Pan appeared to him, arrived in Sparta on the following day after his departure from the city of the Athenians, and on coming in presence of the magistrates, he said, Lacedæmonians, the Athenians entreat you to assist them, and not to suffer the most ancient city among the Greeks to fall into bondage to barbarians: for Eretria is already reduced to slavery, and Greece has become weaker by the loss of a renowned city. He accordingly delivered the message according to his instructions, and they resolved indeed to assist the Athenians; but it was out of their power to do so immediately, as they were unwilling to violate the law, for it was the ninth day of the current month; and they said they could not march out on the ninth day, the moon's circle not being full. They therefore waited for the full moon." (Book vi., 105, 106, Bohn Edition.) Compare with Robert Browning's poem "Pheidippides" and notes to same in *Camberwell Edition of Browning* (Vol. xi., p. 301).

Line 660. *Eurotas*: a river of Laconia upon whose banks stood Sparta, the great capital of the Peloponnesus.

668. *The monster Pan*: god of woods and fields, of flocks and shepherds. He was represented with the thighs, hoofs, and horns of a goat. His name in Greek signifies *all*, and he came to be considered a personification of Nature and a symbol of the Universe. Lastly he became representative of all the Greek gods, and of paganism.

678. *Hermes' Son*: Pan was the son of Hermes and a wood nymph.

683. *Till Dian fills again her horns with light*: Diana was the goddess of the moon and was represented with the crescent moon on her head.

727. *Delopeia*: probably imaginary.

Line 731. *Oh Son of Cimon*: Miltiades, who, according to Herodotus, was educated by his father. He was governor of the Chersonesus, whither he had been sent by the Athenians, but through a stratagem made himself absolute master, and further strengthened himself by marrying the daughter of the King of Thrace.

770. *Green Neptune's old abode*: Neptune is the god of the sea; his palace was said to be in the depths of the sea, near Ægea in Eubœa. He carried a three-pronged spear called a trident, with which he could raise storms and calm them as well as shake the earth.

771. *Black Erebus on drowsy pinions springs*: the darkness under the earth. Here it is used for night.

Book III. 781. *Cuisses*; same as *cuish*: defensive armor for the thighs. Compare Achilles' arming in Pope's "Iliad." (Book xix., lines 390-425.)

785. *Plumes of horse hair*:

"Last o'er his brows his fourfold helm he placed,  
With nodding horse hair formidably graced."

(See Pope's "Iliad," Book xi., line 53.)

791. *The gorgon shield*: Perseus gave the head of the gorgon, Medusa, which he had cut off, to Minerva, who bore it afterwards upon her shield. It had the power to turn all things into stone.

793. *Mars*: God of war. — *Latian*: same as Latin or Italian, from Latium, a name originally given to that portion of Italy which extended from the mouth of the Tiber to the Circæan promontory.

794. *Attica*: a district of Greece. It is in the form of a triangle, having two of its sides washed by the sea and its base united to the land. The range of Cithæron and Parnes, which forms its northern boundary, shuts it off from the rest of Greece.

796. *The Senate's walls*: the Court of the Areopagus, where justice was administrated, is probably in the poet's mind here.

819. *Apollo*: son of Jupiter and Latona, god of the



sun, promoter of peace and civilization, patron of music and poetry.

Line 848. *Callimachus the Polemarch*: polemarch was the name given to the archon or magistrate (of which there were nine in Athens) who had charge of military affairs. Callimachus held that office at the time of the battle of Marathon, and was among the brave Greeks who fell.

850. *Cynagirus*: an Athenian who was celebrated for his extraordinary courage. He pursued the Persians to their ships, seized one of their vessels with his right hand, which being severed, he seized it with his left, and when that was cut off, still kept hold with his teeth. (See lines 1437-1452.)

858. *Antenor*: this and other heroes mentioned by the poet appear to be imaginary, as they are not mentioned in the historical accounts.

890. *Pelides*: a name given to Achilles from his father Peleus. (See Pope's "Iliad," Book xxiv., lines 584-745.)

891. *At Priam's prayer*: see note, line 890.

892. *Spartan Helen*: wife of Menelaus, who being carried off by the Trojan Paris was the cause of the Trojan war.

894. *There Hector clasps his consort to his breast*: see Pope's "Iliad," Book vi., lines 624-647.

902. *There his loved sire, divine Æneas bears*: on the night that Troy fell Æneas escaped with his father, wife, and young son. His father Anchises was too old to walk and Æneas took him on his shoulders. (See "Æneid," end of Book ii.)

918. *Twice twenty sable bulls*: bulls were sacrificed to Apollo also. (See notes, lines 554 and 564.)

922. *While the red wine . . . from the flaming God*: it was a custom of the Greeks to pour libations of wine to the gods.

930. *In Phœbus' name*: Phœbus, a name for Apollo, which signifies his radiance.

931. *Hecatombs*: large sacrifices of animals on the altars of the gods.

Line 933. *The will of Datis*: one of the leaders of the Persian host.

944. *Artaphernes*: in conjunction with Datis, he led the Persians against the Greeks. He was the nephew of Darius.

983. *Twice twenty sable bullocks bring*: see notes, lines 554 and 564.

985. *Twelve white heifers of gigantic breed*: oxen and cows were sacred to Minerva. (See note, line 554.)

1022. *Sprinkled with oil*: a Greek custom in sacrificing to the gods.

1024. *Goddess of the radiant eyes*: compare with line 24, and see note on same.

1058. *Cyclopean*: from *Cyclops*. There were three of these monsters who had but one eye each, and who were supposed to have their forges under Mount Etna, where they forged the thunderbolts of Zeus.

1139. *Somnus reigns*: Somnus is the god of sleep.

Book IV. 1163. *And now the fury of the way began*: way in this sentence is probably a misprint for *fray*.

1171. *Peleus*: this and the following Persian heroes mentioned are imaginary.

1175. *Antennes*: see note, line 1171.

1177. *Delucus. Philo*: see note, line 1171.

1178. *Crotan*: see note, line 1171.

1179. *Mnemon's self*: Mnemon was a surname given to Artaxerxes by the Greeks, on account of his remarkable memory. As he subsequently became King of Persia, the poet has here only borrowed his name.

1235. *Bellona*: see note, line 1171.

1239. *Delos' self*: see note, line 1171.

1243. *Phanes*: see note, line 1171.

1244. *Leucon. Caudos*: see note, line 1171.

1246. *Mandrocles*: see note, line 1171.

1275. *Zeus*: see note, line 1171.

1329. *Epizelus*: a story is told of this hero in Herodotus as follows: "An Athenian, Epizelus, son of Cuphagoras, while fighting in the medley, and behaving



valiantly, was deprived of sight, though wounded in no part of his body nor struck from a distance ; and he continued to be blind from that time for the remainder of his life." This story the poet combines with the tradition mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Theseus, that he, Theseus, was seen fighting on the Greek side in the battle of Marathon, and adds to it, as may be seen, some imaginative elements.

Line 1344. *The infernal serpent of the dreadful shore*: the poet probably means by this the fifty headed Hydra, one of the monsters of Hades.

1346. *From Tart'rus far*: the city of the condemned in Hades.

1371. *Ægis*: shield.

1410. *Stygian floods*: from the river Styx, across which souls had to be ferried by Charon on their way to Hades.

1453. *Elysium plains*: the abode of the happy spirits in Hades.

#### AN ESSAY ON MIND, WITH OTHER POEMS.

An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems. Motto. *Brama assai, etc.*: Desire much, hope little, and demand nothing.

Preface. Page 55. *Bottom's prologuizing device, etc.*: see Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," iii., 1, 17-47.

Page 56. *Tacitus*: Caius Cornelius (54-110), Roman historian of the "Manners of the Germans," "Life of Agricola," "Reign of Tiberius," and "Annals," the latter of which is lost.

*Materia aluntur*: they are sustained by the subject.

*Like Thales fall*: philosopher and astronomer of Miletus (died B.C. 548), one of the seven wise men of Greece, said to have calculated a solar eclipse (see Herodotus, i., 74), observed the solstices and equinoxes, and recommended the division of the year into three hundred and sixty-five days. Socrates quotes in "Theætetus"

(see Jowett's translation of Plato's Dialogues, Vol. iii., p. 376) the story here referred to of how Thales fell into a well while looking at the stars.

*That immortal writer we have lost:* Byron, George Gordon Noel (1788-1824), whose death was recent when this preface was written. In his first "Letter to John Murray on Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope," Byron says (see Works, edition of 1832, Vol. vi., page 369), in defence of Pope, that when he wrote of himself as one who did not wander long in "fancy's maze," but soon "*stoop'd* to truth and moralized his song," he should have written "*rose* to truth." Byron then follows this with the words quoted by Miss Barrett.

*Poetry as Plato considered her, etc. : i.e.,* as dangerous to proper valuation of exact truth, in "The Republic," Book x. (See Jowett's translation of the Dialogues of Plato, Vol. ii., pp. 425-439.)

*Bacon:* Francis, Lord Verulam (1560-1626), the plan of whose crowning work, the "*Instauratio Magna*," was to pass from its first three parts—the "*Partition of the Sciences*," the "*Novum Organum*," and "*Sylva Sylvarum*" or Natural History—to three following parts which he did not live to complete, built upon the foregoing parts and devoted to conclusions of the understanding, anticipations, and principles of a new philosophy.

*Newton:* Isaac (1642-1727), whose life was minutely and laboriously devoted to mathematics, optics, and astronomy, and whose investigations of the laws of gravitation, light, and color created a new era in physics. The words of his quoted in the preface we have not been able to find in his works.

*Locke:* John (1632-1704), English philosopher of the common-sense school, whose chief work is "*The Conduct of the Human Understanding*." In the course of "*Some Thoughts concerning Education*" (see Works, edition of 1823, page 167) he cautions parents against encouraging their sons to write verses, for the

reason that "it is very seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil. . . . Poetry and gaming, which usually go together, are alike in this, too, that they seldom bring any advantage but to those who have nothing else to live on."

*Boileau* . . . *acquainted with two arts, etc.*: Nicholas Despreaux (1636-1711), French poet and critic, whose "L'Art Poétique" justifies part of this quotation.

"*Monumentum ære perennius*": Monument more durable than bronze. Quoted from Horace, Ode xxx., line 1.

*The great though erring Lucretius*: (95-51 B.C.) so called because his poem, "*De Rerum Naturâ*," reveals and glorifies nature with something of the spirit of the modern evolutionist, while denying that it was created by the gods, or that they concern themselves with man to give him either hell or heaven. Of his own work the Latin poet said: "I teach of weighty matters, and strive to free the soul from the close-bound fetters of religious fear and 'on matters dark . . . fashion verse full of light."

*The sublime Dante*: (1265-1321) whose common epithet in Italy, "the divine," this poet in her 'teens deepens by characterizing him as "sublime."

*The reasoning Pope*: Alexander (1688-1744), whose special quality is hit upon by the young poet, particularly as it is shown in the "Essay on Man" and the epistles which instigated her own "Essay on Mind."

*Quintillian*: Marcus Fabius (42-117), the Roman rhetorician, whose remark in his "Institutes of Oratory" (see Preface, sections 11-18), acknowledging that philosophy is necessary to the artist in expression and rightfully belongs to him, the philosophers usurping when they claim exclusively what belongs to others, is perhaps the passage here referred to.

Page 57. *Gibbon declare Homer, etc.*: Edward (1737-1794), English historian, whose chief work is "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," but whose "Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*," and his "Essay upon the Study of Literature," distinguished him as a critic.

*Milton expresses it*: John (1608-1674), the English poet and republican prose writer, Secretary to the Council of State during the period of the republic in England.

*Column of Hercules*: the mountainous rocks on either side of the straits of Gibraltar, said to be united until Hercules tore them asunder and made a passage between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic (see Strabo, 3), thought to be the limit of the ancient world, beyond which it was impious and impossible to go. The expression is used figuratively by Miss Barrett to denote the bounds of psychical knowledge.

τί δὲ ἡ ψυχὴ: but what is the mind?

Page 58. *Horace*: Quintus Flaccus (689-746), Roman poet, whose summary of rules of criticism, the "*Ars Poetica*," based on Aristotle's "*Poetics*," was imitated and in part freely translated by Vida in his "*De Arte Poetica*" (1527), by Boileau in his "*L'Art Poétique*" (1673), by Pope in his "*Essay on Criticism*" (1709), and by Byron in his "*Hints from Horace*" (1812).

Page 59. "*Haud passibus æquis*": by no means with equal steps.

Page 60. *Halys*: a river of Asia Minor flowing into the Black Sea, referred to many times in Herodotus, who does not, however, mention its taste.

An Essay on Mind. Motto. *My narrow leaves, etc.*: is from Spenser's "*Faerie Queene*," Book i., Canto 12, line 122.

Book I. An analysis of this book is given by Miss Barrett as follows:

[The poem commences by remarking the desire, natural to the mind, of investigating its own qualities—qualities the more exalted, as their development has sel-

dom been impeded by external circumstances. — The various dispositions of different minds are next considered, and are compared to the varieties of scenic nature ; inequalities in the spiritual not being more wonderful than inequalities in the natural. — Byron and Campbell contrasted. — The varieties of genius having been thus treated, the art of criticism is briefly alluded to, as generally independent of genius, but always useful to its productions. — Jeffrey. — The various stages of life in which genius appears, and the different causes by which its influence is discovered. — Cowley, Alfieri. — Allusion to the story of the emotion of Thucydides on hearing Herodotus recite his History at the Olympic Games. — The elements of Mind are thus arranged, Invention, Judgment, Memory, and Association. — The creations of Mind are next noticed, among which we first behold Philosophy. — History, Science, and Metaphysics, are included in the studies of Philosophy.

[Of History it is observed, that though on a cursory view her task of recalling the past may appear of little avail, it is in reality one of the highest importance. — The living are sent for a lesson to the grave. — The present state of Rome alluded to ; and the future state of England anticipated. — Condemnation of those who deprive historical facts of their moral inference, and only make use of their basis to render falsehood more secure. — Gibbon. — Condemnation of those who would color the political conduct of past ages with their own political feelings. — Hume, Mitford. — From the writers, we turn to the readers of history. — Their extreme scepticism, or credulity. — They are recommended to be guided by no faction, but to measure facts by their consistency with reason — to study the personal character and circumstances of an historian, before they give entire credit to his representations. — The influence of private feeling and prejudice. — Miller. — Science is introduced. — Apostrophe to man. — Episode of Archimedes. — Parallel between history and science. — The pride of the latter considered most excessive. — The risk attending knowledge.

— Buffon, Leibnitz. — The advantageous experience to be derived from the errors of others, illustrated by an allusion to Southey's Hexameters. — Utility the object of science. — An exclusive attention to parts deprecated, since it is impossible even to have a just idea of PARTS, without acquiring a knowledge of their relative situation in the whole. — The extreme difficulty of enlarging the contemplations of a mind long accustomed to contracted views. — The scale of knowledge. — every science being linked with the one preceding and succeeding — giving and receiving reciprocal support. — Why this system is not calculated, as might be conjectured, either to render scientific men superficial, or to intrude on the operations of genius. — That the danger of knowledge originates in PARTIAL knowledge. — Apostrophe to Newton. — *E. B. B.*]

Line 9. *Icarian pinions*: wings contrived artificially, as those of Icarus were, according to the fable, by Dædalus, so that he and his son, Icarus, could escape from the prison in which Minos had confined them. They flew away, but Icarus soared too near the sun, melting the waxen fastenings of the wings, and fell into the sea. The limited measure, of ability Genius has and its dependence upon Nature is implied by the poet here.

10. *Nature's pencil, Nature's portrait, drew*: that is to say, man, who is of nature, yet separable from her, drew the portrait of nature.

14. *Plato's spirit woke*: (429-347 B.C.) the Greek philosopher, disciple of Socrates, the purity and spiritual penetration of whose idea of God and the soul has led the Christian mind to attribute to him a divination of Christian doctrines or at least some knowledge of the 'Hebraic scriptures. To this, his "faith instinctive," Miss Barrett alludes.

22. *With Bacon reason*: see note, Preface, page 56.

— *With Shakespeare smile*: the contrast is drawn between Bacon as a mind characterized by reason, and Shakespeare (1564-1616) as an intelligence peculiarly happy in



an intuitional light suddenly revealing the inward nature as a smile does.

Line 26. *A Tully, and a Catiline* : the contrast is again drawn between two men of the same time. Marcus Tullius Cicero (B. C. 106-43), the Roman senator and upholder of the state, among whose most famous orations was the one exposing and denouncing Catiline, Lucius Sergius (B. C. 199-62), who organized the famous conspiracy against the Roman government, its failure resulting in his death.

29. *Why do not I the muse of Homer, etc.* : again drawing a contrast, involving the mystery of mental characteristics, between her own poetic attempts and the accomplishment of the supreme Greek who was the father of poetry.

31. *Why wrote not Blackstone upon love's delusion* : Sir William (1723-1780), English judge, whose commentaries on law included a libel (used here in the sense of a writing merely, not defamatory, from the Latin *libellus*, a little book) on the English Constitution. Again the query is, why is his mind so peculiar to himself that he wrote not upon Moore's subject instead, and Moore upon his?

32. *Moore, a libel on the Constitution* : Thomas (1779-1852), Irish poet, whose "Lalla Rookh," "Loves of the Angels," and translation of "Anakreon" occupied his pen instead of legal treatises.

34. *Dante, Laura sang, and Petrarch, Hell* : Dante's theme of Hell, the first part of his "Divine Comedy," not being interchangeable with the theme of his most prominent successor in Italian poetry, Petrarch (1304-1374), whose sonnets are devoted to Laura de Noves.

35. *Tom Paine argued in the throne's defence* : (1737-1809) instead of against monarchy, especially in his "Rights of Man," for which he was brought to trial and condemned in England in 1792.

36. *Byron nonsense wrote, and Thurlow sense* : The high opinion prevalent as to Byron, Miss Barrett evidently shared with enthusiasm (see note, Preface, page 55.); and Lord Thurlow (1732-1806), the favorite minister of

George III., was in as little favor in the latter part of his life with England generally as earlier with the Americans, whom his policy was to repress severely.

Line 37. *That Southey sigh'd with all a patriot's cares, while Locke, etc.*: Southey (1774-1843), the English poet, far from sustaining the burden of any public office, found it impossible to take either to law or the church, and gave up an appointment as Secretary to the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer because it was "a foolish office," despite the good salary. He was made poet-laureate in 1813. Locke, on the other hand, had the views of verse-making already cited (see note, Preface, page 56), and was devoted especially to the study of politics, and under Lord Shaftesbury, his patron, as secretary, was continuously involved in political concerns.

46. *Niagara . . . Shakespeare's Avon*: the accent must be here on the third syllable, instead of on the second, as usually and correctly pronounced in the United States. To personify the Falls of the Niagara river, and call them "himself the savage of his native woods," is appropriate, and makes a striking American contrast with the gentle attributes of the British river Avon in Warwickshire, which flows through Stratford, the town where Shakespeare was born, and close by the church where he lies buried.

70. *Byron, the Mont Blanc of intellect*: Miss Barrett's enthusiastic admiration of Byron, marked throughout her early work, echoes the high opinion of the time, especially that of the younger liberals of her generation, and her comparison of his varied powers in the mental world to the gentle and terrible aspects of this mountain in the natural world suits this peak of the Savoy Alps, which is snow-capped and 15,810 feet above sea level. (See also note, Preface, page 56.)

77. *To some Utopian strand*: some realm of the imagination as well suited to the nature of Campbell's genius as the figure before used to Byron's. The term Utopia, first used by Sir Thomas More (1480-1535) in his book "Utopia," to describe an island where ideal social



conditions prevailed, was derived by him from the Greek *οἶ*, not, *τόπος*, a place.

Line 78. *Campbell*: Thomas (1777-1844), Scotch poet, whose "Pleasures of Hope" and various lyrics have the graceful quality assigned to his mind here; his "Gertrude, of Wyoming," a poem whose scene is laid in the New World in Wyoming, Penn., may have been especially in Miss Barrett's mind when referring to Campbell in relation with "some Utopian strand."

92. *Klopstock*: Friedrich Gottlieb (1724-1803), German poet, whose epic, "The Messiah," was regarded with reverence, as if its poet was sacredly inspired. — *Kepler*: John (1571-1630), German astronomer and mathematician, who discovered that the orbits of the planets are elliptical.

100. *Shakespeare suffers that his friends may live*: the petty annotations arousing obstinate personal contention between Shakespeare's editors and critics, notably between Pope and Theobald, Steevens and Capell, frequently, in fact, as Miss Barrett acutely observes, misrepresented or obscured the poet. Modern scholarship tends, however, to reinstate the worth of the editorial work of the two who were generally undervalued earlier, Theobald and Capell, less famous but more modest than their satirists and rivals.

101. *While Bentley leaves, on stilts, the beaten track*: Richard (1661-1742), English critic of the classics, who gained fame as a scholar through his editions of Horace, Terence, and Phædrus, leaving thus the "beaten track" of original authorship for distinction "on stilts," *i.e.*, as a critic of authors.

102. *And peeps at glory from some ancient's back*: [The reason which the learned Bentley gave his daughter for not himself becoming an original writer, instead of wasting his talents on the works of others, is probably the cause of many not attempting original composition. Bentley seemed embarrassed at her honest question, and remained for a considerable time thoughtful. At length he observed: "Child, I am sensible I have not always

turned my talents to the proper use for which they were given me ; yet I have done something : but the wit and genius of the old authors beguiled me, and as I despaired of raising myself up to their standard upon fair ground, I thought the only chance I had of looking over their heads was to get upon their shoulders." — "Curiosities of Literature," Vol. I. — *E. B. B.*]

Line 113. *Let Jeffrey's praise, our willing pen, engage :* Francis (1773-1850), Scotch judge, whose editorship of the "Edinburgh Review," from the third number for twenty-six years, gave him wide prominence as a critic, for judgments on contemporary writers, which have since been found both admirable and questionable.

121. *Prometheus of our earth :* genius of whatever kind is likened to Prometheus, the Titan and friend of man, who, according to the Greek myth, brought fire from heaven to serve mankind.

136. *Cowley :* Abraham (1618-1667), English poet.

137. *Lisp'd his first accents :* [A volume of Cowley's poems was published in his fifteenth year ; and contains "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," written in his tenth. — *E. B. B.*] — *In Aonian rhyme :* Aonia was the ancient name of Bœotia, where Mount Helicon and the Fountain of the Muses were ; hence the adjective Aonian for poetic.

138. *Alferi's startling muse tun'd not her strings,*

*And dumbly look'd "unutterable things ;"*

*Till when five lustrums o'er his head had past :*

Vittorio (1749-1803), Italian poet and dramatist.

[This poet's great mind exhibited no precocity. His "Cleopatra," written at the age of twenty-five years, first discovered its author's dramatic genius to himself and to the world. — *E. B. B.*] — *Lustrums :* terms of five years, so called from the purification or lustration, by the sacrifice of an ox, sheep, and swine, of the Roman people every five years, after the taking of the census.

147. *Mind hath triumph'd by an apple's fall :* referring to Newton's observation of a falling apple, while sitting

alone in his garden, which led him to think of the phenomena of gravitation and thence to the discovery of its law and application to planetary bodies.

**Line 151.** *The son of Lyxes:* Herodotus, Greek historian, son of Lyxes and Dyro, who read his History of the Greek and Persian War to the public at the Olympic games B.C. 445, when he was thirty-nine years old, amid great applause.

156. *See, in that breathless crowd, Olorus stand,  
While one fair boy hangs, listening, on his hand —  
The young Thucydides:*

[It is said that Thucydides, in early youth, was present at the Olympic games when Herodotus recited his History; and that a burst of tears spoke his admiration. "Take care of that boy," observed the sage, turning to Olorus, "he will one day make a great man!" — *E. B. B.*] — *Thucydides:* son of Olorus of Athens, historian of the Peloponnesian war up to its twenty-first year; the last of his eight books is said to have been written by his daughter.

193. *Pensile:* hanging or pendent, from the Latin *pen-silis*, from *pendere*, to hang.

226. *If Tully's page:* see note, line 26.

228. *Maro's strains:* Publius Virgilius Maro, or Virgil (B.C. 70-19), whose Eclogues, Georgics, and "*Æneid*" were deemed by Romans the choicest poetic product of the Augustan age of Rome.

229. *That hail 'th' eternal city' in their pride:* ["*Imperium sine fine dedi*," says Virgil's Jupiter. How little did the writer of those four words dream of their surviving the Glory, whose eternity they were intended to predict! Horace too, in the most exulting of his odes, boldly proclaims that his fame will live as long as

"Capitolium

Scandet cum tacitâ virgine Pontifex."

Yes! his fame *will live!* — but where now is the Pontifex and the silent vestal? Where now is the Capitol? Such passages are, to my mind, preëminently more affecting than all the ruins in the world! — *E. B. B.*]

Line 236. *Albion*: England, so-called, it is said, on account of its chalk cliffs, from the Latin, *alba*, white, or from Albion, a chief who combated the Roman possession of it.

268. *Let Gibbon's name be trac'd, in sorrow, here*: because of his opposition to Christianity, as shown especially in his "History of Rome." (See note, Preface, page 57.)

290. *Great Hume hath stoop'd, the Stuarts' fame, it increase*: David (1711-1776), Scotch historian, whose "History of England," beginning with the accession of James I., is here referred to.

291. *And ultra Mitford soar'd to libel Greece*: [Mr. Mitford's acknowledged learning, and accuracy in detail, have a claim on our consideration, which we admit with readiness and pleasure; but prejudices, arising probably from early habits and associations, have deformed his work. He is evidently so afraid of taking the mob for the people, that he constantly takes the people for the mob—a perversion much in vogue among despots of Europe in the nineteenth century. He considers the Athenian Democracy as he would a classical kind of Radicalism; and generously endows Philip of Macedon with a "right divine," not only over his own possessions, but over those of his neighbors. Mr. Mitford lets his readers look at facts: but, whether shortsighted as himself or not, he will not allow them to enjoy that privilege unless they make use of his political glasses; which, by the way, are No. 20,—"ne plus ultra."—*E. B. B.*]—The history Miss Barrett censures in this note, for its class prejudice against democratic ideas, is William Mitford's (1744-1827) "History of Greece," the first volume of which appeared in 1784.

307. *But lean on Reason, as your safest rule!*

*Let doubtful facts, with patient hand, be led:*

[We shall find some clever and animated observations on this subject, in Voltaire's preface to his "Charles XII." I should extract them, but the book is too well known for me to doubt their having come to the knowl-

edge of most readers : and a new publication is perhaps the only place in which we are not glad to meet an old acquaintance. — *E. B. B.*] Voltaire claims that he has admitted only facts gathered from eye-witnesses who had no interest to warp the truth.

Line 309. *Procrustian bed*: Procrustes or the stretcher, one of the giant children of Neptune, who seized travellers and tied them on his iron bedstead, according to the myth, stretching them to fit it if they were too short, lopping off their legs if they were too long.

349. *Drink Circean draughts — and turn to swine*: the enchantress Circe gave wine to her lovers which turned them into swine. (See “*Odyssey*,” Book x.)

351. *Enlighten'd Miller of our modern days*: [Those who may think this praise excessive are referred to the “*Philosophy of Modern History*,” given to the world by Dr. Miller, and thence are requested to judge of the reality of the merit. — *E. B. B.*]

369. *The whispered sound, which stole on Descartes' ear*: René (1596-1650), French philosopher, whose “*Principles of Philosophy*” in Latin were the first attempts towards a modern psychical philosophy.

[“Descartes, when young, and in a country seclusion, his brain exhausted by meditation, and his imagination heated to excess, heard a voice in the air which called him to pursue the search of Truth. He never doubted the vision, and this dream, in the delirium of genius, charmed him even in his after studies. — “*D'Israeli's Literary Character*.” — *E. B. B.*]

378. *Camelion*: same as chameleon, a lizard capable of changing its color variously.

397. *Where stands the Syracusan*: Archimedes (died B.C. 212), geometrician and engineer, who defended Syracuse against the Romans with great skill, setting their ships on fire with burning-glasses, also hoisting the ships and sinking them by letting them fall suddenly, so that the Roman general gave orders on taking the city that the soldiers should spare him, but a soldier breaking in where

Archimedes sat absorbed in a problem, deaf to the noise about him, as vividly told by Miss Barrett, killed him.

Line 428. *Sought some new world, to plant his foot of might:* [Archimedes wrote to Hiero, that if he had another world to stand on, he could move this by the power of his machinery. — *E. B. B.*]

432. *That thorn-encumbered space . . .*

*An unknown grave till Tully chanced to stray:*

[When Cicero stumbled on his grave, he found it, "Septum undique et vestitum vepribus et dumetis." What a homily! — *E. B. B.*] — Tullius Cicero tells how he found the grave near one of the gates of Syracuse, "surrounded on all sides and covered with thorns and brambles." See *Tusc.* 2, 25. Marcellus, the general who took the city, is said to have erected the tomb, placing on it a cylinder and a sphere.

448. *So hard to bear, with unobstructed sight,*

*Th' excess of darkness, or th' extreme of light:*

[Gray ingeniously asks, "Must I plunge into metaphysics?" (he might in some cases have said history). "Alas! I cannot see in the dark; Nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas! I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle." — *E. B. B.*]

492. *So Buffon err'd; amidst his chilling dream,*

*The judgment grew material as the theme:*

[Buffon was a materialist upon principle, though a Catholic by observance. Upon reading a poem on the immortality of the soul, he exclaimed: "Religion would be a noble present if this were true." — *E. B. B.*] George Louis LeClerc Buffon (1707-1738), French scientist, whose "Natural History, General and Particular" in 36 volumes was an important forerunner of the natural evolution of Darwin.

498. *So Leibnitz erred:* Gottfried Wilhelm (1646-1716), German mathematician and metaphysician. The allusion in the following line is to his "Essai de Theodicée," wherein he sought to show that the world as it is is the best possible world.



Line 502. *The Briton's awful name*: that of Newton, whose birthplace at Woolsthorpe bears on the chimney-piece these lines by Pope to which Miss Barrett perhaps alludes :

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;  
God said 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

506. *Sternly they strove — th' unequal race was run*: [Leibnitz attacked with violence Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the seeds of mortality would be developed in the fabric of the universe if unrenewed by its divine Maker. Such an opinion he considered "impious;" and, in opposition to it maintained that as Creation proceeded from the hand of Perfection, it is perfect — and as perfect, immutable. — *E. B. B.*] — The controversial letters that passed between Leibnitz and Newton bore also upon an accusation of borrowing Newton's ideas upon the method of fluxions. British and Christian partisanship unite to make Miss Barrett style Leibnitz "Owlet," and Newton "Eagle," the former a bird that cannot bear the sun, here symbolizing God, the latter one that is said to be able to look upon it at noonday.

523. *Dryden's loom*: John (1631-1700), English poet, dramatist, and prose-writer, whose style was choicely elegant and distinguished.

526. *Devoted Southey! if thou had'st not tried*: [Few are ready to bear a more respectful tribute to Dr. Southey's poetical talents than the writer of this work, who, however, begs to be allowed to admire his genius, without extending that admiration either to his politics or hexameters. — *E. B. B.*] See also note, line 37.

535. *Dwell not on parts! for parts contract the mind*: [Lord Bacon thus expresses himself: "Sciences distinguished have a dependence upon universal knowledge, to be augmented and rectified by the superior light thereof; as well as the parts and members of a science have upon the maxims of the same science, and the mutual light and consent which one part receiveth of another." — "Interpretatio Nature." — *E. B. B.*]

Line 558. *The Trajan's vase*: the Roman emperor Trajan (98-117) has left many treasures of art and architecture as witness of his glory and taste, such as the famous Trajan's column, arch, and forum. The reference here is to any such relic.

579. *Idiota*: this way of spelling idiot, like that of chameleon, line 378, seems to be a peculiarity of the poet's.

584. *For too much learning maketh no man mad*: [Perhaps, after all, the great danger of knowing is in not knowing enough; and certainly "il pie fermo" is not "il piu basso." "It is true," says Lord Bacon, "that a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth their minds about to religion." This is an acute observation, and if generalized will be found equally so. The errors attending Intellectual Elevation I have alluded to and allowed; but that elevation is only comparative. "Alps on Alps arise!" and the *ars longa vita brevis* prevents our attaining the topmost height. In our progress towards it then is our risk — lest we rejoice to have gone a yard, without remembering we have a mile to go. Like the princess in the pretty Arabian tale, who was ascending the mountain in search of her talking bird and golden water, if during the ascent we turn back to gaze, we are transformed into black stones — capable of impeding others, though not of advancing ourselves. — E. B. B.]

594. *The sage how learned! and the man how meek*: [The character of Sir Isaac Newton forms a sublime comment on the foregoing note. "I don't know," said that greatest and humblest of men, "what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me." — We find the anecdote in Spence. — E. B. B.]

Book II., Analysis. [METAPHYSICS. — Address to



Metaphysicians.— The most considerable portion of their errors conceived to arise from difficulties attending the use of words. — That on one hand, thoughts become obscure without the assistance of language, while on the other, language from its material analogy deteriorates from spiritual meaning. — Allusion to a probable mode of communication between spirits after death. — That a limited respect, though not a servile submission, is due to verbal distinctions. — Clearness of style peculiarly necessary to Metaphysical subjects. — The graces of Composition not inconsistent with them. — Plato, Bacon, Bolingbroke. — The extremes into which Philosophers have fallen with regard to sensation, and reflection. — Berkeley, Condillac. — That subject briefly considered. — Abstractions. — Longinus, Burke, Price, Payne, Knight. — Blind submission to authorities deprecated. — The Pythagorean saying opposed, and Cicero's unphilosophical assertion alluded to. — That, however, it partakes of injustice to love Truth, and yet refuse our homage to the advocates of Truth. — How the names of great writers become endeared to us by early recollections. — Description of the School-boy's first intellectual gratifications. — That even without reference to the past, some immortal names are entitled to our veneration, since they are connected with Truth. — Bacon. — Apostrophe to Locke.

[Poetry is introduced. — More daring than Philosophy, she personifies abstractions, and brings the things unseen before the eye of the Mind. — How often reason is indebted to poetic imagery. — Irving. — The poetry of prose. — Plato's ingratitude. — Philosophers and Poets contrasted. — An attempt to define Poetry. — That the passions make use of her language. — Nature the poet's study. — Shakespeare. — Human nature as seen in cities. — Scenic nature, and how the mind is affected thereby. That Poetry exists not in the object contemplated, but is created by the contemplating mind. — The ideal. — Observations on the structure of verse, as adapted to the subject treated. — Milton, Horace, Pope. — The French

Drama.— Corneille, Racine. — Harmony and chasteness of versification. — The poem proceeds to argue, that the muse will refuse her inspiration to a soul unattuned to generous sympathy, unkindled by the deeds of Virtue, or the voice of Freedom. — Contemptuous notice of those prompted only by interest to aspire to poetic eminence. — What should be the Poet's best guerdon. — From the contemplation of motives connected with Freedom, we are led by no unnatural transition to Greece. — Her present glorious struggle. — Anticipation of her ultimate independence, and the restoration of the Muses to their ancient seats. — Allusion to the death of Byron. — Reflections on Mortality. — The terrors of death as beheld by the light of Nature. — The consolations of death as beheld with reference to a future state. — Contemplation of the immortality of Mind, and her perfected powers. — Conclusion. — *E. B. B.*]

Line 620. *Except these bonds*: an allusion to the words of Paul to Agrippa, Acts xxvi., 29.

626. *Ixion-like, etc.*: Ixion, daring to make love to Juno, was foiled by a trick, Jupiter shaping a cloud in her likeness.

628. *A Hobbes hath reasoned*: Thomas (1588-1679), English philosopher, whose "*Leviathan*" and "*De Cive*" uphold the good of evil and other paradoxes considered dangerous. — *Spinoza*: Benedict (1632-1677), a Portuguese Jew whose system of metaphysics, given in his "*Tractatus Theologico-Politicus*," was based upon a deification of matter and was a species of Pantheism.

642. *Elijah's mantle — but without his fire*: referring to Elijah's leaving his mantle to be picked up by Elisha, when Elijah himself went up into heaven in a chariot of fire. (See II. Kings, ii, 1-13.)

652. *Icarian billows*: perils such as awaited Icarus when his wings unfastened and he fell into the sea. (See note, line 9.)

662. *Where spirits look on spirits, "face to face"*: refers to Corinthians, xiii, 12.

Line 673. *With Phaeton hurl'd*: refers to the story of Phaeton, who asked his father Apollo, as a proof of his parentage, to let him guide the chariot of the Sun for one day. Plunging from the right track, through lack of skill, the earth was threatened with universal conflagration, till Jupiter hurled Phaeton into space with a thunderbolt. (See Ovid, "*Metamorphoses*," ii., 1.)

693. *In Plato glow. . . . In Bacon, warm, etc.*: see notes, Preface, page 56, Book 1., line 14. The characteristics of style the young poet feels and discriminates upon here show how judicious her universal early reading was.

703. *The Cynics*: the followers of the philosophy of Antisthenes, an Athenian who taught the unity of God (circa B.C. 396), and whose austere disregard of riches led him and his disciples into neglect of their clothes and persons. Their name was given them in token of their severe criticism of the lives and habits of others.

705. *E'en Cato — had he own'd the Senate's will,  
And wash'd his toga — had been Cato still:*

[Plutarch relates that Cato Uticensis was thought to disgrace the Prætorship by the meanness of his dress. To couple "disgrace" with the name of Cato revolts the soul; and yet who would call his "*exigua toga*" a *proof* of the loftiness of his virtue, or think him less a patriot if he had kept on his shoes? — E. B. B.]

712. *Mah'met's coffin*: the coffin of Mahomet, the founder of the Mussulman religion, was said to have been miraculously, or by means of two magnets, suspended in mid-air from the roof of his tomb at Medina.

714. *In nubibus*: in the clouds, a favorite phrase of Virgil's in the "*Æneid*."

721. *Berkeley proves an old hypothesis*: George (1684-1753), English philosopher, whose "*Principles of Human Knowledge*," and "*Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*," aimed to show the doubtfulness of the common notion of matter, as existent outside, or independent of, the human mind's perception of it. The Berkeleyan idealism, by no means the only modern philosophy anticipated by the

Greeks, is alluded to as "an old hypothesis," because of its relation with the doctrine of Pyrrho, of Elis, head of the old school of Sceptics, teaching that "everything appears but nothing is."

Line 723. *All is idea! and nothing real springs*

*But God, and Reason! — (not the right of kings?) :*

[An obvious question. Pyrrho the Elean, founder of the Ideal Philosophy, on the near approach of carts and carriages, did not think it worth while to turn aside, or change his posture. Dr. Berkeley, with less consistency, but more prudence, found time (and conscience) to write three sermons in vindication of passive obedience.

*E. B. B.]*

725. *Condillac*: Étienne Bonnot de (1715-1780), French metaphysician, who held the directly opposite view to that of the idealists. They emphasized the mental side of sensation; he, the sensational side of mind.

729. . . . *thine ingenious scroll*

*Endows the mimic statue with a soul*

*Compos'd of sense . . . :*

[It is the object of Condillac's work, "Sur la Sensation," to prove "que la reflexion n'est dans son principe que la sensation même," and that our ideas are only sensation transformed. His statue is very cleverly put together, but is a statue after all. — *E. B. B.]*

734. *The "Art of thinking"*: ["L'Art de penser" — title to one of Condillac's works. — *E. B. B.]*

735. *Gall, or Spurzheim*: German physicians associated, about the time this poem was written, in advancing Gall's theory of phrenological science, and in writing a work upon it.

787. *Bold Longinus' splendid periods*: Dionysius (died 273), Athenian rhetorician and philosopher. A fragment of his "Treatise on the Sublime" exists, to which the poet refers.

789. *Burke, the poet-reasoner*: Edmund (1728-1797), whose "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" and other prose writings, as well as his orations in Parliament, are in the poet's mind.

Line 792. *Price might own*: Richard (1723-1791), an English political writer full of zeal for republican principles, who received the honor of public thanks from the city of London for his pamphlets on "Civil Government" and "Civil Liberty." — *Classic Knight*: Richard Payne (1750-1824), English writer on Greek and Italian art, a trustee of the British Museum, to which he bequeathed his valuable antique art collection.

804. *The master said so?* [An "argumentum ad verecundiam" used by the Pythagoreans. I so much admire a passage in Plato's *Phædo*, illustrative of these lines, that the reader must forgive my referring to it. Cebes supports with animation an opinion in opposition to Socrates, who, turning a gratified countenance ("ἡσθῆναί τῷ μοι ἔδοξε," says the narrator) to his other disciples, benignly observes — "Cebes always looks into principles; neither will he admit, without examination, the sentiments of any man."

[We find in Dr. Reid the following striking precept — "Let us, as becomes philosophers, lay aside authority." — *E. B. B.*]

810. *Locke*: see note, Preface, page 56.

813. *Go walk the porticoes*: an allusion to the custom of the philosophers to assemble in the colonnades at Athens, to discuss truth, the Stoics deriving their name from the Greek word "Stoa," for porch.

817. *If human faults to Plato's page belong, etc.*: [Cicero's assertion, "errare mehercule malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire," is more boldly said than singularly thought. How many are there, among the canaille of readers, prepared to praise an inferior volume, with the Waverley magic on its *title-page*; to commend a common-place by Rogers, or a far-fetched allusion by Moore. Even among the more critical of us, have the names of Scott, and Moore, and Rogers no secret influence? Do we not so devoutly admire the noisy slippered Venus, that at length we begin to reverence, abstractedly, the noisy slippers? This is so, and I will not quarrel

with it; since to forget the trifling faults of a great writer is the gratitude we owe to his perfections. But what, in subjects of taste and sentiment, may be tolerated as pardonable enthusiasm, must in grave discussion be condemned as unpardonable weakness. If therefore we judge Cicero only by the above-cited passage, we shall pronounce him to be a good Platonist (in one sense of the word), but a very bad philosopher. It is not with him, "*Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas*:" he loves truth less than he loves Plato. — E. B. B.]

Line 841. *Or Memnon's statue singing 'neath the sun:*  
[The statue of Memnon, the Ethiopian king, was said to utter musical sounds at the rising of the sun. Strabo witnessed this singular phenomenon, but could only explain it by conjecture. — E. B. B.]

860. *When Moses trod, etc.:* Exodus, xxxiv., 29, 30.

872. . . . *our Muse of Britain, standing near,*

*Hath dimm'd my tablet with a pensive tear:*

[It is a practice too common, but manifestly unjust, to visit on the memory of distinguished authors their individual failings. I wish therefore to state expressly, that the Muse of Britain is not here supposed to animadvert on Lord Bacon's character as a statesman, with which she has nothing to do in this place. It is with regard to his writings that I cannot avoid expressing a regret, and I do so reverentially, that pages so glorious should be polluted by passages so servile. "As men we share his fame" — as Englishmen, we feel his degradation. If indeed the "*Novum organum*," and "*Advancement of Learning*," kindled our souls into a less proud consciousness of intellectual dignity, we might better brook hearing a king called "*a mortal god upon earth*," and James the First compared to Solomon. But Lord Bacon first teaches us how high Philosophy can soar, and then how low a philosopher can stoop. — E. B. B.]

915. *And strikes Pierian chords:* [There is pleasure in being benefited by the labours of Genius: there is a pride in possessing powers capable of benefiting. The pride Mr. Irving may justly feel; and which of his readers, or



hearers, cannot boast the pleasure? It gratifies me to be enabled to express in this place my admiration of his talents, and my respect for their direction. — *E. B. B.*]

Line 919. *Like poor fools, she glories in her bells*: an allusion to the uniform worn by fools, hung with bells, and the bauble or rod they carried, also bearing bells on it. The comparison suggested is a caustic comment on the supposition that poetry consists merely in jingle, or is distinguishable from prose only by rhyme

925. *Genius cease to charm — and Scott to write*: that is, for those who find rhyme the proof of verse, and rhymelessness that of prose, the appreciation of the essential qualities which constitute the charm either of poetic genius, or of such prose as Scott wrote, is lacking. Sir Walter (1771-1832), the appearance of whose *Waverley* novels was still in 1826, at the time of writing the poem, the continuous literary excitement of England.

926. *Ungrateful Plato*: an allusion to Plato's exclusion of poets from his ideal republic (see note, Preface, page 56), as well as to his own poetic power in expression.

. . . o'er thy cradled rest  
The Muse that hung:

[Plato wrote poetry in his youth; and when indeed did not Plato write poetry? Longinus numbers him among the imitators of Homer — Πάντων δὲ τούτων μάλιστα ὁ Πλάτων ἀπὸ τοῦ Ὀμηρικοῦ ἐκείνου νόματος εἰς αὐτὸν μυρίας ὅσας παρατρόπας ἀποχετευσάμενος. — *E. B. B.*]

958. *Poetic fire, like Vesta's*: Vesta, or Hestia, goddess of the hearth, oldest born of Chronos and Rhea, and oldest and most revered of all the gods, from her altar fire the fires burning at all other shrines being kindled, and hers, when it chanced to go out, being kindled again by the direct rays of the sun.

955. *Ariel skim the seas*: "The Tempest," Act i., Sc. 2, 189-193, 301; Ovid, 375 foll.

958. *Lear rave amid the tempest*: "Lear," Act iii., Sc. 2.

959. *Question the hags, etc.*: "Macbeth, Act i., Sc. 3.

972. *And as fair Eve, in Eden newly placed, etc.*:



[The reader will here perceive an allusion to that beautiful passage in "Paradise Lost," book the fourth, where Eve describes to Adam her emotions on first beholding her own reflection in "the clear smooth lake" —

"A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me — I started back —  
It started back," etc.

— E. B. B.]

Line 1022. *The artist lingers in the moon-lit glade:*  
[*"Quam multa vident Pictores in umbris et eminentia quæ nos non videmus,"* is the motto to Mr. Price's admirable essay on the Picturesque. Dugald Stewart proposes its reversion — *"Quam multa videmus nos quæ Pictores non vident,"* which, if it be as true as ingenious, will go a great way in assisting my position. — E. B. B.]

1044. *Nature's ideal form in Nature's place:* [Lord Bacon says of poetry, that "it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shews of things to the desires of the mind; whereas Reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things." — *Advancement of Learning*, Book 2. — E. B. B.]

1048-1056. *When god-like Milton . . . When Horace chats . . . moral Pope:* the description, characterizing the distinctive traits of these poets, again shows the young poet's critical penetration.

1063. *Corneille:* Pierre (1606-1684), French dramatist, whose love of the headlong passions and the complicated in mental situations contributed to make the chords he aroused "thrilling."

1068. *To leave the path of Nature for Racine:* Jean (1639-1699), French poet and dramatist, whose courtly and polished style and the delicate and fluent but measured, never excessive feelings he portrayed are implied here. Nero's parent spoken of is Agrippine, appearing in "Britannicus;" Orestes appears in his "Andromaque."

1080. *As Draco, smother'd by the garments' weight:*

[The Athenian People being accustomed to testify their approbation by the casting of their garments on the approved individual, Draco was honourably smothered through excess of popularity. — E. B. B.]

Line 1081. *Amphion-like, etc.*: Amphion, son of Jupiter and Antiope, was taught music by Mercury, son of Maia, hence the poet speaks here of the Maian lyre. He is said to have built the walls of Thebes, the capital of Bœotia, with the sound of his lyre.

1088. *Aonia's muse*: also

1122. *Aonian song*: refer to Bœotia under its ancient name, Aonia, as the seat of the Muses.

1113. *Midas' touch*: the King of Phrygia, Midas, privileged to ask of Bacchus whatever he desired, requested that his touch turn everything to gold.

1154. *Ægæa's waves*: the waters intervening between Greece and Asia Minor, supposed to be peculiarly tempestuous, and according to Strabo deriving their name of the Ægæan Sea from the little island of Ægæ off the coast of Eubœa.

1161. *Fam'd Thermopylæ*: the narrow pass between the mountains and the sea, leading from Thessaly into Locris and Phocis, in Greece; named from the *Thermæ* or hot baths in its neighborhood; and "fam'd" in relation with Greek liberty, on account of the stubborn defence maintained there for three days against the Persian army of three millions under Xerxes, by Leonidas and 300 Spartans, 480 B.C. (see Herodotus vii., 174-188, 202-212); and also for the defeat of Cassander's invasion of Greece by Demetrius, son of Antigonos, the successor of Alexander the Great on the throne of Macedon. The triumphant passage thence of Demetrius to Athens, bringing liberty as a gift to the city (see Plutarch's "Life of Demetrius"), is perhaps blindly alluded to throughout lines 1154-1171, as a progress of emancipation from an attempted enslavement of Greece, foreshadowing her uprising against the Turks at the time Miss Barrett wrote.

Line 1162. *Voiceful Marathon* : a plain ten miles from Athens, where (see Herodotus vi., 111-118) 11,000 Greeks put 300,000 Persians to rout ; and called "voiceful" here because it forever tells of that glory, or perhaps alluding to the pillars, erected here by the Greeks, inscribed with names of the illustrious dead and the memory of the deliverance from Persia.

1165. *Pelion's steep* : a mountain of Thessaly mentioned by Homer as the haunt of the centaurs, and where a temple of Jupiter stood to which the young men of Demetrius' court went yearly. — *Paros* : one of the islands of the Cyclades in the Greek Archipelago, especially associated with the glory of ancient Greece because from its rocks was quarried the marble used by Greek sculptors and architects.

1166. *Tempe's vale* : the valley opening out from the defile between the mountains of Olympus and Ossa, near the Ægean Sea, described by Ælian as one of the most beautiful parts of Greece. — *Helicon's spring*, on the summit of Mount Helicon in Bœotia, was the wood of the Muses, and a little below were the springs of Aganippe and Hippocrene, the latter said to have gushed out when the hoof of Pegasus, the winged horse, sacred to poetry, struck the ground.

1167. *Eurotas' banks* : the chief river of Sparta, on whose banks stood the city of Lacedæmon.

1168. *Leuctra* : a village of Bœotia, where Epaminondas, the Theban general, defeated the Spartans, B.C. 371, curbing the Spartan empire over Greece.

1169. *Athens . . . Salamis* : Salamis, the island near Athens, the chief city of Attica. In the bay of Salamis the Persian ships of Xerxes were conquered by those of the Greeks.

1170. *From Sparta, Thebes, Eubœa's hills, etc.* : that is, from every part of Greece — from Sparta at its southernmost tip, from Thebes, inland, from Eubœa, the long, rocky island, the biggest of the Greek islands, lying off the coast near Athens — come the Greeks to strive for the

liberty of Hellas, ready either to "live" with her or "sleep" in the grave with her ancient heroes for liberty.

Line 1173. *Doric pipe*: the simpler pastoral poetry of the Dorians, earlier developed than that music of the Ionic or Ionian lyre of Athens referred to in the following line. (See notes, "To the Memory of Sir Uvedale Price," 47.)

1181. *Parnassian hill*: Parnassus, a mountain of Phocis, near Delphi, the oracle of Apollo.

1184. *Man, and his wrongs—thou hast Tyrtæus there*: [The inspiring effect of the productions of this Greek poet, during the war between the Lacedæmonians and Messenians, is well known. — E. B. B.]

1191. *The pilgrim bard*: Byron, whose "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" is referred to in the epithet here given him of pilgrim bard, and his leavetaking of England in 1816, vowing never to return to it. In 1823 he sailed for Greece to take part in freeing it from the Turks, and died at Missolonghi, 1824.

1194. *The Argive son, etc.*: [Herodotus relates of Cleobis and Bito, Argive brothers, that on a festival of Juno they themselves, in default of oxen, drew the chariot of the priestess, their mother, forty-five stadia to the temple. Amidst the shouts of an admiring multitude, their grateful parent asked of the gods the best boon mortals could receive, wherewith to reward the piety of her sons. The young men fell asleep within the temple, and woke no more. — E. B. B.]

1203. *No Moschus sang a requiem o'er his clay*: [That exquisite effusion of Moschus over the grave of Bion, his "vatis amici," — his brother in poetry and love, — will occur to the reader's recollection. — E. B. B.]

1229. *Then comes the SELAH—and the voice is hush'd*: [Respecting this Hebrew word, which is found "seventy times in the Psalms, and three times in Habakkuk," Calmet observes — "One conjecture is, that it means the end or a pause, and that the ancient musicians put it occasionally in the margin of their psalters, to shew

where a musical pause was to be made, and where the tune ended." — E. B. B.]

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To my Father on his Birthday. Motto. "*Causa fuit Pater his*": The occasion for this was my father; from Horace, *Satires*, i., 6, 71.

Line 19. *Sylphic*: an adjective formed from "sylph." Meaning fairy-like.

23. *For parted Joy, like Echo, kind, etc.*: the story of Echo is told in Ovid ("*Metamorphoses*," iii., 339-510). She was a beautiful nymph of the woods and the hills, but incurring the displeasure of Juno, was doomed to lose all power of speech except that of redoubling the last sounds, and repeating the last words, of any voice which she heard. Afterwards she fell in love with Narcissus, and being despised by him, pined away until there was nothing left of her but her voice. For an appreciative attitude toward this scorned nymph, see Milton's Song to Echo in "*Comus*."

27. *Aonian shell*: a poetical expression for the harp of the Muses, who dwelt in Aonia, that part of Bœotia where Mount Helicon and the Muses' Fountain were. The harp or lyre was called a shell because the earliest form of it was made with a tortoise shell for a sounding-board. Horace, for example, speaks of Apollo's lyre as a "Charming Shell." (See *Odes* i., 32, 14.)

29. *Glad Hours*: the Hours, or *Horæ*, are familiar personifications in classical mythology, and were said to be the children of Jupiter and Themis, and to preside over the seasons, and even to regulate the Fates. Milton, in "*Paradise Lost*" (Book iv.), uses a similar phrase in regard to the Hours, who, with Pan and the Graces, "led on eternal spring."

31. *Time*: the Greek personification of time was Chronos, with whom Cronos and Saturn have often been incorrectly identified. The poet is here, however, making her own myth about time.

Line 37. *Woo'd the kind Muses*: the poet here seems to think of all the Muses as presiding over her art of poetry, an idea in which she would receive the support of Hesiod, who regards poetry as the province of all the Muses.

44. *Mæcnas*: a celebrated Roman, distinguished for his liberal patronage of men of letters. Virgil addresses him in his *Georgics*, and Horace addresses him very frequently in his *Odes*, *Epistles*, and *Satires*. His name has been used as a synonym for patrons of literature, and is thus appropriate to the poet's father, who had encouraged her juvenile literary efforts.

*Spenserian Stanzas*: On a Boy of Three Years Old. In these stanzas the archaic spelling and obsolete words of Spenser have been used, as well as the stanza invented by him in "The Faerie Queene," namely, a stanza of nine lines, eight of which are iambic pentameters, with the last an iambic hexameter, and a rhyme-scheme as follows: a b a b c b c c.

6. *Nathlesse*: nevertheless. — *Teens*: provokes or grieves.

11. *Whilome*: formerly, of old; an adverb, but here used as an adjective.

*Verses to my Brother. Motto.* "For we were nurs'd upon the self-same bill": Milton's "Lycidas," line 23, written in memory of a friend who was drowned on the Irish seas in 1637. It is a rather curious coincidence that the brother, Edward, to whom these verses were written, should years after have also been drowned like Milton's friend. He was Elizabeth Barrett's favorite brother, and, as the poem shows, she shared his studies. (See Biographical Introduction.)

18. *On Horace' page, or Maro's sweeter lore*: Horace (65-8 B.C.) was one of the most eminent of the Roman poets. He wrote *Odes*, *Satires*, and *Epistles*. Maro was the surname of Virgil (70-19 B.C.), the great Roman epic poet. This comparison of Virgil and Horace is interesting, in view of the fact that in their own day Virgil was more admired than Horace, while with the



moderns Horace has been the favorite. The young poet probably found Virgil's lore sweeter because of the romantic and heroic incidents related in the "Æneid."

**Stanzas on the Death of Lord Byron.** In 1823 Byron went to Cephalonia to assist Greece in her war for independence. He had already done much toward accomplishing his purpose by advancing 12,000£ for the relief of Missolonghi, and raising a force to attack Lepanto, when his health broke down. After several fits of epilepsy, he died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824, in the thirty-sixth year of his age. The poem celebrates him as the deliverer of Greece and the poet of England.

**Mottoes.** "—λέγε πᾶσιν ἀπώλετο": say to all he is dead; from Bion's "Lament for Adonis," line 5. (For translation of this poem see Lang's "Theocritus, Bion and Moschus.")—"I am not now," etc.: Canto iv., stanza clxxxv., of Byron's "Childe Harold."

**Line 1.** *Græcia*: Latin form of "Greece."

3. *Harold's pilgrimage*: refers of course to the poem "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," in which Byron described his travels.

4. *Shell*: for harp or lyre. (See note, "To my Father on His Birthday," line 27.)

6. *Ægæa's wave*: the Ægæan Sea, between Greece and Asia Minor, said to be named from the little island of Ægæ.

10. *Hellas*: the ancient name of Greece and the one by which it was known to its ancient inhabitants.

11. *The cypress wreath of sorrow twine*: from the earliest times and in all countries the cypress has been the emblem of woe. According to the story told by Ovid, there was once a fair youth Cyparissus, who became much attached to a mighty stag, but one day he unwittingly killed the stag with his dart, and overcome with grief would have killed himself, but Apollo interfered. Unable to conquer his grief, Cyparissus prayed the gods that as expiation he might be doomed to mourn to all succeeding time, and so the gods turned him into a cypress tree.



Line 31. "*Dark blue depths*" he sang of: a reference to "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll." "Childe Harold," Canto iv., stanza clxxix.

The Prayer. 7. *Eath*: easy.

On a Picture of Riego's Widow. Riego was one of the leaders in the Spanish Revolution of 1820. He was condemned to death and when his young wife, who was a refugee in London, heard of his fate, she made every effort to secure the intervention of the French government through the French ambassador, Polignac, but without success. He was executed Nov. 7, 1823; and a year after his wife died of grief.

The Dream. This poem is said by Ingram in his "Life" to have been written for a magazine called *Finden's Tableaux* to go with a picture of a chubby cupid of a valentine kind with conventional emblems. We find no verification of this.

12. *Hesper*y: Italy. The Greeks called Italy, *Hesperus*, meaning the western land, the land of the setting sun, or the land of the evening.

28. *Anon there came a change, etc.*: this passage is a fine imaginative picture of the Deluge which blots out the ancient civilization.

47. *And still sin made the heart his dwelling-place, etc.*: after the Deluge another civilization grows up, reaching its flower in Greece, but this is also doomed to destruction by internal decay through sin.

49. *That two or three dared commune face to face*: an echo from Matthew xviii, 20. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

53. "*Pan was not*": according to a tradition mentioned by Plutarch in a treatise "*De Oraculorum Defectu*," at the hour of Christ's agony a cry of "Great Pan is dead" was heard borne across the waves by some mariners in the Ionian Sea, and the oracles of Greece ceased. (See Mrs. Browning's poem "The Dead Pan.")

**Riga's Last Song.** Rhiga or Rhigas, as it is usually spelled, was a Greek patriot and poet (about 1753-1798). Rhigas' plans for the liberation of his country from Turkey were betrayed to the Austrian police by one of his own countrymen, and the Austrian government delivered him up to the Turks. Several unavailing attempts were made to rescue him, and when two Turks who were to carry out his execution came to his prison, he broke asunder the cords that bound him and felled one of the Turks to the ground. The Pasha, fearing what might be the effect if he should create a disturbance on the way to the river, ordered him to be shot in prison and his body to be thrown into the Danube. Before the Turkish pistols could be discharged he exclaimed, "I shall now die a soldier. I have sown seed enough and the time will come when it will sprout, and my nation will gather its sweet fruit." It was said of him that dead he lived in his songs, which during all the years of waiting were nourishing a secret flame in the hearts of his countrymen. This was realized to the letter in 1821, for the whole Greek people rose in arms, singing his call to battle. (See "Rhigas Pheraios, A Biographical Sketch," by Mrs. Edmonds.)

Line 17. *Souli*: a district of Albania to the north of Porto Phasari. It is a large valley enclosed by almost inaccessible mountains, and was inhabited by a tribe of Greeks who maintained an independent republic until 1803.

19. *Marathon's plain*: see note, "Battle of Marathon."

24. *Thermopylae*: the Hot Gates, the celebrated narrow pass leading from Thessaly into Locris. It lay between Mount Ceta and an inaccessible morass, forming the edge of the Maliac Gulf. It is immortalized by the defence of Leonidas, the Spartan king, who when he heard the Persians had discovered a foot-path by means of which they had ascended the height above him, rushed upon them with his three hundred warriors, but was finally overpowered.

**The Vision of Fame.** Line 20. *een*: old form of plural of eyes, used by Spenser.

25. *Berenice*: the story told of her is that when her husband went on a dangerous expedition she vowed all her hair to Venus if he should return. Some time after his victorious return, the locks, which were in the temple of Venus, disappeared, and the astronomer Conon, wishing to pay court to the queen, publicly announced that Jupiter had carried them away and made them into a constellation. The constellation is still known as Berenice's Hair, a cloudy group of stars in the neighborhood of Virgo.

28. *Hight*: called, named; old English word used by Spenser and other early poets.

#### POEMS, 1833.

**The Tempest.** The situation presented in this fragment is that of a man who in the midst of a terrible storm of thunder and lightning comes upon a dead body, which a flash of lightning reveals to him as his enemy; but death conquers all hatred and he gently performs the last offices for the dead.

Motto. "*Mors erat ante oculos*": Death was before my eyes.

8. *Forest Titans*: the Titans in mythology seem to be personifications of the convulsions of nature. They were giants and fought against Jupiter; hence their name has become the synonym for anything gigantic and powerful — here the large forest trees.

9. *Night, the Æthiopian queen*: Æthiopia was that part of Africa south of Egypt and Libya. The inhabitants were dark; hence the appropriateness of the adjective to describe Night.

109. *Deep Eleusis of mine heart*: in the town of Eleusis in Attica was the celebrated temple to the goddess Ceres, where the mysteries connected with her worship were celebrated, and hence called Eleusinian mysteries, — thus "*Eleusis*" here means mysteries.

119. *The Janus of my soul*: Janus, a mythical king

of Italy, was represented with two faces, one looking toward the past, one toward the future. The poet here means to say that the conflicting feelings in the soul of the man were calmed.

Line 129. *Sans*: without, from the French, but pronounced as if it were English, a poetical license indulged in since the days of Shakespeare. (See Jaques's speech, *The Seven Ages of Man*, in "*As You Like It*," ii., 7.)

176. *Laocoon*: the story told of him is that having warned the Trojans against the wooden horse, his advice was about to be taken when Sinon, a Greek, declared that the horse was a propitiatory offering to Minerva, and that if the Trojans took possession of it they would surely conquer the Greeks. At this moment they received further assurance of the will of the gods in the following prodigy: two immense serpents were seen advancing over the sea. They approached the spot where Laocoon was standing with his two children and strangled them all in their poisonous folds.

189. *Roman iron*: the Romans were celebrated for their endurance.

190. *Stoic valour*: the Stoics were Greek philosophers whose school was founded by Zeno (355-260 B.C.). They believed that man should never allow himself to be conquered by pain. They were called Stoics from the stoa or painted colonnade where they used to meet in Athens.

A Sea-side Meditation. Motto. "*Ut per aquas quæ nunc rerum simulacra videmus*": For over the waters, what phantasms of things do we now see!

7. *Thymele*: an altar-shaped platform around which the chorus moved in the Greek theatre.

28. *Athenian, who . . . Unchain'd the prison'd music of his lips*: Demosthenes, the great Athenian orator, who in order to cure a defect in his speech, among other things declaimed to the ocean when the waves were roaring.

64. *Phylacteries of shame*: phylacteries were given to

each Jewish boy on his thirteenth birthday, when he became a member of the church. They were ribands of parchment, on which were written in ink used only for that purpose four passages of the law. These were rolled up on cylinders of black calfskin and fastened to the forehead and left arm. The expression here used is as much a subversal of the actual meaning of the word as it would be to say "a crown" of shame.

Line 74. *Cyrene's fount*: Cyrene was a water-nymph, daughter of the river Peneus, and was beloved of Apollo. The pretty myth of her son's seeking her aid in her watery palace is told in Virgil's *Georgics*, Book iv.

117. *Those feet which trod thee*: a reference to Christ's walking on the water. (See Matthew xiv., 25; Mark vi., 48; John vi., 19.)

137. *Babel*: see Genesis xi., 1-9.

142. *Hell's angel (saith a scroll apocryphal)*: the "apocryphal" (hidden) books are books of the Old and New Testament which were not accepted by the Fathers of the Church as canonical. The idea here expressed is found, however, in Revelation xx., 7-10, where Satan, after being imprisoned in hell for a thousand years, has one more chance to attempt evil. As there have been some doubts as to the authenticity of this book, the poet might have called it a scroll "apocryphal."

A Vision of Life and Death. 22. *Eke*: also.

32. *Ee*: eye; this seems to be a singular formed from the old plural of eye, *een*. Byron uses it.

38. *Hest*: behest.

63. *Delphic*: symbolic of learning, from the oracle of Apollo at Delphi.

64. *Upas*: a tree found in Java, of which the secretions are poisonous, and are fabulously reported to poison the atmosphere about it.

Earth. 12. *Zephyrus*: god of the west winds.

15. *Dan Phæbus*: dan is an old term meaning sir, or master. Spenser frequently speaks of the god of the sun as "Dan Phœbus."

Line 29. *When he o' the lion voice, etc.* : for the source of this passage see Revelation x., 1-6.

The Picture Gallery at Penshurst. Penshurst Place is six miles northwest of Tunbridge Wells, near the western verge of the county of Kent, and celebrated as the home of the Sidneys, the distinguished Sir Philip Sidney having been born there in 1554. In the picture gallery are many valuable portraits and landscapes by Rubens and other celebrated painters, while in the Tapestry Room Picture-Closet the most valuable are those of Sir Philip Sidney by Zuccherro, Algernon Sidney, and Mary Sidney, countess of Pembroke.

14. *There, I beheld the Sidneys*: the Sidney described as "he who bled freely for freedom's sake" is Algernon, an English statesman, who became a colonel in the Parliamentary army and avowed himself a republican. After the Restoration he was arrested on the charge of being concerned in the Rye-house plot, and was illegally sentenced to death. The Sidney "whose lute said sweet music to the land" was the poet, Sir Philip, who wrote the celebrated romance "Arcadia," and the "Defence of Poesie."

23. *A picture, which the shadows half did hide*: Vandyke's portrait of Sacharissa, a poetical name given by Waller to Lady Dorothea Sidney, for whose hand he was an unsuccessful suitor.

54. *As he who touch'd the earth, etc.* : Antæus, a giant, son of Terra, the earth, and Neptune, the sea. He was attacked by Hercules, but as often as he touched the ground he received new strength from his mother, so Hercules held him up in the air and squeezed him.

To a Poet's Child. Ingram suggests that this is the child of Lord Byron, Ada Byron.

20. *Babel's stream*: the life of the world.

46. *Cyrene's waters*: see note to "A Sea-side Meditation," line 74.

Minstrelsy. Motto. "One asked her once the reason why," etc. : from the original prologue by Robert Man-



nyng (called de Brunne from his birthplace, Brunne in Lincolnshire) to his translation from the French of William of Waddington's "Manuel Peche" or "Manual of Sins," begun 1303.

To the Memory of Sir Uvedale Price, Bart. Sir Uvedale (1747-1829) and his father, Robert Price, made themselves notable by their improvements of their estate and gardens at Foxley (in the parish of Yazor, Herefordshire). Uvedale argued in favor of natural and picturesque beauty, and endeavored to show that the fashionable mode of laying out grounds was at variance with all the principles of landscape painting. Hence his essay on the "Picturesque," in 1794.

Line 30. *Mæonian music*: Homer was called Mæonias, either from his father Mæon or because he was a native of Mæonia (Lydia). His poems were spoken of as Mæonian songs; hence the phrase here used stands for Homeric or Greek music.

31. *Plato's bee*: it is related that when Plato was an infant some bees settled on his lips when he was asleep, indicating that he would become famous for his honeyed words.

41. *Thou spakest once*: "An Essay on the Picturesque," by Price.

45. *Thou spakest twice*: "Essay on the Pronunciation of the Ancient Languages."

47. *Doric pipe*: the Dorians came from Doris in Asia Minor, and with the Ionians developed lyric poetry.

*Attic lyre*: meaning, of course, Greek poetry, from Attica, the district in which Athens was situated. The especial branch of poetry developed in Attica was the drama.

The Death-bed of Teresa del Riego. For account of Teresa, see note on "A Picture of Riego's Widow," page 272.

Motto. "*Si fia muta ogni altra cosa, al fine  
Parlerà il mio morire,  
E ti dirà la morte il mio martire.*"



If every other thing be united, at the end my dying will speak, and death will tell to thee my suffering.

Line 24. *Niobes*: Niobe, for her conceit and bragging, was punished by Apollo, who slew all her children, whereupon she was turned to stone, though her tears continued to flow. (See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, vi., 165-312.)

45. *Dodonæan brass*: Dodona was a famous oracle of Jupiter, said to be either in Epirus or Thesprotia. One way in which the oracles were delivered was as follows: large kettles were suspended in the air near a brazen statue which held a lash in its hand. When the wind blew strong the statue was agitated and struck against one of the kettles, which communicated the motion to all the rest and raised a discordant din, from which the priests drew the oracles.

To Victoire, on Her Marriage. Ingram, in his life of Mrs. Browning, suggests that this poem was written to a young French friend whose acquaintance was made when the poet as a young girl visited Paris. (See *Biographical Introduction*, Vol. I. of this Edition.)

25. *Terpander*: called the father of Greek music, because of his improvements on the lyre, to which he added three strings.

Epitaph. 7. *Hyblan*: Hybla was a mountain in Sicily, where odoriferous flowers grew, and famous for its bees and honey; hence its poetic use to denote inspiration.

The Appeal. 42. *Echetus*: a king of Epirus who was a monster of cruelty. His daughter Metopè being deserted by her lover, he put out her eyes and condemned her to grind grains of iron, promising to restore her sight if she succeeded in making of it clean barley.

Idols. 16. *And Moloch Fame hath rear'd a shrine*: Fame, like Moloch, is a god demanding untold sacrifices.

21. *Thy Lares greeting*: the Lares were Roman deities who presided over the home. Here used to qualify greeting.

Hymn. 12. *Water into wine*: John ii., 3.

Weariness. Line 18. *Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard*: I. Corinthians ii., 9.

23. *Oh, for dove's wings*: Psalms lv., 6.

#### THE SERAPHIM, AND OTHER POEMS, 1838.

Preface. Page 164. *When I was engaged upon my translation of "Prometheus Bound"*: the first translation of this tragedy of Æschylus, made by the young poet in twelve days during 1832, and published the following year. It was succeeded in 1850 by the second version, which she desired should utterly cancel and take the place of the first.

*The solitude of Caucasus*: the Asian mountain peaks, where, according to Æschylus, the scene was laid of the suffering of his hero, the Titan Prometheus.

*"Withered grass"*: a quotation of a metaphor of Sappho's.

*Crowded Jerusalem*: that chief city of the Jews being filled with people called there by the Feast of the Passover, at the time of the crucifixion.

Page 165. *"By this we know love"*: [Epistle, John i., 5. The modifying expression *of God* which appears in our version, is not the Greek.—E. B. B.]

*"The splendour in the grass," etc.*: a quotation from Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

*"All thoughts, all passions, all delights," etc.*: a quotation from Coleridge's "Tale of the Dark Ladie."

Page 166. *The thymele*: the altar to Pan or Dionysos, round which the procession of the Greek chorus formed in the great religious drama of Greece.

*This GREAT PAN*: the Greek Pan being a personification of all nature in a god, so the poet here speaks of Christ as an incarnation of all human nature, also with allusion to the passing of the old god of the Greek mythology when Christ died (see the poem "The Dead Pan"), as if in that later symbolic shape the lesser one was included and resumed.

Page 167. *The Seraphim*: in the Hebrew meaning the fiery ones, the wisest angels and nearest God in rank, described in Isaiah vi., 2, as having six wings, — “with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly.”

*The ladder at Bethel*: which Jacob dreamed of, the lower steps of which rested upon earth, the top reaching to heaven, with “angels of God ascending and descending on it.” (See Genesis xxviii., 12, 19.)

Page 168. *Says Cowley*: Abraham (1618-1667), English poet, in his prose “Discourse by way of Vision, concerning the Government of Oliver Cromwell.”

*Lyric . . upon the same subject*: [The coincidence consists merely of the choice of subject; the mode of treating it being wholly different.— E. B. B.]

*An opinion of Mr. Montgomery's*: James (1771-1854), English poet and writer, whose lectures on British poetry and poets were known and popular at the time.

Page 169. *That critic who was not Longinus*: Boileau, who yet translated and commented on “The Treatise on the Sublime” by Longinus, the Greek rhetorician.

*Said Burns*: Robert (1759-1796), the Scotch poet.

*Winged horses of . . . Plato*: in his “Phædrus.” (See Jowett's translation, Vol. i., pp. 551, 558-561.)

Page 170. *Pomfret*: John (1667-1703), English clergyman and minor poet, who was popular in his day. —

*Quarles*: Francis (1592-1644), and *Wither*: George (1588-1667), English poets, the first of whom was a royalist, suffering the confiscation of his estates, the second a republican, suffering imprisonment and bodily hardships, both, although troubled in fortune and fame during their lives, possessing far more genius than Pomfret.

“*Fortunati nimium*”: Prospered too much!

*The Seraphim. Mottoes.* Σὺ δὲ θρόνων, etc.: “much suffering angels stand by the fiery throne,” — taken from the Orphic hymns, is omitted from the posthumous collection of all Mrs. Browning's work in six volumes made by Robert Browning in 1889. — “*I look for angels' songs,*”

*etc.*: is from Fletcher's "Christ's Victory" (1610), in Part iii., "Christ's Triumph over Death," stanza 4.

Line 5. *Harps . . . to help the songs of their desire*: referring to Revelation v., 8, "having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the Saints."

10. *The glass-sea shore*: an allusion to John's "sea of glass like unto crystal." (See Revelation iv., 6.)

15. *Red with those primæval heats, etc.*: an imagination true both to the scientific theory of the solidifying of the earth from a molten mass and to Revelation xv., 2, — "A sea of glass mingled with fire."

23. *Thick life . . . eddy of wings innumerable*: according to John the number of "the angels round about the throne . . . was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands." (See Revelation vi., 2.)

182. *Earth was deathless, sorrowless*: alluding to Revelation xxi., 4.

187. . . . *The rivers' flowing . . .*

*And the life-tree's waving soft*:

Revelation xxii., 1, 2.

201-212. *Thou wast not one of those, etc.*: Luke iv., 8-14.

216. *The seven everlasting Spirits*: a reference to the seven angels of the seven churches in John's vision (see Revelation i., 16, 20), with which has grown up a mass of mediæval Christian lore, mixed with Talmudic traditions, assigning names and special functions to each of the seven holy angels who wait about the throne of Heaven: Abdiel, Gabriel, Michael, Raguel, — all of whom are alluded to in the Bible, and the remaining three, — Raphael, Simiel, and Uriel, whose names occur in the Apocrypha. (See also Milton's "Paradise Lost," i., 392.)

234. *A tree! — it hath no leaf nor root*: the Cross, I. Peter ii., 24.

240. *Eve's snake to bruise*: Genesis iii., 15, and I. John iii., 8.

247. *The seven confluent Spirits*: see note 216.

Line 286. *The flow of blood*: a figure drawn from John's account that one of the soldiers, seeing that Jesus was not dead, "with a spear pierced his side." (See John xix., 33, 34, and Epistle of John v., 6.)

403. *Charged me by your voice with folly*: "His angels he charged with folly." Job iv., 18.

407. *Zerah*: the name may have been suggested by "Zaraph," the name of one of the angels in Moore's "Loves of the Angels."

428. *Ador*: "Ador-am" is a seraph, the guardian of St. James, in Klopstock's "Messiah;" Book iii.

439. *For the myrtle — the thorn*: the myrtle was used to decorate the booths at the Feast of Tabernacles, and the promise of the Lord, according to Isaiah (lv., 13), was that "instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." This the poet contrasts with the crown of thorns put upon Christ's head in irony. (John xix., 2.)

450. *The bloody sweat*: "being in an agony . . . his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood." (See Luke xxii., 44.)

459. *Mortals three*: "and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst." (See John xix., 18.)

464. *Gain's corroded mark*: Genesis iv., 15.

476. *A woman kneels the mid-cross under*: John xix., 26.

653. *Ichabod*: meaning "inglorious." (See I. Samuel iv., 21.)

727. *The shoulder where the government was laid*: "and the Government shall rest upon his shoulder." (See Isaiah ix., 6.)

852. *The light is riven*: "and there was a darkness over all the earth." (See Luke xxiii., 44.)

931. *My God, why hast Thou me forsaken*: the transposition of the last two words from those given in Mark xv., 34, is scarcely an improvement.

954. *Within the empty graves*: "and the graves were opened." (See Matthew xxvii., 52.)

Line 958. *It is finished*: the last words as given by John (xix., 30).

986. *My spirit to thine hands is given*: "into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke xxiii., 46.)

995. *The earthquake and the thunder*: "and the earth did quake and the rocks rent." (See Matthew xxvii., 51.)

1050. (*Treading the wine-press*): "and he treadeth the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God." (See Revelation xix., 13-15.)

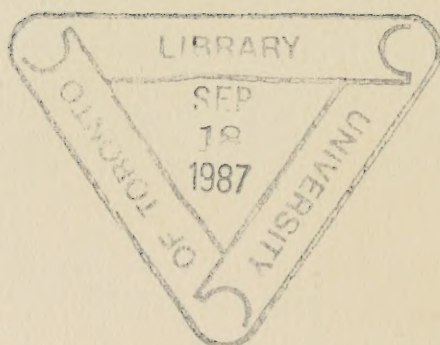
The Poet's Vow. Motto. "*O be wiser, thou,*" etc.: this quotation from Wordsworth's "Lines Left upon a Seat in a Yew-Tree" is obviously the key to this poem. Miss Barrett wrote in December, 1836, to Mrs. Martin, shortly after the original publication of the poem in the October issue of the *New Monthly*, that people asked her what she meant. The motto gives the direct clew to the point that the essential element of any vow to God worthy of Him would be left out if human love were to be contemned.

214. *The Spirits seven*: see "The Seraphim," note 216.

502. *God's own unity compresses, etc.*: of this passage the poet wrote Mrs. Martin, Jan. 23, 1837, "One making one in strong compass," that she meant to express how that oneness of God, "in whom are all things," produces a oneness or sympathy (sympathy being the tendency of many to become one) in all things. The unity of God preserved, as she looked upon it, a unity in men — that is, a perpetual sympathy between man and man, which sympathy all humanity must be subject to, if not in joy, yet in grief.







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